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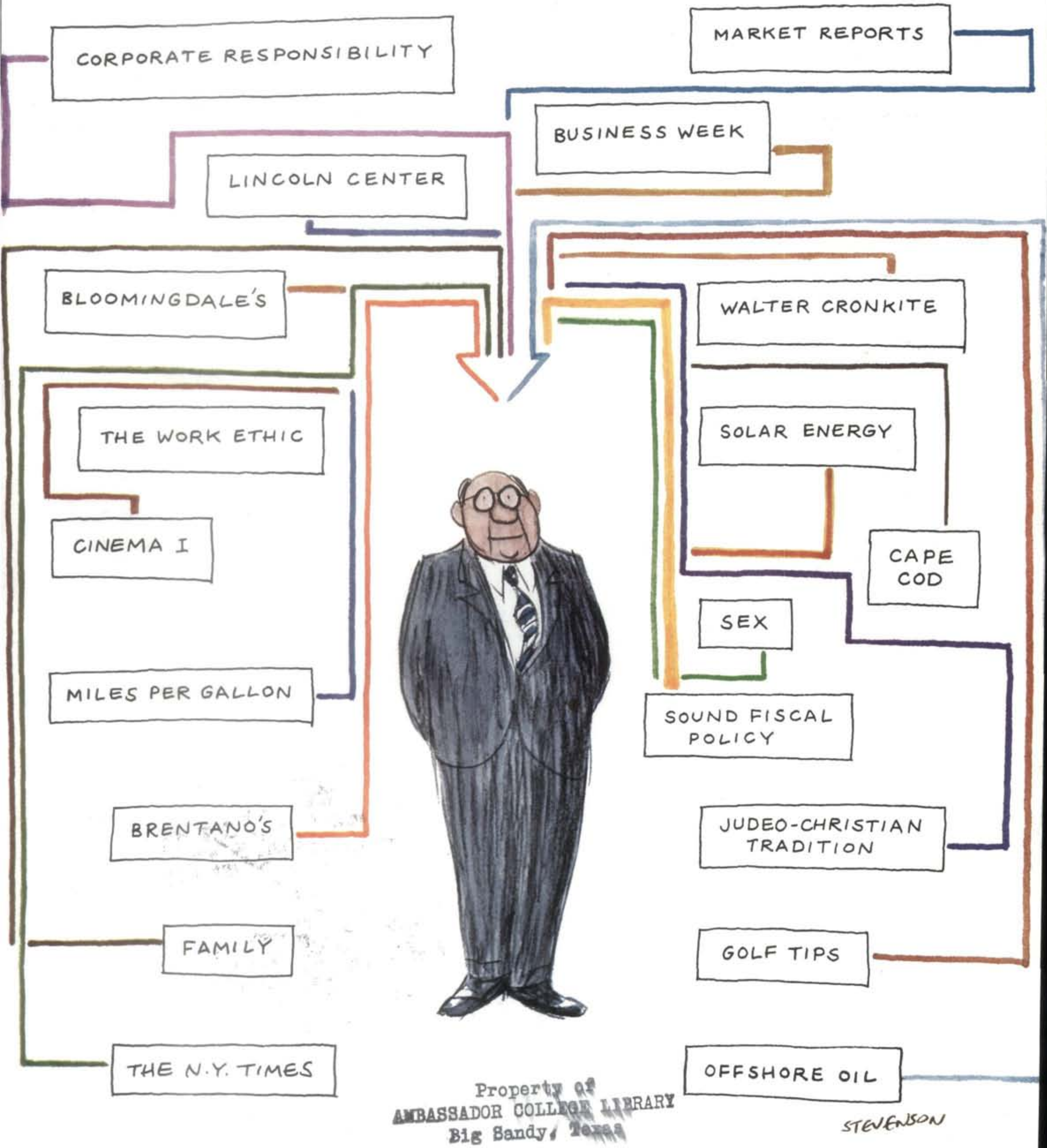
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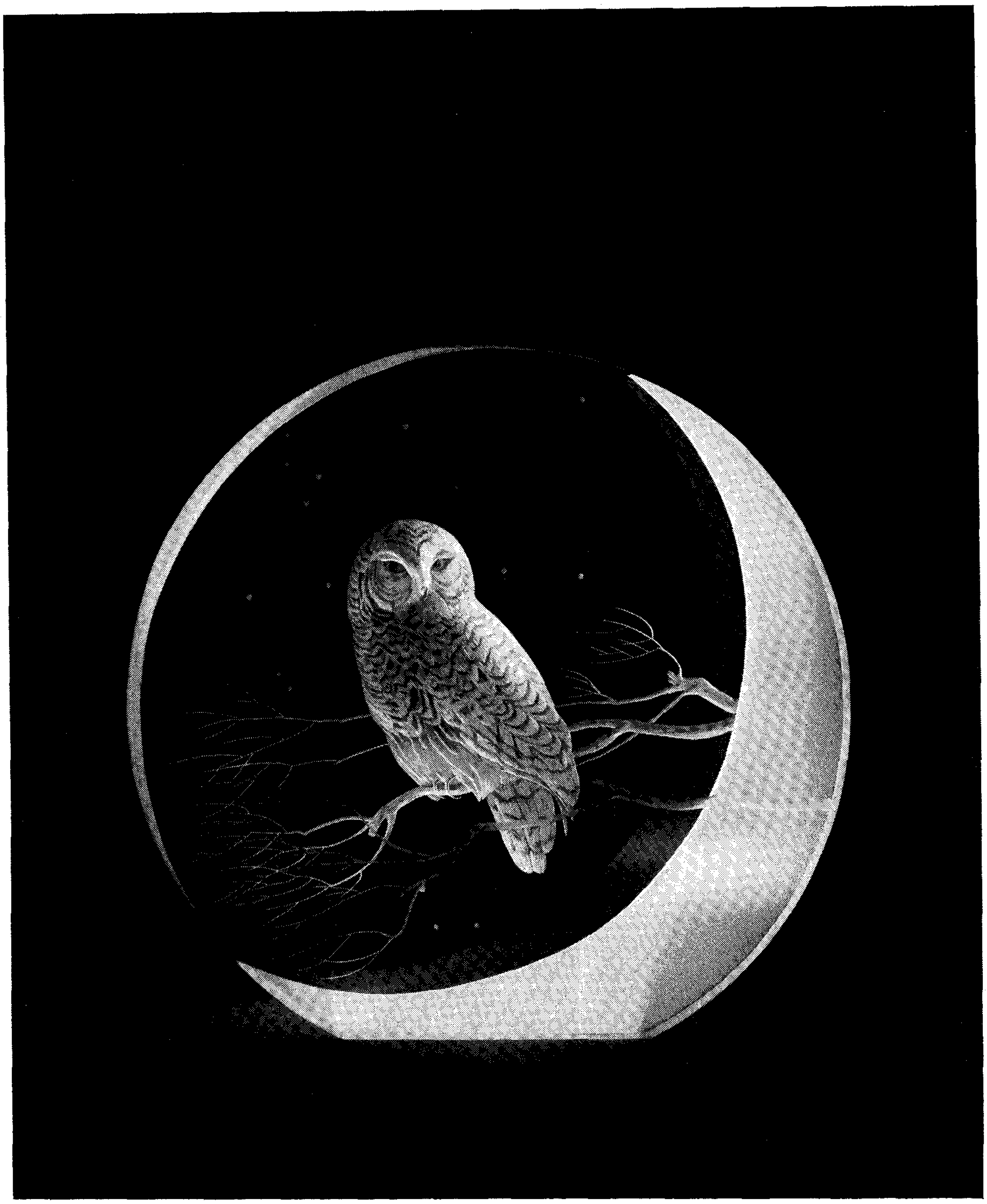

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Bubbling Brown Sugar—A joyful, if rather simpleminded, Cook's Tour of Harlem in its golden age between the wars. The cast is lively and gifted, and the old songs are enchanting. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30.)

California Suite—Neil Simon making jokes in his wonted fashion. The setting is the Beverly Hills Hotel, where the staff is admonished not to recognize celebrities, nearly always to the celebrities' distress. The pleasing cast includes Tammy Grimes, George Grizzard, Jack Weston, and Barbara Barrie. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0218. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Labor Day at 3.)

For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide: When the Rainbow Is Enuf—The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The result is an evening of great beauty, humor, and dramatic strength, for which the director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit. Choreography by Paula Moss, who, along with the author, appears on the stage. (Moves uptown, after a ten-day vacation, for a Broadway opening on Wednesday, Sept. 15; previews Friday through Tuesday, Sept. 10-14. Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Guys and Dolls—A fairy tale out of Damon Runyon, with wonderful songs by Frank Loesser. The show works just as well with an all-black cast as it works with any other color, but in 1976 all-black seems a very old-fashioned stunt. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

My Fair Lady—A well-nigh perfect revival of the well-nigh perfect musical. See it in this decade if you can. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, Sept. 9, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Runner Stumbles—A nun and a priest fall in love, and since the time is long ago and the place is rural Michigan, there is much unhappiness for all. A commendable play by Milan Stitt, with Stephen Joyce and Nancy Donohue. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sexual Perversity in Chicago and **Duck Variations**—David Mamet's pair of truly funny comedies, each of them with an undercurrent of sadness. They had a short run Off Off Broadway last November. The first deals, in scenes as brief as blackouts, with the fragile affair between a couple of innocents who are all but shredded by their former homosexual partners. The second is, strictly speaking, a poem in the guise of the desultory, meandering conversation of two old Jewish men pottering around a park bench. Mr. Mamet is a deft, original playwright who cherishes words (even rude words), and who cherishes character even more. Albert Takazauckas directed the capable cast. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

Streamers—This play, set in an Army barracks in Virginia in 1965, completes David Rabe's trilogy on the Vietnam war. Though not quite up to Mr. Rabe's "Pavlo Hummel," on the same theme, it is very strong. The production, under Mike Nichols' direction, is excellent, with especially good performances by Peter Evans and Terry Alexander. There is considerable onstage bloodshed. (Newhouse, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

The Threepenny Opera—A superior production of the Brecht-Weill musical, in an accurate translation of the harsh-voiced original. Raul Julia is the dreaded Captain Macheath, and Ellen Greene is his faithful, traitorous Jenny. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Tuscaloosa's Calling Me . . . But I'm Not Going!—This little revue—tuneful, witty, and refreshing—is a delightful celebration of New York City in its hours of travail. Hank Beebe wrote the score, Bill Heyer wrote the lyrics, and Mr. Heyer, Mr. Beebe, and Sam Dann wrote the sketches. Paul Kreppel, Patti Perkins, and Chip Zien are the entire and entirely satisfactory cast. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Vanities—In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Very Good Eddie—A saucy little musical, which was the bee's knees in 1915. The music is by Jerome Kern, and some of the lyrics are by P. G. Wodehouse. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Sept. 5.)

Women Behind Bars—A revival of the Tom Eyen comedy. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 777-0140. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8.)

Long Runs—boy meets boy: As described. This musical, with the indicated twist, is a foolish takeoff on foolish musicals of the thirties. Bill Solly wrote the agreeable songs, and Donald Ward and Mr. Solly did the book. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 242-9657. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **chicago:** An unpleasant musical about dreary people, but with stunning performances by Gwen Verdon and Jerry Orbach. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at

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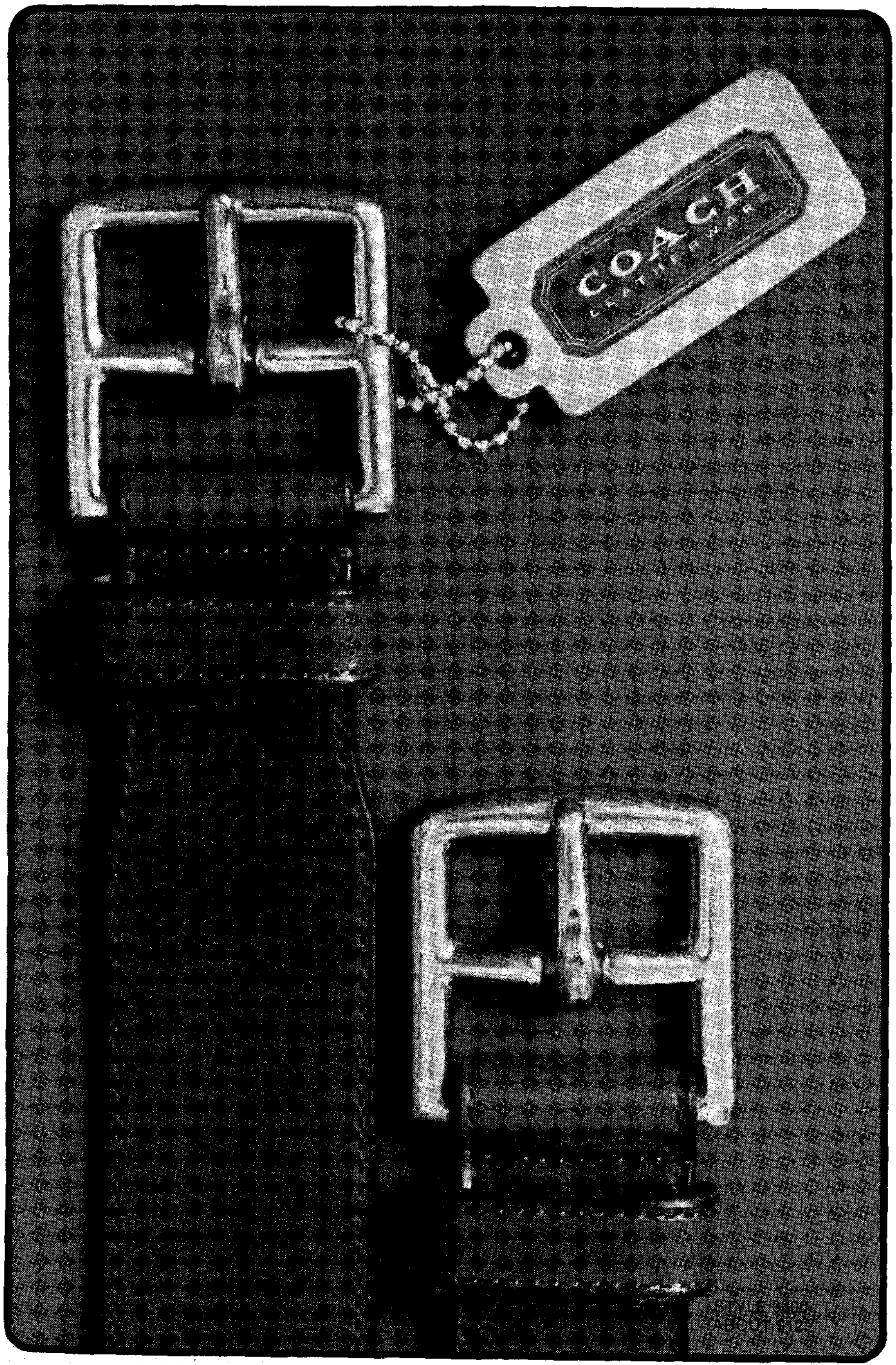

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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2.). . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **EQUUS:** A psychological whodunit by Peter Shaffer. With Anthony Perkins, Keith McDermott, Marian Seldes, and Page Johnson. The director is John Dexter. Starting Monday, Sept. 6, Douglas Campbell will replace Mr. Perkins. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Labor Day at 3. Closes Saturday, Sept. 11.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,809 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.). . . **ME AND BESSIE:** Linda Hopkins is not Bessie Smith, by a good margin, but now and then she relaxes ("T'aint Nobody's Bizness If I Do," "Kitchen Man"), and Bessie shines through. Howlett Smith leads the fine onstage band. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3. After Saturday, Sept. 4, no performances until Saturday matinée, Sept. 11.) . . . **PIPPIN:** A great big show that ably conceals a tiny little musical. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A slick and sentimental comedy about happy marriages and a single twenty-five-year-long, happy adultery, practiced annually. With Sandy Dennis and Ted Bessell. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Labor Day at 3.). . . **SHENANDOAH:** Hokum, though John Cullum sings bravely and well. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Labor Day.). . . **THE WIZ:** An elaborate and mostly successful version of "The Wizard of Oz," with an all-black cast of great talent. Directed by Geoffrey Holder, who also did the costumes. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—An unpretentious night club converted from a ground-floor loft in the cast-iron district. The neat rows of red-clothed tables, the purely functional carpeting (which takes the edge off the room's formerly harsh acoustics), the simple bar—in fact, everything in the place—were designed and constructed by the proprietor, drummer **RASHIED ALI,** and his wife, Patricia. Tenor saxophonist **KALAPARUSH MAURICE MC INTYRE** and his group, Light, are onstage through Thursday, Sept. 2; Friday through Sunday, Sept. 3-5, drummer **SUNNY MURRAY** and his band will perform; Tuesday through Thursday, Sept. 7-9, bassist Hakim Jami's group will come in; and beginning Friday, Sept. 10, **ALI** will work with tenor saxophonist Odean Pope, bassist Jyme Merritt, and pianist Eddie Green. Music from about ten. Soul food.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Simple, pleasant surroundings, collard greens and ribs on the menu, and well-amplified mainstream and, occasionally, out-there jazz on the bandstand. Keyboard whirlwind and composer **LARRY YOUNG** is here with his quintet through Saturday, Sept. 4. On Wednesday, Sept. 8, pianist **CEDAR WALTON** will arrive with a quartet. Music from nine-forty-five to three. Closed Sundays.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—**RAY BARRETTO** works out playing congas and leading his concert orchestra on Wednesday, Sept. 1. Saxophonist Dave Sanborn's group alternates with the Barretto band. Thursday and Friday, Sept. 2-3, Spirit, a West Coast rock band with a long-standing and respectable underground reputation, will perform. On Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 4-5, **SUN RA** and his **MYTH SCIENCE COSMOS SWING ARKESTRA,** a twenty-seven-or-so-person aggregation—musicians, dancers, movie projectionists, etc.—will go into orbit around these parts. On Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 7-8, the great hot-jazz violinist **STÉPHANE GRAPPELLI** will arrive with his group. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar with dark pine panelling, good musicians, and patrons who like to talk. **CEDAR WALTON** finishes up a week here with bassist **SAM JONES** on Saturday, Sept. 4. Pianist Hugh Lawson and bassist Gene Taylor begin a seven-night stint on Sunday, Sept. 5. Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**DWIKE MITCHELL** has taken over in the Bemelmans Bar from Marian McPartland for the rest of the summer. Mitchell is an overwhelming pianist out of Art Tatum by way of Bill Evans. Marian McPartland sometimes had trouble taming the talkers who congregate here. Mitchell drives right through them. Music from nine to one, except Sundays.

C.B.G.B. & O.M.F.U.G., 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This mid-sixties-seedy, neo-Bowery bar—the name stands for Country, Bluegrass, Blues and Other Music for Uplifting Gourmandizers—presents mostly local, primitive rock bands with names like the Miamis, the Inflictors, the Dictators, Milk 'n' Cookies, and Talking Heads. Talking Heads, a conceptual-rock trio from the Rhode Island School of Design, is one of the more interesting (but not necessarily recommended) bands, and it will perform on Wednesday, Sept. 1. The two men and one woman—their instrumentation is guitar, bass, and drums—perform music constructed with off-beat, repetitive, harpsichord-like harmonies; simple, limited rhythms; and near-falsetto, chantlike, Oops!-I-just-stubbed-my-toe vocals. Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 9-11, the Ramones, one of the more successful C.B.G.B. regulars, will run through its repertoire of two-and-a-half-minute-long, loud, punchy numbers. Test recordings of several bands are scheduled throughout the week. Music most nights from nine-thirty.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Two years ago, **HELEN HUMES,** who was a Basie vocalist from 1938 to 1942, came out of semiretirement and was booked into the then new, spiffy, uptown version of the now defunct Half Note. For a few nights of her engagement, she swayed, smiled, bubbled, and gestured classically to about eleven people—eleven enchanted people, to be sure. By now, Miss Humes and her strong comeback are well known, and it's gratifying to see her swaying, smiling, bubbling, and gesturing classically to so many. No one, in fact, has done better at diverting the diners here, where the music, waitressing, eating, and coming and going are all carried out on the same floor level. Miss Humes is aided by pianist Jerry Wiggins and bassist Major Holley nightly except Sunday, through Wednesday, Sept. 8. On Thursday, Sept. 9, **MARY LOU WILLIAMS,** a Kansas City legend and still a rolling and tumbling pianist, will take over with her bassist. On Sundays, boogie-wooglist **SAMMY PRICE** cuts loose. Music from eight to one. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Herbie Hall, Vic Dickenson, Ed Polcer, Jim Andrews, Connie Kay, and Red Balaban (who owns the place) are the traditionalists who usually make up the house band. On Tuesday, Sept. 7, tenor saxophonist **AL COHN** will sit in with the regulars. Music from nine-thirty. On Sunday, Sept. 5, pianist Ray Bryant's trio will play from eight. Dinner.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An attractive haunt, short on space but not on music: Mondays and Tuesdays from ten to three, vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON** is usually here, working with guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** and bassist **WILBUR LITTLE.** On Sunday, Sept. 5, Chiasson and Little will collaborate with pianist Walter Davis, Jr., from five to nine. Wednesdays through Sundays from ten to three, **BROOKS KERR,** a twenty-four-year-old stride pianist and Ellingtoniac, **SONNY GREER,** the ageless drummer who was with Ellington for some thirty years, and **RUSSELL PROCOPE,** who joined the Ellington reed section in 1945, goad each other and come up with delightful swing numbers. And, Mondays through Saturdays from six to nine, trumpeter Gene Roland, guitarist Jim Watkins, and bassist Morris Edwards get together on the tiny bandstand.

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Don't be put off by the brown tweed carpet, the high ceilings and chandeliers, and the neatly uniformed staff. This really is a Village jazz club. Trumpeter **HARRY EDISON** is working in front of the easy-to-please audiences here through Saturday, Sept. 4, with pianist **JIMMY ROWLES,** bassist **BOB CRANSHAW,** and drummer **DAVID LEE.** On Monday, Sept. 6, **BARBARA CARROLL,** a strong piano soloist who occasionally seems to take a wild delight in her work, will take on the musical chores. Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven, and twelve-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** upholds tradition with help from the other resident blowers—Johnny Morris on piano, Eddie Locke on drums, Clarence Hutchenrider on reeds, Ted Sturgis on bass, and Bobby Pratt on trombone. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Pianist **HANK JONES** is in charge of a straight-ahead mainstream quintet through Saturday, Sept. 4. On Tuesday, Sept. 7, a quartet comprising tenor saxophonist Flip Phillips, bassist Milt Hinton, drummer Cliff Leeman, and pianist Ray Bryant will take to the stage. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An often crowded upper West Side jazz-and-soul café. Local groups—aspiring and established ones—gather on the canopied bandstand from about ten until three. Dinner.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Son of the Bitter End. Singer, fiddler, guitarist, *and* Texan **DOUG SAHM** and his band, the Texas Tornados, will play a high-spirited mishmash of rock, Chicano, Cajun, redneck, blues, and country-swing music opposite the Rob Stoner band on Wednesday, Sept. 1. Friday through Sunday, Sept. 3-5, **DAVE VAN RONK,** a big, bear-like lumberjack of a folksinger, will come in to do his raspy-voiced renditions of songs by the Rev. Gary Davis, Mississippi John Hurt, and Joni Mitchell. Local folkies Jake and the Family Jewels will open the show for Van

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Ronk. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—On Tuesday, Sept. 7, **SY OLIVER'S** orchestra will return to play for listening, dancing, or just gawking out the windows. Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

STORYVILLE, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—George Wein, the producer of the Newport Jazz Festival, is testing out a new policy. To wit: the music in the club changes from night to night, and passing musicians are welcome to sit in. The club does not advertise its particular lineups, but one can find out who will be playing on a given night by calling the above number. Music from nine to two. Closed Sundays.

STRYKER'S, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—This attractive little upper-West Side haunt reopens on Monday, Sept. 6, with **DAVE MATTHEWS** leading a twelve-piece outfit. Tenor saxophonist Eddie Daniels will head up his lively quartet on Tuesday, Sept. 7; **LEE KONITZ** and his group will play Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 8-9; and pianist Steve Elmer's trio will be present on Friday, Sept. 10. Music from nine-thirty.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Guitarist **JOE PUMA** and the colorful bassist **EDDIE GOMEZ** work together Wednesday through Sunday, Sept. 1-5. Tenor saxophonist **AL COHN** teams up with them on Wednesday and Thursday; Carmen Leggio replaces Cohn Friday through Sunday. On Wednesday, Sept. 8, pianist **KENNY BARRON** will bring in a trio. Mondays and Tuesdays are given over to guitarist Doug Quinn, bassist Frank Tusa, and Badal Roy on tablas. The hours are from nine Sundays through Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (260-0370)—**STORMIN' NORMAN AND SUZY,** a broadly talented, funny, spirited, and—thank goodness—unself-conscious young quintet that usually plays a south Boston bar, performs mostly original songs and a couple of Bessie Smith blues at this small, inoffensive cabaret Wednesdays through Saturdays. The group is under the wily musical guidance of pianist and composer Norman Zamcheck and is dominated onstage by Suzy Williams, a funky, twenty-two-year-old version of Sophie Tucker, who wiggles, bounces, flails her arms and legs and head, and makes very strange faces. Miss Williams and her co-workers bring life and humor to the New York cabaret scene. Comedian David Misch opens the shows, which start at ten and, sometimes, at midnight. Dinner.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—The music has been moved downstairs in this Village landmark, which draws both tourists and knowledgeable jazz partisans. **DIZZY GILLESPIE** is here with his new quintet through Sunday, Sept. 5; on Tuesday, Sept. 7, **FREDDIE HUBBARD'S** band will begin performing. Music from ten. Closed Mondays.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—**RAHSAAN ROLAND KIRK,** continuing his remarkable recovery from the stroke he suffered last November, is here through Sunday, Sept. 5, chanting, singing, and playing tenor, flute, harmonica, and, occasionally, two saxophones simultaneously. His energy and urgency are undiminished. On Tuesday, Sept. 7, a fiery quintet, under the direction of drummer **JACK DE JOHNETTE** and featuring the guitar work of **JOHN ABERCROMBIE,** will descend the murky staircase. On Mondays, pianist, composer, and sage **GIL EVANS** leads his youthful, up-to-date, and rousing big band. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A hanging tetrahedron made of plastic straws and pipe cleaners, stained-glass windows, and nicely constructed jazz by piano-bass duos help this restaurant sustain the interest its kitchen formerly aroused. Music from eight to two.

WEST END CAFÉ, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Visiting musical professors have their say on the subject of thirties and forties jazz every night of the week in this beer-and-burger café, Columbia's off-campus music-appreciation classroom. On Mondays and Tuesdays, Franc Williams leads a quartet that features **EDDIE DURHAM,** a trombonist and one of the very first electric jazz guitarists. On Wednesdays, **JO JONES,** who takes his drum solos while sitting rigidly straight and smiling directly and placidly at the audience the whole time, is very much in charge of a quartet. Thursdays and Fridays, a bop quintet stalks the forties. Saturdays and Sundays are reserved for a quintet led by ex-Basie-ites Earle Warren and Paul Quinichette. The music starts at nine. All this and student food at student prices.

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5	6	7	8	9	10	11

WILLY'S, 7 W. 8th St. (260-0400)—A sparsely populated music room, except on Tuesdays, when, after ten-thirty, seventeen musicians collected by Ron Roullier help fill the place. Drummer Don Carter's quartet finishes up on Saturday, Sept. 4; on Wednesday, Sept. 8, **AL COHN** will come in with pianist **JOHN BUNCH,** drummer Maurice Marks, and bassist Bill Crow. On Sundays, **JAKI BYARD** works out with bassist Nabil Totah. Music from nine-thirty. Dinner.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

JOHNNY AND EDGAR WINTER—With Mahogany Rush. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, Sept. 1, at 8.)

SALSA—Celia Cruz, Cheo Feliciano, Johnny Pacheco, Tipica '73, Bobby Rodriguez, and others. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Sept. 3, at 8.)

THE COMMODORES, KOOL & THE GANG, and **L.T.D.**—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1718. Friday, Sept. 3, at 8 and 11:30.

JERRY AMES TAP DANCE COMPANY—Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 737-9611. Wednesday through Saturday, Sept. 8-11, at 8, and Sunday, Sept. 12, at 3.

JOAN BAEZ, PETE SEEGER, and **THE APARCOA**—A benefit concert. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Friday, Sept. 10, at 8.)

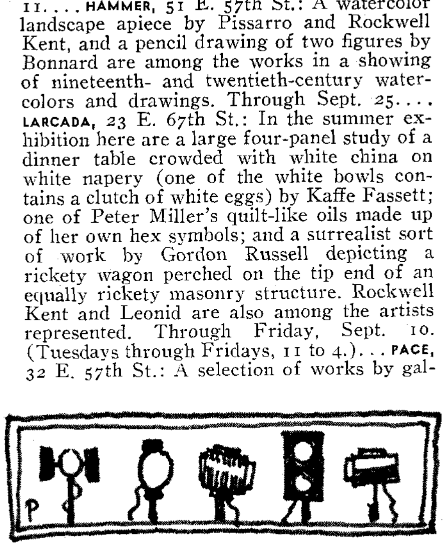
THE JAZZ TRUMPET—An exhibit of photographs, musical instruments, art work, and memorabilia. (New York Jazz Museum, 236 W. 54th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6. Optional contribution for admission.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Labor Day.)

GALLERIES

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ACQUAVELLA,** 18 E. 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures in diverse styles by American and European artists, among them Robert Motherwell, Paul Klee, and Anthony Caro. Through Oct. 2. . . . **CASTELLI,** 420 West Broadway: Paintings and sculptures by Donald Judd, Richard Serra, Frank Stella, and others. Through Saturday, Sept. 11. . . . **HAMMER,** 51 E. 57th St.: A watercolor landscape apiece by Pissarro and Rockwell Kent, and a pencil drawing of two figures by Bonnard are among the works in a showing of nineteenth- and twentieth-century watercolors and drawings. Through Sept. 25. . . . **LARCADA,** 23 E. 67th St.: In the summer exhibition here are a large four-panel study of a dinner table crowded with white china on white napery (one of the white bowls contains a clutch of white eggs) by Kaffe Fassett; one of Peter Miller's quilt-like oils made up of her own hex symbols; and a surrealist sort of work by Gordon Russell depicting a rickety wagon perched on the tip end of an equally rickety masonry structure. Rockwell Kent and Leonid are also among the artists represented. Through Friday, Sept. 10. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 4.) . . . **PACE,** 32 E. 57th St.: A selection of works by gallery artists includes sculptures by Louise Nevelson and Guy Dill and paintings by Lee Krasner and Jack Youngerman. Through Sept. 24.



PHOTOGRAPHY

NICHOLAS NIXON—Pictures taken with a view camera, including a score of high-vantage-point photographs of Boston. Through Oct. 5. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY,** 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Several exhibits are on view through Sept. 12, notably one of photographs (dating from 1845) of well-known American women. Some of the contemporary photographers are Jill Krementz, Richard Avedon, and Arnold Newman. Another exhibit features about forty-five works by Henri Cartier-Bresson. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays and Sundays.) . . . **WITKIN,** 41 E. 57th St.: Fifty prints by Imogen Cunningham (1883-1976) covering just about all her working career. / Frederick H. Evans, P. H. Emerson, Julia Margaret Cameron, and other nineteenth-century British photographers. Through Saturday, Sept. 4.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A show of ninety drawings (landscapes, genre scenes, and portraits) by Europeans, among them Rembrandt, Delacroix, and Gainsborough, from the Robert Lehman collection, many of which have not previously been on view. Through Oct. 3. . . . ¶ An exhibit of fifty-seven prints, all done in the sixties and seventies by American artists Jasper Johns, Helen Frankenthaler, James Rosenquist, and others. Through Oct. 17. . . . ¶ A small show of Chinese landscape paintings dating from the eleventh century through the eighteenth. Through Tuesday, Sept. 7. . . . ¶ Forty-one Chinese paintings from the Arthur M. Sackler collection, these dating from the fourteenth century through the twentieth. Through Tuesday, Sept. 7. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Five taxicabs, new in design, built by two American and three European car manufacturers to specifications developed by the museum. Also a 1968 London cab. Through Tuesday, Sept. 7. . . . ¶ A survey of drawings by American and European painters and sculptors (Charles Burchfield, Man Ray, Picasso, and Modigliani, among them) covering the years 1919-39. Through Nov. 14. . . . ¶ A small group of recently acquired drawings by David Smith, Morris Kantor, Lee Krasner, and others. Through Sept. 12. . . . ¶ Photographs by Nicholas Nixon. Through Oct. 5. (Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . **NOTE:** The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 10. Informal concerts of popular music Fridays and Saturdays at 8.

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A full-scale exhibition of the museum's collection of early-twentieth-century European paintings. Chronologically arranged, the show includes works by Cézanne, Mondrian, Klee, and Miró. Through Oct. 3. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, and Labor Day, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A vast historical survey of American sculpture of the past two hundred years, beginning with primitive weathervanes, figureheads, and other naïve works. The show is being dismantled in several stages: After Monday, Sept. 6, the third and fourth floors only will be available for viewing. (Tuesdays, 11 to 10, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A show of watercolors and pastels (late eighteenth century to the present) by American artists, including Homer, Sargent, Burchfield, Avery, and O'Keeffe. Through Sept. 19. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; Labor Day, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The recently opened Hall of Minerals and Gems, occupying one-third of an acre in space, has on display such

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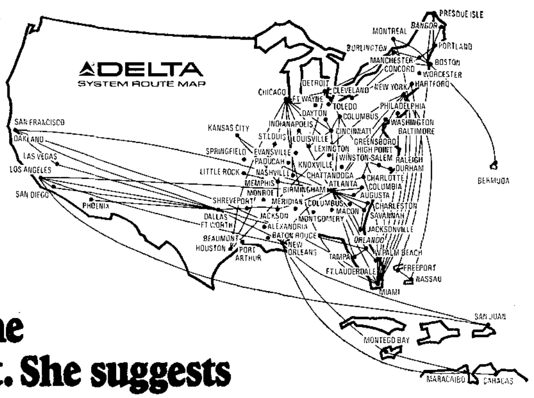
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nonpareils as a diamond necklace made up of about five hundred diamonds to the order of King George III in 1776, the Star of India sapphire, the deLong Star ruby, and the Patricia emerald. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays and Labor Day, 11 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—More than fifty prints by Josef Albers, with examples from his entire career (1888-1976). Through Oct. 2. (Weekdays, except Labor Day and Thursday, Sept. 9, from 10 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 9.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7459.)

OPERA

New York City Opera—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Sunday, Nov. 14—Wednesday, Sept. 1, at 8: "Turandot," with Earline Ballard, Catherine Malfitano, Ermanno Mauro, and Samuel Ramey; conducted by Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 2, at 7: "Die Meistersinger" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Diane Curry, John Alexander, Reid Bunger, and Richard T. Gill; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 3, at 8: "H.M.S. Pinafore," with Glenys Fowles, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Richard Fredricks, and Gary Glaze; John Miner. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 4, at 2: "La Bohème," with Catherine Malfitano, Roberta Palmer, Lando Bartolini, and Dominic Cossa; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 4, at 8: "Turandot," with Earline Ballard, Sun-Sook Lee, Ermanno Mauro, and Samuel Ramey; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 5, at 1: "Madame Butterfly," with Patricia Craig, Sandra Walker, Gaetano Scano, and William Justus; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 5, at 7: "La Traviata," with Patricia Brooks, Kathleen Hegierski, John Sandor, Richard Fredricks, and William Ledbetter; Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 7, at 8: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Kathleen Battle, Hilda Harris, Robert Hale, and William Justus; David Effron. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 8, at 8: "H.M.S. Pinafore," with Glenys Fowles, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Richard Fredricks, and Gary Glaze; John Miner. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 9, at 8: "Turandot," with Earline Ballard, Catherine Malfitano, Ermanno Mauro, and Samuel Ramey; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 10, at 8: "The Makropoulos Affair" (in English), with Maralin Niska, Elizabeth Hynes, Richard Taylor, David Clatworthy, and Nico Castel; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 11, at 2: "La Bohème," with Catherine Malfitano, Roberta Palmer, Lando Bartolini, and Dominic Cossa; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 11, at 8: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Gianni Rolandi, Gary Glaze, Charles Roe, and Thomas Jamerson; Imre Pallo. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

Paris Opera—The first three in a series of eight performances of three operas by the Théâtre National de l'Opéra, appearing here for the first time. Wednesday, Sept. 8, at 7:30: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Margaret Price, Mirella Freni, Frederica von Stade, Gabriel Bacquier, and José van Dam; conducted by Georg Solti. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 10, at 8: "Otello," with Margaret Price, Jane Berbié, Carlo Cossutta, Gabriel Bacquier, and Horst Laubenthal; Georg Solti. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 11, at 7:30: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Christiane Eda-Pierre, Frederica von Stade, Edith Mathis, Tom Krause, and José van Dam; Georg Solti. (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Closes Saturday, Sept. 18.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Israel Philharmonic Orchestra—Zubin Mehta conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Sept. 8, at 8, with Itzhak Perlman, violin; and Thursday, Sept. 9, at 8, an all-Brahms program, with Claudio Arrau, piano. . . . ¶ Walt Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 859-1180. Saturday, Sept. 11, at 9, with Uri Pianka, violin.)

Scarlatti Orchestra and Chorus of Naples—Franco Caracciolo directing. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Friday, Sept. 10, at 8.)

RECITALS

Isaac Stern and Friends—The first two in a series of five concerts, these played by Mr. Stern and Itzhak Perlman, violin; Leonard Rose, cello; Pinchas Zukerman, viola; the Guarneri Quartet; and others. (Carnegie Hall. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 10-11, at 8.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Final performances of the season—Wednesday, Sept. 1, at 7:30: Linda Ronstadt and Andrew Gold. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 3, at 7:30: David Crosby and Graham Nash. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 5, at 1: Bonnie Raitt, J. D. Souther and Leon Redbone, and the Larry Carsman quartet. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Final performances of the season—Wednesday, Sept. 1, at 7: David Crosby and Graham Nash. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 3, at 7: Chicago. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 4, at 7: The Electric Light Orchestra. (Saratoga Springs. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

SPORTS

Baseball—**Mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. San Francisco, Wednesday, Sept. 1, at 8:05, and Thursday, Sept. 2, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Philadelphia, Friday, Sept. 3, at 8:05; Saturday, Sept. 4, at 2:15; and Sunday, Sept. 5, at 2:05. . . . **Yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Boston, Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 6-7, at 8. . . . ¶ Milwaukee, Wednesday through Friday, Sept. 8-10, at 8. . . . ¶ Detroit, Saturday, Sept. 11, at 2.

College Football—Saturday, Sept. 11: Army vs. Lafayette, at West Point, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Rutgers, at Annapolis, at 2.

Racing—At **Belmont**: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 23. The Gazelle Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 4; the Jerome Handicap and the Astarita, Monday, Sept. 6; and the Futurity, Saturday, Sept. 11. . . . **Monmouth Park**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Nov. 13. The Choice Handicap, Monday, Sept. 6. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays and Labor Day at 12:05.) . . . **Atlantic City**, Mays Landing, N.J.: Wednesday through Saturday, Sept. 1-4, at 7:15; Labor Day at 2; Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 7-8, and Friday, Sept. 10, at 7:15; and Saturday, Sept. 11, at 2. Through Saturday, Oct. 2. The United Nations Handicap, Monday, Sept. 6, and the World's Playground, Saturday, Sept. 11. . . . **Bowie**, Md.: Weekdays at 1, from Friday, Sept. 10, through Thursday, Oct. 21.

Tennis—United States Open Tennis Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Wednesday, Sept. 1, through Wednesday, Sept. 8, at 11:30 and 8, and Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 9-12, at 11:30. For information about tickets, call 651-5200.)

Trotting—At **Yonkers Raceway**: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Oct. 16. . . . **Saratoga Raceway**, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15, except Labor Day, when post time will be 2:15; through Saturday, Nov. 13. . . . **Hackensack Meadows**: Weeknights at 8, from Wednesday, Sept. 1, through Friday, Dec. 31.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 472-1003, for news. The same number may be called for information about all free entertainment in the city.)

New York Dance Festival—The first nine in a series of twelve free performances—Friday and Saturday, Sept. 3-4, at 8: The Don Redlich Dance Company, Margaret Beals & Impulses Company, Carmen de Lavallade, and the Lar Lubovitch Dance Company. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 5, at 3 (a one-hour program): The Philippine Dance Company, Harry, and the Walter Nicks Dance Theatre. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 5, and Tuesday, Sept. 7, at 8: Harry, Anahid Sofian, the New York Dance Theatre, the Pearl Lang Dance Company, Kei Takei's Moving Earth, and the Walter Nicks Dance Theatre. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 8-9, at 8: The Nancy Meehan Dance Company, Nala Najan, Burton Taylor and Anna Aragno, the Linda Tarnay Dance Company, the Danny Williams Grossman Dance Company, and Maria Benitez' Estampa Flamenca. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Sept. 10-11, at 8: The Theatre Dance Collection, Phoebe Neville Dance Company, Ohio Chamber Ballet, the Fred Benjamin Dance Company, Maria Alba and Luis Rivera, and the Pauline Koner Dance Consort. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W.

81st St. Rain date, Monday, Sept. 6. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Central Park Mall—William Mount-Burke directing the Naumburg Symphony Orchestra and the Light Opera of Manhattan in a performance of Gilbert and Sullivan's "H.M.S. Pinafore." (Sunday, Sept. 5, at 5.)

Wollman Rink—The final performances in the Schaefer beer people's summer upheaval. Wednesday, Sept. 1: Gary Wright. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 3: Foghat. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 4: The bands of David Bromberg and Vassar Clements. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 8, and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 10-11: David Crosby and Graham Nash. (Evenings at 6:30. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors—Final performances of a three-week festival of musical theatre, dance, cabaret, recitals, chamber music, jazz (as well as country and Latin music), and street theatre (with Monday, Sept. 6, set aside as a rain date). LINCOLN CENTER PLAZA: Wednesday, Sept. 1, The Fools Company (for children) at 11, The Street Theatre, Inc., at 2:30, and the Walter Nicks Dance Theatre at 5. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 2, Valerie Capers' jazz quartet at 12:15, the Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre at 2:30, and the Street Corner Society at 5. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 4, Sunshine Sean and Marco, the Waldo Park Brass, clown Charlie Senack, and Hugh Hendricks and the Buckeneers at noon, Barbara Clarke's puppetry workshop at 1, the East River Players at 2:30, and the Everyman Company of Brooklyn at 5. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 5, the Country Dance and Song Society, Jehan Clements (storytelling), the Silent Performer, and Sunshine Sean and Marco at noon, Victor Brady at 1, the Everyman Street Theatre Company of Washington at 2:30, a symposium on community/street theatre at 4, and the After Dinner Opera Company at 6:15. . . . DAMROSCH PARK: Wednesday, Sept. 1, at 8:15, the Chapman Roberts Singers in a performance of "US, The American Folk Oratorio," by Stan Satlin. . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 2-4, at 8:15, the Charles Ives Show with the Paul Winter Consort and Friends. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 5, at 8:15: Calvin Simmons conducting the American Symphony Orchestra, with Alan Marks, piano.

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of SHOWBOAT, with Robert Peterson, Barbara Meister, Max Showalter, and Beth Fowler, is this summer's production. (Nightly at 8:30. Closes Sunday, Sept. 5. For tickets, call 516 221-1000.)

Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit—The semiannual show will be on view daily, from noon until sundown starting Friday, Sept. 3, and continuing through Sunday, Sept. 10.

Deep Breathing—The roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles in favor of strollers and bicyclists from 7 to 10:30 Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, as well as all day Saturdays, Sundays, and Labor Day.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

Automobile Racing—Grand Prix. (Watkins Glen. Oct. 10.)

Baseball—YANKEES at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Detroit, Sept. 12 (day doubleheader) and Sept. 13 (night). Baltimore, Sept. 21-23 (n). Cleveland, Oct. 1 (n) and Oct. 2-3 (day). . . . METS at Shea Stadium: Vs. St. Louis, Sept. 15 (twi-night doubleheader) and Sept. 16 (night). Pittsburgh, Sept. 17 (n), Sept. 18-19 (day), and Sept. 20 (at 4:05). Chicago, Sept. 24 (n) and Sept. 25-26 (d). Montreal, Sept. 27-29 (n). . . . AMERICAN LEAGUE AND NATIONAL LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP PLAYOFFS: Start Oct. 9. . . . WORLD SERIES: Starts Oct. 16 in the home park of the National League champion.

Professional Basketball—Exhibition games—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Nets, Oct. 7. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Nets vs. Knicks, Sept. 30.

Boxing—Muhammad Ali vs. Ken Norton, 15 rounds, for the World Heavyweight Championship. (Yankee Stadium. Sept. 28.)

College Football—Some early games of the season—SATURDAY, SEPT. 18: Army vs. Holy Cross, at West Point; Brown vs. Yale, at Providence; Cornell vs. Princeton, at Ithaca; Dartmouth vs. Pennsylvania, at Hanover; and Harvard vs. Columbia, at Cambridge. . . . SATURDAY, SEPT. 25: Army vs. North Carolina, at West Point; Columbia vs. Lafayette, at Baker Field; Cornell vs. Colgate, at Ithaca; Princeton vs. Rutgers, at Princeton; and Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven. . . . SATURDAY, OCT. 2: Army vs. Stanford, at West

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Point; Holy Cross vs. Dartmouth, at Worcester; Navy vs. Boston College, at Annapolis; Pennsylvania vs. Columbia, at Philadelphia; Princeton vs. Brown, at Princeton; Rutgers vs. Cornell, at New Brunswick; and Yale vs. Lehigh, at New Haven. . . . SATURDAY, OCT. 9: Brown vs. Pennsylvania, at Providence; Colgate vs. Holy Cross, at Hamilton; Columbia vs. Princeton, at Baker Field; Harvard vs. Cornell, at Cambridge; Rutgers vs. Connecticut, at New Brunswick; Williams vs. Trinity, at Williamstown; and Yale vs. Dartmouth, at New Haven.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—SUNDAY, SEPT. 12: Giants vs. Washington Redskins, at Washington, D.C., and Jets vs. Cleveland Browns, at Cleveland. . . . SUNDAY, SEPT. 19: Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles, at Philadelphia, and Jets vs. Denver Broncos, at Denver. . . . SUNDAY, SEPT. 26: Giants vs. Los Angeles Rams, at Los Angeles, and Jets vs. Miami Dolphins, at Miami. . . . SUNDAY, OCT. 3: Giants vs. St. Louis Cardinals, at St. Louis, and Jets vs. San Francisco Forty-Niners, at San Francisco. . . . SUNDAY, OCT. 10: Jets vs. Buffalo Bills, at Shea Stadium, and Giants vs. Dallas Cowboys, at Giants Stadium, Hackensack Meadows.

HOCKEY—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs. Boston Bruins, Sept. 23, exhibition game. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Sept. 27, exhibition game. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Minnesota North Stars, Oct. 6 (first official game of the season). . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Islanders vs. Buffalo Sabres, Sept. 25, exhibition game. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Sept. 29, exhibition game. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Atlanta Flames, Oct. 3, exhibition game. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Oct. 9 (first official game of the season).

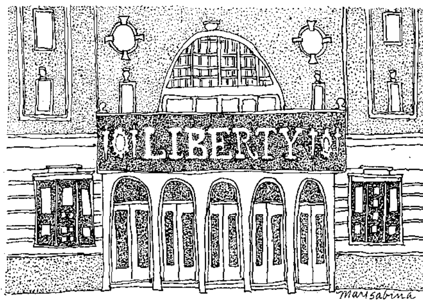
MUSIC—METROPOLITAN OPERA (799-4420): The season will open on Oct. 11, with Verdi's "Il Trovatore," and will run through April 16. . . . CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7459): Isaac Stern and Friends, Sept. 12, 13, and 19. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, Sept. 19 and Oct. 10. . . . ¶ Verdi's Requiem presented by the Teatro alla Scala, Sept. 23. . . . ¶ Yale Philharmonia Orchestra, Sept. 26. . . . ¶ Opening performances of a "Mahlermonth" presented by the New York Philharmonic, Sept. 26 and Oct. 1, 2, 8, and 9. . . . ¶ Israel Philharmonic Orchestra, Sept. 29. . . . ¶ Buffalo Philharmonic, Oct. 3. . . . ALICE TULLY HALL (362-1911): Edward Auer, piano, Sept. 22. . . . ¶ Carla Hübner, piano, Sept. 27. . . . GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum (879-5512): Aldo Ciccolini, piano, Oct. 2.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "Checking Out," a play by Allen Swift, in which Mr. Swift and Joan Copeland will appear. . . . ¶ A revival of the 1917 musical "Going Up," with a book (taken from James Montgomery's comedy "The Aviator") and lyrics by Otto Harbach, music by Louis A. Hirsch, and a cast that includes Brad Blaisdell, Walter Bobbie, Kimberly Farr, and Maureen Brennan. . . . ¶ Billy Dee Williams will play Martin Luther King, Jr., in a limited engagement of "I Have a Dream," an evening of theatre and music conceived by Robert Greenwald, and adapted by Josh Greenfeld, from the words of Dr. King. . . . ¶ "A Texas Trilogy," Preston Jones' three full-length plays ("The Last Meeting of the Knights of White Magnolia," "Lu Ann Hampton Laverty Oberlander," and "The Oldest Living Graduate"), to be staged at succeeding performances. With Diane Ladd, Fred Gwynne, and Henderson Forsythe. . . . ¶ The *Houston Grand Opera* production of George Gershwin's "Porgy and Bess." The title roles will be alternated by Donnie Ray Albert and Abraham Lind-Oquendo as Porgy, and by Clamma Dale and Esther Hinds as Bess. . . . ¶ Mildred Dunnock and Joseph Maher will star in Marguerite Duras's play "Days in the Trees," translated by Sonia Orwell. . . . ¶ A revival of "Oh! Calcutta!," a revue devised by Kenneth Tynan, with contributors of sketches numbering twelve and of music three. . . . ¶ A musical, "The Robber Bridegroom," based on a novella by Eudora Welty (book and lyrics by Alfred Uhry, score by Robert Waldman), presented here briefly last season by The Acting Company.

OTHER DATES—Third-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Wednesday, Sept. 15. . . . ¶ The first day of fall is Sept. 22. . . . ¶ Bryant Park Flower Show, Sept. 29-Oct. 3. . . . ¶ New York Film Festival, at Alice Tully Hall, Oct. 1-17. . . . ¶ Registration days for the Nov. 2 elections, Oct. 2 and 5. . . . ¶ National Arts and Antiques Festival, at the 7th Regiment Armory, Oct. 9-17.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Sept. 7: "Singin' in the Rain" and "The Wizard of Oz."
From Sept. 8: "The Man Who Skied Down Everest."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Sept. 7: "The Omen" and "The Eiger Sanction."
From Sept. 8: "Futureworld" and "Death Race 2000."

12th St. Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (254-4188)
Through Sept. 7: "Logan's Run" and "Rollerball."
From Sept. 8: To be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Sept. 7: "Death Play."
From Sept. 8: "The Man Who Skied Down Everest."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Sept. 7: "The Omen."
From Sept. 8: "The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (684-2290)
Through Sept. 2: "The Three Caballeros" and "Treasure of Matecumbe."
Sept. 3-7: "Peter Pan" and "Gus."
From Sept. 8 (tentative): "The Outlaw Josey Wales."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Shootist."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Silent Movie."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Alice in Wonderland" (X-rated).

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
To be announced.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Clockmaker."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Man Who Fell to Earth."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Obsession."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Obsession."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Idi Amin Dada."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars & Motor Kings."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"King Kong."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Ritz."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Silent Movie."

First Avenue Cinema, 1st Ave. at 61st. (688-0143)
Through Sept. 7: "The Omen."
From Sept. 8: "The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea" and "Carnal Knowledge."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"St. Ives."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Harry and Walter Go to New York."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Murder by Death."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"My Friends."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Let's Talk About Men."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Sept. 7: "Logan's Run."
From Sept. 8: "Harry & Walter Go to New York."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
To be announced.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Alice in Wonderland" (X-rated).

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Drum."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Shootist."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Sept. 7: "Gator."
From Sept. 8: To be announced.

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin I, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"J. D.'s Revenge."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through Sept. 2: "The Three Caballeros" and "Treasure of Matecumbe."
Sept. 3-7: "Peter Pan" and "Gus."
From Sept. 8: To be announced.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Face to Face."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
Through Sept. 7: "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" and "The Groove Tube."
From Sept. 8: To be announced.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Gator."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Seven Beauties" and "Swept Away."
Theatre 2: "Alpha Beta."
Theatre 3: "The Man Who Fell to Earth."
Theatre 4: "The Clockmaker."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"At the Earth's Core."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
Through Sept. 8: "Swashbuckler."
From Sept. 9: To be announced.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Return of a Man Called Horse."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through Sept. 2: "The Three Caballeros" and "Treasure of Matecumbe."
From Sept. 3: "Peter Pan" and "Gus."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Sept. 7: "Murder by Death" and "The Stepford Wives."
From Sept. 8: "That's Entertainment, Part 2" and "Love and Death."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Lovers and Other Relatives."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Cousin, Cousine."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Silent Movie."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Sept. 7: "The Omen."
From Sept. 8: To be announced.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"The Man Who Fell to Earth."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Obsession."
Theatre 2: "St. Ives."
Theatre 3: "At the Earth's Core."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"Gator."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
"Death Play."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Sept. 7: "Murder by Death" and "Hard Times."
From Sept. 8: "Logan's Run" and "Rollerball."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Sept. 1: "Metropolis" (1926), a German silent film, directed by Fritz Lang; and "M" (1932), in German, directed by Fritz Lang, with Peter Lorre.
Sept. 2: "The Virgin Spring" (1960), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Max von Sydow; and "Smiles of a Summer Night" (1955), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, and Jarl Kulle.
Sept. 3: "The 39 Steps" (1935), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat; and "Shadow of a Doubt." (†)
Sept. 4: "Twentieth Century" (†) and "His Girl Friday." (†)
Sept. 5: "If . . ." (†); and "The 400 Blows" (1959), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jean-Pierre Léaud.
Sept. 6: "The Crime of Monsieur Lange" (1935), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with René Lefèvre; and "Our Daily Bread" (1934), directed by King Vidor, with Karen Morley, Tom Keene, John Qualen, and Barbara Pepper.
Sept. 7: "An Autumn Afternoon" (1962) and "Late Autumn" (1960), both films in Japanese, directed by Yasujiro Ozu.
Sept. 8: "L'Avventura" (†); and "The Passenger" (1975), directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Jack Nicholson and Maria Schneider.
Sept. 9: "The Earrings of Madame De . . ." (1953), in French, directed by Max Ophuls, with Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux, and Vittorio De Sica; and "La Ronde" (1950), in French, directed by Max Ophuls, with Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, Simone Signoret, and Jean-Louis Barrault.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Sept. 1: "The Earrings of Madame De . . ." (1953), in French, directed by Max Ophuls, with Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux, and Vittorio De Sica; and "Under Capricorn" (1949), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Ingrid Bergman, Joseph Cotten, Michael Wilding, and Margaret Leighton.
Sept. 2: "Badlands" (1973), directed by Terrence Malick, with Martin Sheen and Sissy Spacek; and "Pretty Poison" (1968), directed by Noel Black, with Anthony Perkins and Tuesday Weld.
Sept. 3: "Richard III" (1956), directed by Laurence Olivier, with Mr. Olivier, Claire Bloom, Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, and Cedric Hardwicke; and "Falstaff" (1967), directed by Orson Welles, with Mr. Welles, Jeanne Moreau, John Gielgud, Keith Baxter, and Margaret Rutherford.
Sept. 4: "La Dolce Vita." (†)
Sept. 5: "Flying Down to Rio" (†) and "The Gay Divorcée." (†)
Sept. 6: "Bonaparte." (†)
Sept. 7: "Samson and Delilah" (†) and "Salome." (†)
Sept. 8: "The American Soldier" (1970), in German, directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder, with Karl Scheydt and Margarethe von Trotta; and "Contempt" (1964), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Brigitte Bardot, Jack Palance, Fritz Lang, and Michel Piccoli.
Sept. 9: "Pather Panchali" (†) and "Barren Lives." (†)

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Sept. 1: "Zatoichi's Conspiracy" (1974), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Misumi, with Shintaro Katsu; and "Kojiro" (1966), in Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Inagaki, with Kikunosuke Onoe.
Sept. 2: "King of Hearts" (1967), in French and English, directed by Philippe de Broca, with Alan Bates; and "200 Motels" (1971), with Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention.
Sept. 3: "Siddhartha" (†), and "Steppenwolf" (1974), directed by Fred Haines, with Max von Sydow and Dominique Sanda.
Sept. 4: "Animal Crackers" (1930), "The Cocoanuts" (1929), and "Monkey Business" (1931), all with the Marx Brothers.
Sept. 5: "The Damned" (1969), directed by Luchino Visconti, with Dirk Bogarde, Ingrid Thulin, and Helmut Berger; and

"Death in Venice" (1971), directed by Luchino Visconti, with Dirk Bogarde.

Sept. 6: "The Wind and the Lion" (1975), directed by John Milius, with Sean Connery, Brian Keith, and Candice Bergen; and "Zulu" (1964), directed by Cy Endfield, with Stanley Baker, Jack Hawkins, and Michael Caine.

Sept. 7: "Wedding in Blood" (1974), in French, directed by Claude Chabrol, with Stéphane Audran and Michel Piccoli; and "The NADA Gang" (1974), in French, directed by Claude Chabrol, with Fabio Testi.

Sept. 8: "The Samurai Trilogy, Parts I and II" (1954-56), both films in Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Inagaki, with Toshiro Mifune.

Sept. 9: "Bananas" (1971), directed by, and with, Woody Allen; "Putney Swope" (1969), directed by Robert Downey; and "Reefer Madness" (1936).

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)

Through Sept. 2: "Kind Hearts and Coronets" (1950), directed by Robert Hamer, with Alec Guinness, Valerie Hobson, and Dennis Price; and "Major Barbara" (1941), directed by Gabriel Pascal, with Rex Harrison, Wendy Hiller, Robert Morley, Sybil Thorndike, and Robert Newton.

Sept. 3-4: "All These Women" (†); and "The Ritual" (1969), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Ingrid Thulin, Anders Ek, and Gunnar Björnstrand.

Sept. 5-7: "Grand Illusion" (1937), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio; and "Fires on the Plain" (1959), in Japanese, directed by Kon Ichikawa, with Eiji Funakoshi.

From Sept. 8: "Kaseki" (1974), in Japanese, directed by Masaki Kobayashi.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through Sept. 4: "Arsenic and Old Lace" (1944), directed by Frank Capra, with Cary Grant, Raymond Massey, Peter Lorre, Josephine Hull, and Jean Adair; and "The Mask of Dimitrios" (1944), directed by Jean Negulesco, with Zachary Scott and Peter Lorre.

Sept. 5-6: "Night and Day" (†) and "Gold Diggers of 1935." (†)

Sept. 7-8: "Anthony Adverse" (†) and "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang." (†)

From Sept. 9: "Little Caesar" (†) and "They Drive by Night." (†)

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)

Sept. 1: "The Shop on Main Street" (1964), a Czech film, directed by Ján Kadár and Elmar Klos, with Josef Kroner and Ida Kaminska; and "Loves of a Blonde" (1965), a Czech film, directed by Miloš Forman.

Sept. 2: "Cool Hand Luke" (1967), directed by Stuart Rosenberg, with Paul Newman; and "Badlands" (1973), directed by Terrence Malick, with Martin Sheen and Sissy Spacek.

Sept. 3: "Le Fantôme de la Liberté" (1974), in French, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Jean-Claude Brialy, Monica Vitti, and Adriana Asti; and "La Guerre Est Finie" (1966), in French, directed by Alain Resnais, with Yves Montand, Ingrid Thulin, and Geneviève Bujold.

Sept. 4: "The Graduate" (†) and "Carnal Knowledge." (†)

Sept. 5: "Alice's Restaurant" (†); and "Midnight Cowboy" (1969), directed by John Schlesinger, with Dustin Hoffman and Jon Voight.

Sept. 6: "Fat City" (1972), directed by John Huston, with Stacy Keach and Jeff Bridges; and "Traffic" (1971), directed by, and with, Jacques Tati.

Sept. 7: "In the Heat of the Night" (†) and "The Russians Are Coming, The Russians Are Coming." (†)

Sept. 8: "Le Boucher" (†) and "La Femme Infidèle" (1969), in French, directed by Claude Chabrol, with Stéphane Audran, Michel Bouquet, and Maurice Ronet.

Sept. 9: "Georgy Girl" (†) and "Loving." (†)

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Through Sept. 2: "This Is the Army" (1943), directed by Michael Curtiz, with George Murphy and Ronald Reagan; and "Private Buckaroo" (1942), directed by Edward Cline, with the Andrews Sisters, Joe E. Lewis, and Dick Foran.

Sept. 3-4: "The Stars Look Down" (†) and "Kipps." (†)

Sept. 5-8: "The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle" (†) and "Shall We Dance." (†)

From Sept. 9: "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" (1919), a German silent film, directed by Robert Wiene, with Conrad Veidt and Werner Krauss; and "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Sept. 2 at 2:30: "The Villain Still Pursued Her" (1940), directed by Edward Cline, with Anita Louise, Hugh Herbert, and Alan Mowbray; and "You're in the Army Now" (1941), directed by Lewis Seiler, with Jane Wyman, Jimmy Durante, and Phil Silvers. . . . ¶ Sept. 2 at 6: "Never Say Die" (1939), directed by Elliott Nugent, with Bob Hope, Martha Raye, and Andy Devine. . . . ¶ Sept. 2 at 8:30: "Hellz-a-Poppin" (1941), directed by H. C. Potter, with Olsen and Johnson, Martha Raye, and Mischa Auer. . . . ¶ Sept. 3 at 2:30: "Tom, Dick, and Harry" (1941), directed by Garson Kanin, with Ginger Rogers, George Murphy, Burgess Meredith, and Alan Marshal. . . . ¶ Sept. 3 at 6: "I Love You Again" (1940), directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Myrna Loy, William Powell, and Frank McHugh. . . . ¶ Sept. 4 at noon: "Never Say Die.". . . ¶ Sept. 4 at 2:30: "Tom, Dick, and Harry.". . . ¶ Sept. 4 at 5: "The Villain Still Pursued Her" and "You're in the Army Now.". . . ¶ Sept. 5 at noon: "Hellz-a-Poppin.". . . ¶ Sept. 5 at 2:30: "Father Takes a Wife" (1941), directed by Jack Hively, with Gloria Swanson, Adolphe Menjou, and Desi Arnaz. . . . ¶ Sept. 5 at 5: "La Dixième Symphonie" (1918), a French silent film, directed by Abel Gance; English inter-titles. . . . ¶ Sept. 6 at noon: "My Favorite Wife" (1940), directed by Garson Kanin, with Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, and Randolph Scott. . . . ¶ Sept. 6 at 2:30: "Ball of Fire" (1941), directed by Howard Hawks, with Barbara Stanwyck and Gary Cooper. . . . ¶ Sept. 6 at 6: "His Girl Friday" (1940), directed by Howard Hawks, with Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy. . . . ¶ Sept. 7 at noon: A program of cartoons, including Felix the Cat, Mickey Mouse, and Popeye. . . . ¶ Sept. 7 at 2:30: "The Devil and Miss Jones" (1941), directed by Sam Wood, with Jean Arthur, Robert Cummings, and Charles Coburn. . . . ¶ Sept. 7 at 8 and Sept. 9 at 2:30: "World Première" (1941), directed by Ted Tetzlaff, with John Barrymore, Frances Farmer, and Ricardo Cortez; and "Call Out the Marines" (1942), directed by Frank Ryan and William Hamilton, with Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe. . . . ¶ Sept. 9 at 6: "I Married a Witch" (1942), directed by René Clair, with Fredric March, Veronica Lake, Robert Benchley, and Susan Hayward. . . . ¶ Sept. 9 at 8:30: "The Devil and Miss Jones." (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing. Tickets for the showings at 8:30 will not be accepted before 8.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

Alice's Restaurant (1969)—Arthur Penn's extension of Arlo Guthrie's talking-blues record, "The Alice's Restaurant Massacree." Made with attractive simplicity and with great affection for the hippies' humor. (Sutton; Sept. 5.)

All These Women (1964)—Ingmar Bergman's first color film, an unfunny slapstick comedy, set in the twenties, about a master cellist, his foppish biographer, and his many women. With Jarl Kulle, Eva Dahlbeck, Bibi Andersson, Harriet Andersson, and Gertrud Fridh. In Swedish. (New Yorker; Sept. 3-4.)

Alpha Beta—Rachel Roberts and Albert Finney in a fine film by Anthony Page, taken from E. A. Whitehead's play about an English suburban marriage. Finney, as Mr. Elliot, is unable to stop himself from uttering scabrous barbs; Miss Roberts, as Mrs. Elliot, is unable to abandon the moroseness that she knows will irritate him. Small rows, puny victories. The director makes us see their ambitions for a better life, their vast hopes, their unwitting villainies and small vanities. A first-rate film, thrillingly acted, beautifully written. (Reviewed in our issue of 8/9/76.) (Quad Cinema.)

Anthony Adverse (1936)—Not Fredric March's finest two hours and twenty minutes: he wasn't a physical enough presence to play a dashing, swashbuckling hero. This turgid story involves a lot of crowds and plenty of travel. March takes part in the Napoleonic Wars, as well as in the slave trade, and along the way he misplaces his wife, Olivia de Havilland. When he finds her, it turns out that she has been even busier than he; she's managed to become a great opera star and a famous shady lady. Which might have been an entertaining plot development if the director hadn't been humorless Mervyn LeRoy, drudging away. Claude Rains plays a haughty, gout-ridden marquis, and Gale Sondergaard, whose leer was her fortune, is the superwicked villainess. (Regency; Sept. 7-8.)

At the Earth's Core—With Doug McClure, Peter Cushing, and Caroline Munro; directed by Kevin Connor. (Guild, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

L'Avventura (1959)—Antonioni's masterpiece, and one of the most influential of all modern films. A study of a successful businessman who compromises on everything and is too shallow even to be truly lonely. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 8.)

Barren Lives (1964)—A Brazilian film by Nelson Pereira dos Santos about a family of peasants grateful to work their guts out for any crooked landowner in the desert. Distressing though the picture is, dos Santos made it with cause and art. In Portuguese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 9.)

The Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars & Motor Kings—With Billy Dee Williams, James Earl Jones, and Richard Pryor; directed by John Badham. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2.)

Bonaparte (1927, 1971)—The work of Abel Gance, one of the great pioneers of film and a master of fast editing, has not had the recognition it deserves because he was technically so far ahead of his time that theatres weren't designed or equipped to handle his films. His 1927 "Napoleon" was made in Polyvision, and those lucky enough to have seen it projected that way (or, as it sometimes was, on three ordinary screens) will recall that his conception was far more complex than what directors later did with Cinerama, since Gance frequently used the images at the left and right of the central image for contrapuntal effects. The imagery poured from the three sources, history literally seemed to be an avalanche of armies, battles, and crowds. His epic was, however, so rarely shown that in 1934 he edited another version of it, and then in 1971 prepared this version. Even though much of the visual complexity is gone, what's left is still worth seeing—sweepingly romantic, both naïve and sophisticated. Antonin Artaud appears as Marat, Gance himself as Saint-Just. Four and a half hours. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 6.)

Le Boucher (1969)—Another tone poem on a thriller theme by Claude Chabrol; he provides all the elements for a thriller except the zinger. This fluid, beautifully controlled, but very minor film was shot in a serene village in the Périgord and features the exquisite Stéphane Audran, with Jean Yanne as the melancholy, frustrated butcher. In French. (Sutton; Sept. 8.)

Carnal Knowledge (1971)—A grimly purposeful satire about depersonalization and how we use each other sexually as objects. In Mike Nichols' cold, slick, emphatic style, it is like a neon sign that spells out the soullessness of neon. From a script by Jules Feiffer, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret. (Sutton; Sept. 4. . . . ¶ First Avenue Cinema; starting Sept. 8.)

The Clockmaker—Bertrand Tavernier's remarkable first film, from a Simenon novel. Philippe Noiret plays—beyond praise—a clockmaker in Lyons. He speaks of the matters of life as meticulously as if he were inspecting them through his watchmaker's glass. It is therefore all the more terrible for him that his young grownup son has committed chaos by murdering a right-wing informant. A splendid, sober film. In French. (8/9/76) (Fine Arts, and Quad Cinema.)

Cousin, Cousine—A very good film, by Jean-Charles Tacchella, about muddled and ironically sensual family gatherings, full of Rabelaisian cheer. Finely acted by people whom the director has helped to embody a mixture of the droll and the fragile. In French. (8/2/76) (Paris.)

Death Play—With Karen Leslie, James Keach, and Michael Higgins; directed by Arthur Storch. (Thalia. . . . ¶ Cinema Village; through Sept. 7.)

Death Race 2000 (1975)—With David Carradine, directed by Paul Bartel. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Sept. 8.)

La Dolce Vita (1960)—Each of the dozen or so sequences of this movie tells a separate story, and deals with a separate aspect of present-day Roman life—high, low, or café—as seen through the satiric eyes of Federico Fellini. His direction is masterly, his cast is splendid. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 4.)

Drum—With Warren Oates, Isela Vega, and Ken Norton; directed by Steve Carver. (Loews Orpheum.)

The Eiger Sanction (1975)—A suspense film, directed by, and with, Clint Eastwood. (St. Marks Cinema; through Sept. 7.)

Face to Face—Ingmar Bergman's relentless chronicle of the edging toward breakdown of a woman psychiatrist (Liv Ullmann). The film is a marvellously vivid and thoughtful—and, surprisingly, witty—record of an unhappy mind's oscillation between ease and agitation. In Swedish. (4/5/76) (Waverly.)

Flying Down to Rio (1933)—The romantic leads in this R.K.O. musical were Dolores Del Rio, Gene Raymond, and Raul Roulien, but it is famous for being the movie in which Ginger met Fred. (They were intended for comic relief.) The dances, including "The Carioca" and the airborne number that Ken Russell imitated in "The Boy Friend," were choreographed by Dave Gould; the songs, by Gus Kahn, Edward Eliscu, and Vincent Youmans, include "Orchids in the Moonlight" and "Music Makes Me." Thornton Freeland directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 5.)

Futureworld—Futurebunk. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Sept. 8.)

Gator—With Burt Reynolds, Jack Weston, Lauren Hutton, and Jerry Reed; directed by Reynolds. (Greenwich, and Symphony. . . . ¶ 86th St. East; through Sept. 7.)

The Gay Divorcée (1934)—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers appeared together in "Flying Down to Rio" in 1933, but this was their first co-starring film. The plot is trivial French farce, but the dances are among the wittiest and the most lyrical expressions of American romanticism on the screen. It may be accurate to say that no one who saw them do "The Continental" or watched the great, tense, seductive dance they perform to Cole Porter's "Night and Day" has ever quite forgotten "The Gay Divorcée"—even if he thinks he has. With Alice Brady, Edward Everett Horton, and Eric Blore; directed by Mark Sandrich. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 5.)

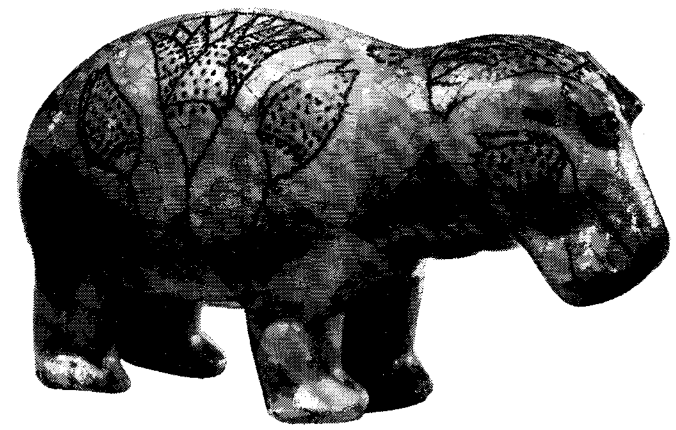
Georgy Girl (1966)—An exceptionally good English tragicomedy about a fat girl's joys and sorrows, with Lynn Redgrave, James Mason, Alan Bates, and Charlotte Rampling. Directed by Silvio Narizzano. (Sutton; Sept. 9.)

Gold Diggers of 1935—Dick Powell is hired by Alice Brady to escort her daughter, Gloria Stuart, while Gloria's fiancé, Hugh Herbert, completes his book on snuffboxes. Guess what happens. The score is good, even though the picture is terrible—in a pleasant sort of way. Busby Berkeley, who usually only choreographed, did the direction, too, and he wasn't very skillful. (Regency; Sept. 5-6.)

The Graduate (1967)—Dustin Hoffman is marvellous as a young man who would rather fall in love with his father's partner's daughter than commit adultery with his father's partner's wife. Katharine Ross is the daughter and Anne Bancroft the wife. The director is Mike Nichols. (Sutton; Sept. 4.)

The Groove Tube (1974)—Inoffensively scatological revue, lampooning TV, Kubrick's "2001," and American culture. About half of the scattershot, manic skits are very funny; the others might have been funny, too, if their timing had been better. At the end, the talented director and star, Ken Shapiro, does a lovely, flaked-out dance through rush-hour crowds along Park Avenue. (8th St. Playhouse; through Sept. 7.)

Gus—From the Disney studios, with Edward



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Asner, Don Knotts, and Gary Grimes; directed by Vincent McEveety. (Kips Bay, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; Sept. 3-7. . . . ¶ Festival; starting Sept. 3.)

Hard Times—This first feature directed by the young screenwriter Walter Hill is unusually effective pulp—perhaps even great pulp. Looking like an authentic Depression worker, Charles Bronson plays an aging itinerant who hooks up with a gambler (James Coburn) and fights—bare-fisted, no-holds-barred—for gambling stakes. Hill gets our hearts pounding in fear that this loner-hero will be hurt or vanquished; the big fight sequence, with Bronson pitted against a boulder of flesh (Robert Tessier), makes you feel the way you did as a kid at the movies. You don't resent the film's grip on you, because Hill respects the loner-underdog myth. Shot on locations in and around New Orleans; with Strother Martin as a hophead medic, and Jill Ireland. (10/6/75) (Olympia; through Sept. 7.)

Harry and Walter Go to New York—A turn-of-the-century comedy, with James Caan, Michael Caine, Elliott Gould, and Diane Keaton. Directed by Mark Rydell. (Columbia II. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; starting Sept. 8.)

His Girl Friday (1940)—Rosalind Russell playing an indispensable, caustic girl reporter, divorced by the hero and now wanted back. The conniving editor is Cary Grant. A hectic remake of the original Ben Hecht-Charles MacArthur "The Front Page," directed by Howard Hawks with a kind of terrific verbal slam-bang that has vanished from current filmmaking. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 4.)

The Hunchback of Notre Dame (1939)—Playing Quasimodo (Lon Chaney's old role), Charles Laughton seems determined to outdo Chaney's horrifying makeup. With only one eye and a hump so big his head seems to be in the middle of his chest, his Quasimodo is so distorted and misshapen that little of the human being, much less of the actor, survives. It's an appallingly masochistic performance. The adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel seems rather perfunctory, but it's an elaborate, well-photographed mixture of historical spectacle and Grand Guignol. William Dieterle directed. Maureen O'Hara is a ravishing Esmeralda, and the cast includes Edmond O'Brien (in his film début), Cedric Hardwicke, Thomas Mitchell, George Zucco, Alan Marshal, Walter Hampden, Minna Gombell, Fritz Leiber, Etienne Girardot, and Harry Davenport as Louis XI. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Sept. 9.)

I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang (1932)—One of the best of the social-protest films—naïve, heavy, artless, but a straightforward, unadorned story with moments that haunted a generation, such as the hungry hero (Paul Muni) trying to pawn his Congressional Medal of Honor. Those involved in making the movie hoped it might help to ameliorate the condition of convicts, but it did more to ameliorate financial conditions at Warner Brothers and was a factor in making it the "socially conscious" studio. With Glenda Farrell, Edward Ellis, Helen Vinson. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. (Regency; Sept. 7-8.)

Idi Amin Dada (1974)—A documentary about the Ugandan General. Directed by Barbet Schroeder. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1.)

If . . . (1969)—Lindsay Anderson uses an English school for boys as a metaphor for a rotting traditional society. An attempted epic on student revolt, with too many muddy undercurrents. With Malcolm McDowell. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 5.)

In the Heat of the Night (1967)—A comedy-thriller with Sidney Poitier as a quick-witted police officer from the North and Rod Steiger as a blundering Southern chief of police. Fast and enjoyable, with lively, atmospheric cinematography by Haskell Wexler. Directed by Norman Jewison. (Sutton; Sept. 7.)

J. D.'s Revenge—With Glynn Turman, Lou Gossett, and Joan Pringle; directed by Arthur Marks. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

King Kong (1932)—Fay Wray in a blond wig and the "tallest, darkest leading man in Hollywood"—who was actually less than two feet high. This original version is destined to be withdrawn shortly because of the remake. (D. W. Griffith.)

Kipps (1941)—Carol Reed directed this genial, endearingly noiseless version of the H. G. Wells novel, with Michael Redgrave as the orphan who works in a draper's shop and becomes a whiz of a bourgeois success. (The story was later inflated to the point of unintelligibility in the musical "Half a Sixpence.") With Diana Wynyard, Phyllis Calvert, Max Adrian, Michael Wilding, Edward Rigby, and Hermione Baddeley; the script is by Frank Launder and Sidney Gilliat. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 3-4.)

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Let's Talk About Men (1965)—Lina Wertmüller's second film, in four parts. Nino Manfredi plays the Superior Man in all four: a businessman financially less successful than his sumptuous thief of a wife, an aged circus knife-thrower, a sadomasochist, a snoring husband who is blind to his wife's discontent. Wertmüller is not a women's-lib polemicist. Politically, she is an intelligent and kindly philosopher, who sees people being turned into society's flunkies. Dramatically, her nature is moved by paradox, fully aware of the ache that often underlies the Latin bombast of her characters. In Italian. (8/16/76) (Loews Tower East.)

Little Caesar (1930)—Edward G. Robinson's Rico is the prototype of the movie gangster, but Mervyn LeRoy's direction is sluggish, and the actors seem to be transfixed by the microphone. With Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Glenda Farrell. (Regency; starting Sept. 9.)

Logan's Run—A sci-fi fable, directed by Michael Anderson, which says that three centuries from now we shall be dwelling under opaque, hermetically sealed domes set down in the midst of devastation. Peter Ustinov plays the only visible outside citizen, an old man living in the Capitol, surrounded by the refuse of the past. (7/5/76) (12th St. Cinema, and 72nd Street East; through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting Sept. 8.)

Love and Death (1975)—Woody Allen's imperially funny picture is set in the land of "War and Peace" and "Crime and Punishment." Mr. Allen, who both wrote and directed this beautiful picture (photographed by Ghislain Cloquet), plays a nineteenth-century aristocrat of radical leanings. The love of his life is his remote cousin Sonja (Diane Keaton), who shares his habit of falling into talk of the epistemological when what they would both rather fall into is bed. (6/16/75) (Playboy; starting Sept. 8.)

Lovers and Other Relatives—With Laura Antonelli, directed by Salvatore Samperi. In Italian. (Little Carnegie.)

Loving (1970)—An unusually perceptive film, with George Segal as an amiable failed artist who wriggles this way and that because he doesn't like his life. Irvin Kershner directed, and it's beautifully detailed and sustained. (Sutton; Sept. 9.)

The Man Who Fell to Earth—Nicolas Roeg directs a rather chilly, beautifully composed sci-fi picture about a cat-eyed man (David Bowie) who comes to earth from another planet in search of water for his drought-ridden world. Rip Torn is good as a burned-out professor of chemistry. (6/7/76) (Plaza, Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.)

The Man Who Skied Down Everest—An Oscar-winning Japanese documentary about the celebrated skier Miura, who toiled most of the way up Everest with a caravan of Sherpas and scientists, and then skied down part of it, at a hundred miles an hour. Six Sherpas died. There is a difference between an endeavor and a feat. (6/7/76) (Art, and Cinema Village; starting Sept. 9.)

Monty Python and the Holy Grail (1975)—A cheerfully loused-up reworking of the story of King Arthur, written and acted by the Python team, who were first famous on English TV and then picked up a devoted following here. (5/5/75) (8th St. Playhouse; through Sept. 7.)

Murder by Death—A thriller thronged with the world's most famous detectives, written by Neil Simon, directed by Robert Moore. A funny night of a hundred stars, with Truman Capote as the host, a carefully spoken blind butler played by Alec Guinness, and Maggie Smith, never more limp-wristed or full of sophisticated common sense. Estelle Winwood plays the nurse of a Miss Marbles, but the nurse is the one in the wheelchair. (6/28/76) (Beekman. . . . ¶ Playboy, and Olympia; through Sept. 7.)

My Friends—An Italian film about friendship—a salute to male camaraderie, bravery in mufti, benevolence to friends' failings. Philippe Noiret plays one of the quartet of friends—a poached-egg-eyed crime reporter. Directed by Pietro Germi and, after his death, by Mario Monicelli. In Italian. (7/26/76) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Night and Day (1946)—William Bowers, one of the three scenarists, has recently said that he was so ashamed of this picture that about a year after it came out he called Cole Porter, whose biography it purported to be, and told him how sorry he was, and Porter said, "Loved it. Just loved it. Oh, I thought it was marvellous." Bowers says that he told Oscar Hammerstein how puzzled he was by this, and Hammerstein said, "How many of his songs did you have in it?" Bowers answered "Twenty-seven," and Hammerstein said, "Well of course, he loved it. They only turned out to be twenty-seven of the greatest songs of all time. You don't think he heard that stuff that went on between his songs, do you?" This utterly wretched movie is possibly endurable to others who can blank out on that stuff in between, which involves Cary Grant as the composer, starting as an excruciatingly unconvincing bouncy Yale undergraduate. Later on, Grant embraces Alexis Smith from time to time, but nervously, unwillingly—as if she were a carrier of Rocky Mountain fever. No doubt the movie was trying to tell us something. Michael Curtiz directed; with Monty Woolley and many other unfortunates. (Regency; Sept. 5-6.)

Obsession—An *hommage* to Hitchcock, made by Brian De Palma. The inspiring original is Hitchcock's "Vertigo," in which James Stewart is an ex-dick confused over whether Kim Novak is a suicide (as he thought) or is beguilingly alive in a new identity. "Obsession," which believes in mystery rather than in Hitchcock's surprises, is about a rich New Orleans businessman (Cliff Robertson), who suffers the kidnapping of his wife (Geneviève Bujold) and his nine-year-old daughter (Wanda Blackman). Years later, gray-haired, he falls in love, in Italy, with a girl restoring a Daddi in the Italian church where he first fell in love with his wife. The girl is played, of course, by Geneviève Bujold. Who is she? A hallucination? The question leaves us cold, because it lacks Hitchcock's scrupulous matter-of-factness. (8/2/76) (Baronet, Coronet, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

The Omen—Directed by Richard Donner, starring a very sonorous and vapid Gregory Peck, who is married to Lee Remick (in a good performance). The plot involves the replacing of her stillborn baby with an orphan who turns out to be the child of Satan. The cult of Satanism may be the "Jaws" of next year. (7/5/76) (St. Marks Cinema, Gramercy, First Avenue Cinema, and Cinema Studio; through Sept. 7.)

The Outlaw Josey Wales—Directed by, and with, Clint Eastwood. (Kips Bay; starting Sept. 8, tentative.)

Pather Panchali (1954)—The first film by Satyajit Ray—beautiful, sometimes funny, and full of love; an extraordinary beginning in the career of a modern master. This reverie about the life of an impoverished Brahman family in a Bengali village brought a new vision of India to the screen. In Bengali. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 9.)

Peter Pan (1953)—A full-length Walt Disney cartoon, with Bobbie Driscoll supplying Peter's voice, and a Tinker Bell who seems to be fashioned along the lines of Marilyn Monroe. (Kips Bay, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; Sept. 3-7. . . . ¶ Festival; starting Sept. 3.)

The Return of a Man Called Horse—Richard Harris as an English peer who becomes the blood brother of a Sioux tribe. Directed by Irvin Kershner. There is much patronage about the white man's role as savior of natives in distress, much repulsive dwelling on initiatory torture, much bovine acting, and much, much bad illustrative music. (8/16/76) (Ziegfeld.)

The Ritz—From Terrence McNally's play, directed by Richard Lester. We are in a New York City bathhouse where homosexuals hang out. A rococo-Mafia atmosphere reigns. The play told us a good deal about the sudden outbreaks of spite and veiled peril that underscore the wit of homosexual life; the film might almost as well be set in any classical heterosexual setting of farce (hotels, ocean liners, a middle-class suburban cookout housebound by bad weather). But Lester's work is always to be seen, and McNally's dialogue is barbarously funny. (8/23/76) (Cinema I.)

Rollerball (1975)—Norman Jewison's noisily unintelligent sci-fi film about a future in which the world is purged of hostility, opinion, hunger, overpopulation, and every other trouble on our minds by a game called Rollerball, which looks like a slaughterhouse version of tag. Not to have clued us in to the rules of the game is quite an omission. (7/7/75) (12th St. Cinema; through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting Sept. 8.)

The Russians Are Coming, The Russians Are Coming (1966)—Alan Arkin as a Russian sailor, and Carl Reiner as a vacationing New York writer, in a comedy about a Russian submarine going aground on an island just off Cape Cod. Norman Jewison directed this pleasant entertainment, which was actually shot in northern California. With Brian Keith and Jonathan Winters. (Sutton; Sept. 7.)

The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea—From the late Yukio Mishima's book. Sarah Miles plays a beautiful young widow cursed with an angelic-faced son who is a member of a club of sadistic schoolboys. The boys not only cut up a cat alive but calmly murder the sailor—Kris Kristofferson—whom the boy's mother means to marry, because they feel that his decision to become a landlubber husband has broken his sacred compact with the sea. This very Japanese and violent idea of a religious pact has been transferred to, of all places, Dartmouth, in Devon, with its tea shops and benign, mannerly colonels. (4/26/76) (Gramercy, and First Avenue Cinema; starting Sept. 8.)

St. Ives—With Charles Bronson, John Houseman, Jacqueline Bisset, and Maximilian Schell; directed by J. Lee Thompson. (Columbia I, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

Salome (1922)—One of the true curiosities of film history. Rudolph Valentino's wife, the designer Natacha Rambova (she designed her own name, also), loved Aubrey Beardsley's drawings. She arranged to make this film with Alla Nazimova in the lead and Charles Bryant directing, and she did the décor and costumes, based on Beardsley's drawings. The bizarre results are undramatic and boring, and yet often fascinating. Nazimova, one of the greatest actresses of her time, shows almost nothing of her talent here. She has a surprisingly boyish figure in the outré garments, and throughout much of the film her hair seems to be covered with ball fringe. The movie looks better in stills than when one actually sees it, but a folly like this should probably be experienced. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 7.)

Samson and Delilah (1949)—De Mille, with God as his co-maker. In general, the plot follows the Bible story, though Victor Mature's Samson, costumed in terry-cloth leotards and a monstrous wig, looks bilious and flaccid, as if he couldn't pull down even the papier-mâché temple. He does it, though, and he also wrestles a moth-eaten lion and crowns several extras with the jawbone of an ass. Hedy Lamarr's Delilah would be more at

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home in a Yorkville bar than in a high-toned Philistine residence. All in all, this film does not enhance the glory of De Mille or his Associate; its splendors are purely in the camp division. Among them are George Sanders as the head man of the Philistines, Henry Wilcoxon looking as nobly baffled as ever, and Angela Lansbury as the woman for whom Mature yearns, to the inexplicable despair of Lamarr. The sets are wondrous chintzy. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 7.)

SEVEN BEAUTIES—Lina Wertmüller's Everyman jamboree, full of garbled ideas, cruelty, moist wistfulness, pious moralizing, and appeals to coarse prejudices. With Giancarlo Giannini. In Italian. (2/16/76) (Quad Cinema.)

SHADOW OF A DOUBT (1942)—The setting is quiet, clean, sleepy Santa Rosa, California; it is invaded by a psychopathic killer (Joseph Cotten), who comes to visit his unsuspecting and adoring relatives. Alfred Hitchcock considers this fine thriller (from a script principally by Thornton Wilder) to be his best American film, and he may be right. With Patricia Collinge, Teresa Wright, Hume Cronyn, Henry Travers. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 3.)

SHALL WE DANCE (1937)—The script wobbles, but this seventh Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers film has some beautiful dances and a great score by the Gershwins ("Slap That Bass," "Let's Call the Whole Thing Off," "They Can't Take That Away from Me," "They All Laughed"). With Edward Everett Horton, Jerome Cowan, and Eric Blore. Directed by Mark Sandrich. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 5-8.)

THE SHOOTIST—A Western, with John Wayne and Lauren Bacall, directed by Don Siegel. (Murray Hill, and Loews Ciné.)

SIDDHARTHA (1973)—Conrad Rooks and an amazing amount of cheek have gone to work on mysticism, the villainy of riches, the techniques of love, the immense merit of feeling, as compared to thinking, when it comes to inner wisdom, and a few other large questions. Mr. Rooks, on location in India, produced, directed, and wrote this pretentious trash, which comes from a dreadful book by Hermann Hesse. (Elgin; Sept. 3.)

SILENT MOVIE—Mel Brooks's intermittently very funny film, in which Mel Brooks (as Mel Funn), Dom DeLuise (as Dom Bell), and Marty Feldman (as Marty Eggs) try to beat a readily identifiable conglomerate called Engulf & Devour by making a silent movie—this is 1976. Much joy for children, but the humor is a bit burly, and one misses Madeline Kahn. (7/12/76) (34th St. East, Cinema II, and Paramount.)

SINGIN' IN THE RAIN (1952)—This exuberant and malicious satire of Hollywood in the late twenties is perhaps the most enjoyable of all movie musicals. Gene Kelly, Donald O'Connor, and Debbie Reynolds are the stars, assisted by Jean Hagen as an imbecilic movie queen, Millard Mitchell as a producer, Cyd Charisse as a dancer, and Rita Moreno as a flapper-actress. Kelly and Stanley Donen directed the Comden and Green script. With music by Nacio Herb Brown, lyrics by Arthur Freed. (Art; through Sept. 7.)

THE STARS LOOK DOWN (1939)—Though this Carol Reed film contains nothing as imaginative as the first sequences of his "Odd Man Out," it's a remarkably beautiful work, and until the sixties it was one of only a few English movies with a strong contemporary subject. It sustains an emotional tone like that of a Thomas Hardy novel, and the hero (Michael Redgrave, in his first really distinguished screen performance) is a frustrated idealist, not unlike Hardy's Jude. Growing up in a Welsh mining town, this hero dreams of improving the life around him, but marries naïvely, and disastrously. Margaret Lockwood plays the stupid, vulgar, unhappy girl who snares him, and Emlyn Williams is the little sharpie she's instinctively drawn to. With Edward Rigby as the hero's father, Nancy Price as his mother, Desmond Tester as his younger brother, and Ivor Barnard and Cecil Parker. From a novel by A. J. Cronin. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 3-4.)

THE STEPFORD WIVES (1975)—The first women's-lib gothic—hardly the landmark the world has been waiting for. Besides, it's so tastefully tame that there's no suspense. Taken from an Ira Levin novel that might have been written by a computer, it's about the encroaching horror of suburban blandness; in this account, the responsibility for suburban women's becoming overgroomed deadheads, obsessed with waxed, antiseptic households, is placed totally on the men. Katharine Ross plays the young New Yorker who moves to Stepford and discovers that the wives have been robotized by their husbands. Written by William Goldman and directed by Bryan Forbes, the picture is literal in a way that seems a wasting disease. With Paula Prentiss, Nanette Newman, Peter Masterson, and Patrick O'Neal. (2/24/75) (Playboy; through Sept. 7.)

THE STORY OF VERNON AND IRENE CASTLE (1939)—This was the last (and ninth) of the Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers R.K.O. pictures. The re-creations of the Castles' dances are painstakingly authentic, but the movie is cursed with the dullness of big bios. With Edna May Oliver, Walter Brennan, and Marge Champion (in those days she was called Marjorie Bell). H. C. Potter directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 5-8.)

SWASHBUCKLER—With Robert Shaw, James Earl Jones, Peter Boyle, Geneviève Bujold, Beau Bridges, and Geoffrey Holder; directed by James Goldstone. (Music Hall; through Sept. 8.)

SWEPT AWAY (1975)—Lina Wertmüller's Marxist story of a wealthy, industry-upheld bitch on a yacht who finds herself marooned in a state of heavily erotic political masochism. Her partner is the very sailor whom she has been abusing for marine inefficiency and the wearing of stinking T-shirts. In Italian. (9/22/75) (Quad Cinema.)

THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT, PART 2—Gene Kelly and Fred Astaire narrate a sequence of clips from the M-G-M vaults, which are presumably up to providing us with "That's Entertainment, Part 2002." There are some splendid things here, full of genuine fun and conviviality, though the narration is of the A = A sort. Highly recommended for children, and adults are likely to be entranced by the comedic beauty of some of the clips. (5/24/76) (Playboy; starting Sept. 8.)

THEY DRIVE BY NIGHT (1940)—The director, Raoul Walsh, probably had little to do with the film's schizoid nature. The first half, involving George Raft, Humphrey Bogart, and Alan Hale, is an action-filled, realistic good story about freelance truck drivers who run fruit and vegetables in to the big-city markets. In the second half, Raft, neat, shaved, and respectably at work in an office, is pursued by Ida Lupino, his employer's wife, but manages to hold out, because he is engaged to Ann Sheridan. Nobody cares anymore whether the oranges and lettuce get to market on time; they're busy watching Lupino go off her scheming nut in a big courtroom scene. This part is standard movie melodrama and not particularly well done. With Roscoe Karnes, George Tobias, Gale Page, and Joyce Compton; from a novel by A. E. Bezzerides. (Regency; starting Sept. 9.)

THE THREE CABALLEROS (1945)—Ostensibly Walt Disney's patriotic attempt to cement our relations with South America. Actually it is a mixture of authentic fantasy, atrocious taste, and bogus mysticism. The technique is mixed, involving an ambitious combination of living women and caricatured animals and a series of backgrounds that are half stylized drawing and half what appear to be photographs of picture postcards, all executed in Technicolor. If you want to see how quasi-obscene Disney's innocent zoological humor could be, take a look at the sequences featuring the romance between a two-foot-high animated duck and a full-size mortal woman. (Kips Bay, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Festival; through Sept. 2.)

TREASURE OF MATECUMBE—From the Disney studios, with Robert Foxworth, Joan Hackett, Peter Ustinov, and Vic Morrow; directed by Vincent McEveety. (Kips Bay, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Festival; through Sept. 2.)

TWENTIETH CENTURY (1934)—John Barrymore in one of his best comedy roles—as an egomaniac theatrical producer—and Carole Lombard in the giddy, glamorous role that established her as a comedienne. Howard Hawks directed this great hardboiled farce, from Hecht and MacArthur's adaptation of the Bruce Milholland play. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 4.)

THE WIZARD OF OZ (1939)—Heavenly. Judy Garland as Dorothy, Bert Lahr as the Cowardly Lion, and Ray Bolger as the Scarecrow. (Art; through Sept. 7.)

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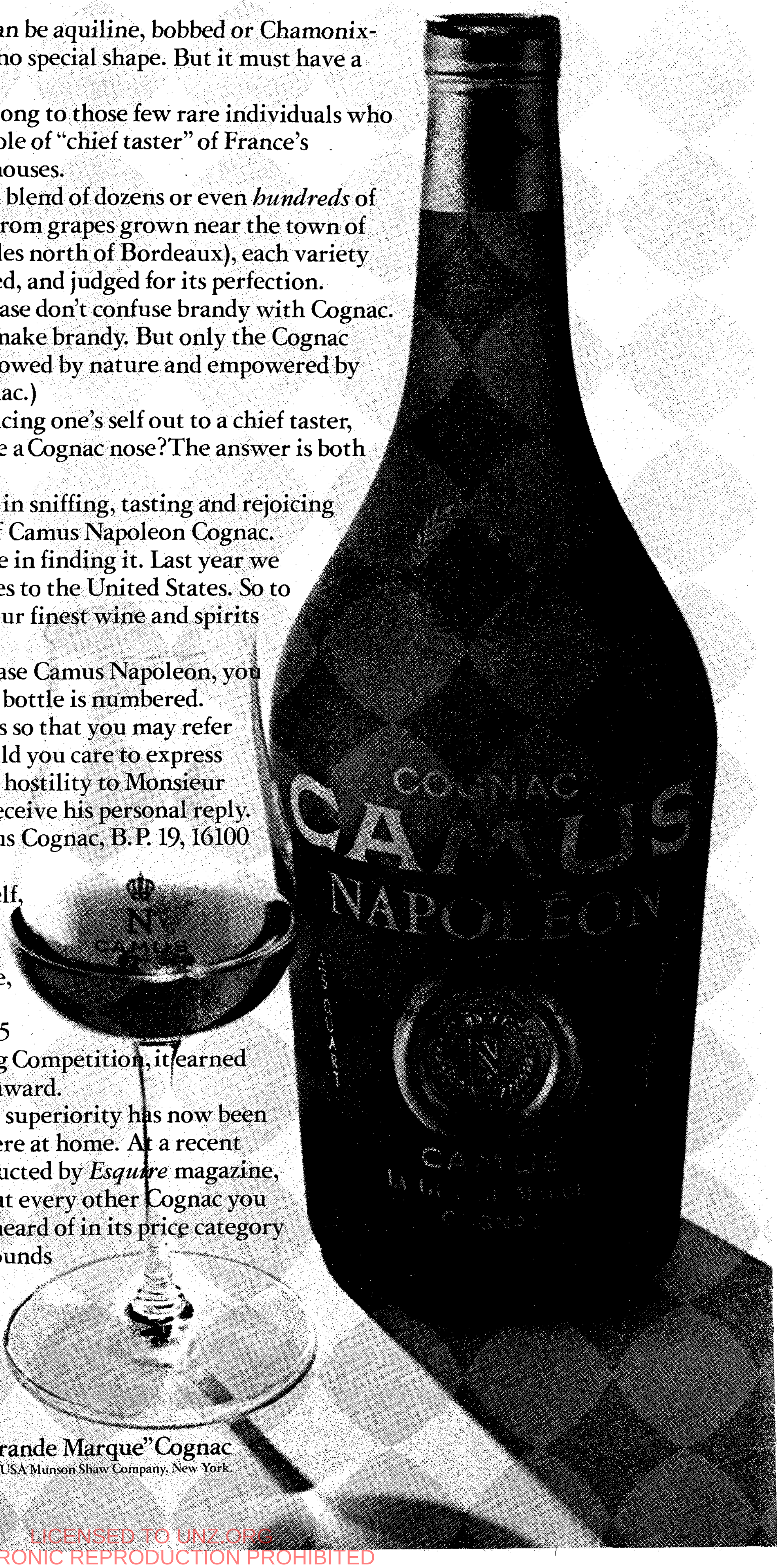

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

AN occasional correspondent of ours who spends much of his time in the country has sent us a midsummer report. He writes:

This year, for the first time, we have swallows nesting in the eaves of the barn, and I can hear what is practically the roar of bees in the honeysuckle outside my study window. Walking out to look at the garden the other morning, I almost stepped on a little greenish-tan toad. On the way back to the house by a different route, I almost stepped on another. Both, according to my copy of Conant's "A Field Guide to Reptiles and Amphibians," were Fowler's toads. They were also the most toads of any kind I had seen in many years. A few days ago, I surprised a turtle—a brown-and-yellow box turtle about the size and shape of half a cantaloupe—in the act of laying what turned out to be four or five eggs in a hole. A day or two after that, I had the pleasure of watching a catbird, a robin, a redstart, a grackle, and an indigo bunting take turns splashing in the birdbath. The indigo bunting was the first I had ever seen. That night, I fell asleep to the calling of a whippoorwill, and I woke up the next morning to the moaning of mourning doves and the peremptory whistling of a bobwhite. Driving over to the village post office a day or two ago, I saw a run-over cock pheasant, I saw a crow pecking at a run-over possum, I saw a sparrow hawk perched at the top of a dead sycamore tree, and I had to brake to avoid two bemused cavorting squirrels. When I got home, my wife said she had seen a three-foot blacksnake in the pachysandra, and that evening, at a cocktail party, a friend said he had seen three ospreys winging together across a marsh. This sudden and flourishing plenitude of wildlife got me to thinking. I thought, of course, of the late Rachel Carson and her elegiac "Silent Spring." That made me think of DDT, and that sent me to the *World Almanac*, and that gave me something of an answer. "Silent Spring" was published in 1962, and the federal government's ban on the use of DDT became effective on December 31, 1972. It took ten years, and Miss Carson didn't live to see it happen, but apparently she was right.

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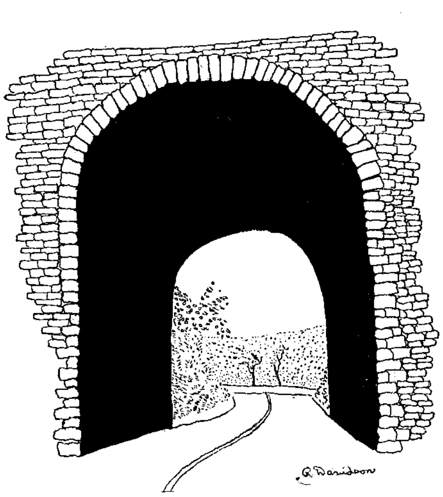
Visitors

WE were interested recently to learn that two French officials were coming to New York City in order to study *la Grosse Pomme*. Their aim was to observe city government in this country, so that they could take some recommendations back to Paris, which will soon have its first mayor in over a century. (In the hundred and five years since the uprising that resulted in the creation of the Paris Commune—at which time the mayor was run out of town—Paris has been governed by prefects appointed by the national government. But next March the municipal council of Paris will elect a mayor from among its members, bringing the administration of the capital into line with that of other French cities.) Since New York has not been exactly a garden of urban delights lately, we wondered why the visitors had decided to study our city, and we arranged to meet them after they had spent four days conferring with some of its more prominent citizens.



On a Friday morning, we caught up with the visitors in an opulent, wood-panelled office at the Consulate-General of France, on Fifth Avenue. They were M. François Lepine, who is the director of the office of the Secretary of State for Interior Affairs, and M. Bertrand Chardon, who is M. Lepine's assistant. We found that both were young, thoughtful, urbane, diplomatic, inquisitive, hip, and English-speaking. They explained that although they planned to make short visits to Washington, Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Boston, and Montreal, they considered New York City the main focus of their inquiries. "We spoke briefly with Mayor Beame," M. Lepine told us. "And we had longer interviews with a number of officials in government, labor, and management—people like Mr. Donald Kummerfeld, who is the director of the Office of Management and Budget; Mr. Felix Rohatyn, who is the head of the Municipal Assistance Corporation; and Mr. William Ellinghaus, of A.T.&T., who is a member of the Emergency Financial Control Board. This afternoon, we plan to meet with Mr. Barry Feinstein, who is the secretary of the Municipal Labor Committee."

"The structure of city government is what we're interested in, and also the impact of politics on government," M. Chardon said. "Until now, Paris has been run by the central government of France. This has meant that Parisians have had no truly local officials to whom they could take their grievances. The new law providing for a mayor represents a movement on the part of President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing toward more local responsibility. It will bring our system somewhat closer to yours. New York and Paris have many obvious things in common—the exodus of large numbers of city dwellers to the suburbs, for example. On the other hand, there are important differences. Consider the fact that Paris has thirty-one thousand policemen and firemen for two and a half million citizens, while New York City has only thirty-seven thousand policemen and firemen for eight million citizens."

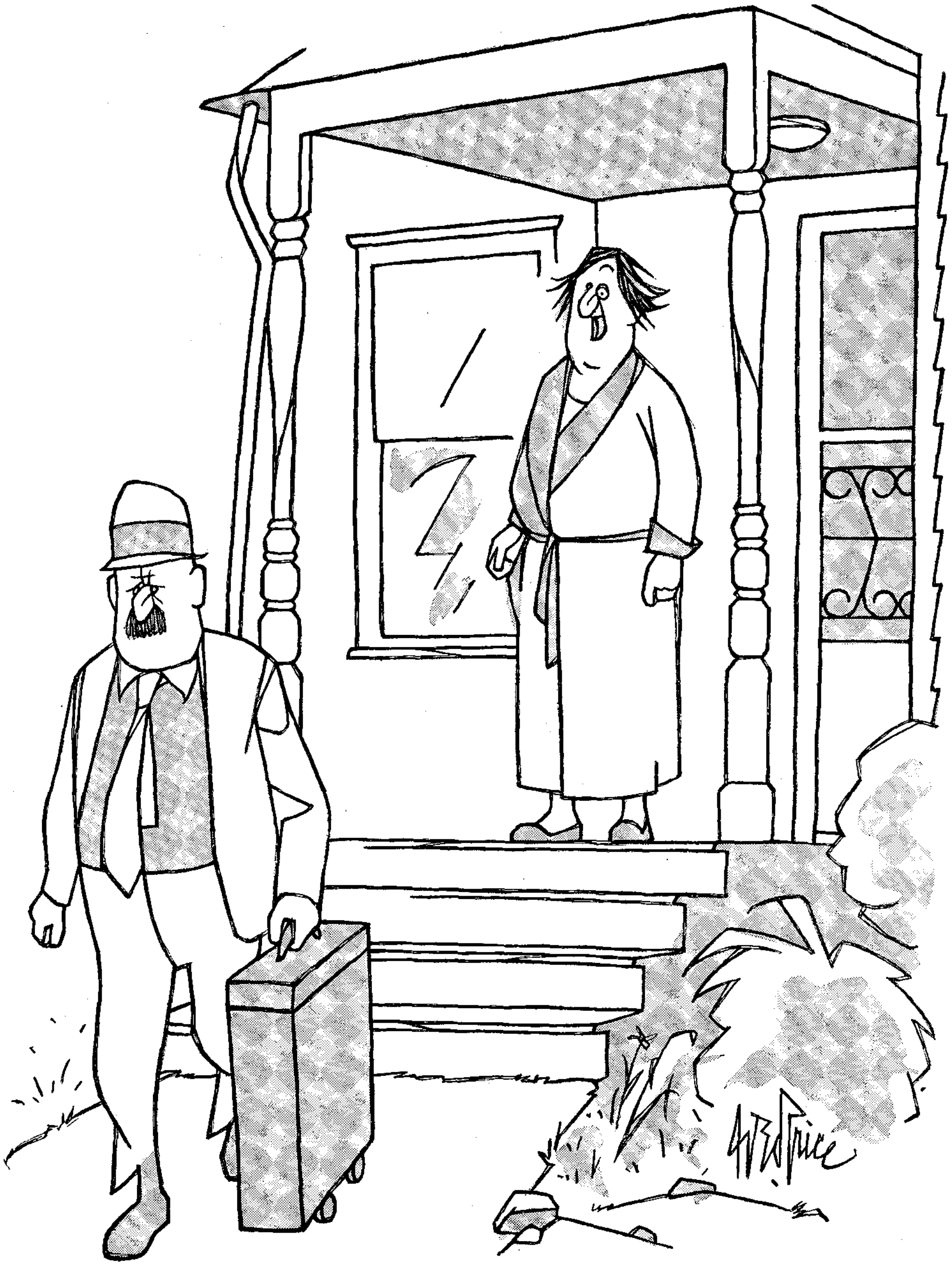
"There are fewer strikes by public employees in Paris, too," said M. Lepine. "This is largely because our municipal unions have very little bargaining power. And it would be impossible for Paris to go into debt, since the city has no authority to borrow, except from government agencies."

"One should remember that Paris is much more homogeneous than New York," said M. Chardon. "For one thing, we do not have your ethnic diversity. And though Parisians may grumble, they do have a great sense of *belonging* to their city. They are—well, they are *Parisians*."

At this point, we referred to some of the governmental crises, political dramas, fiscal debacles, and other facts of life that are well known to any resident of our city.

"Ah, but we are not taking New York City as a *model*," said M. Lepine. "We are here simply to observe. And everyone we have talked to has been extremely optimistic. We've sensed that the various groups—government, labor, business—are very eager to work together to solve your city's problems. Furthermore, speaking for ourselves, we *like* New York. Last night, we saw 'The Threepenny Opera' at Lincoln Center. Tonight, we plan to dine at Windows on the World, the restaurant at the top of the World Trade Center. Before we leave, we hope to attend a concert in Central Park."

"There is no question about it," M. Chardon assured us with a smile. "New York is worth saving."



"Lost in the magic of your kiss, I forgot about the potato salad. Bring home a quart."

Homecoming

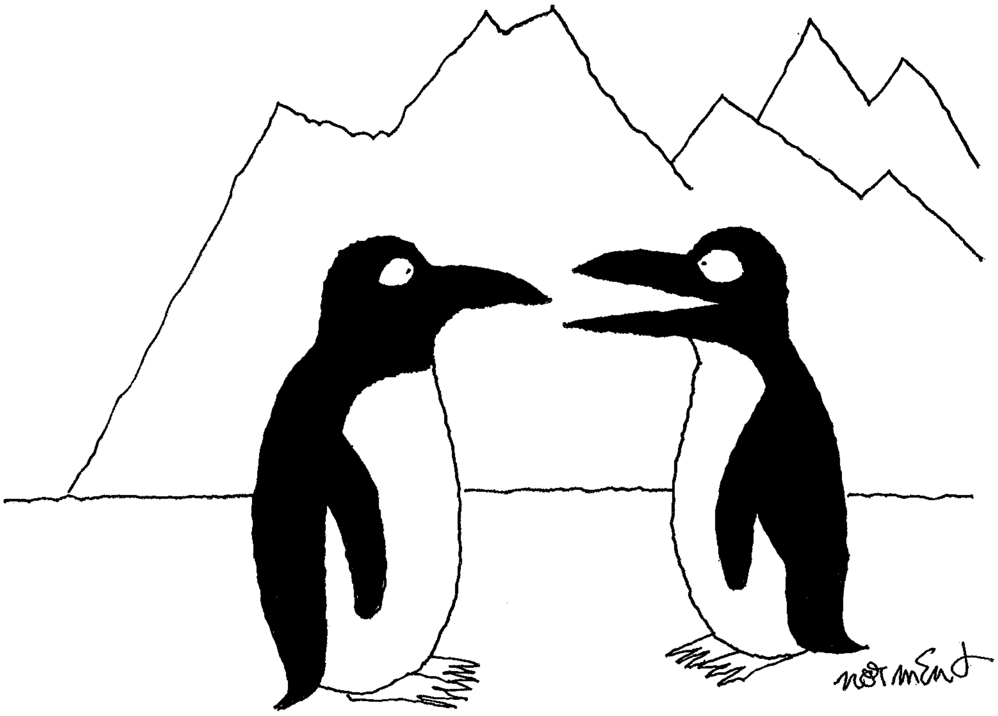
FROM a letter from Shelburne, Vermont, signed by E. M. Frimbo, world's greatest railroad buff:

I'm staying at the Shelburne Inn. I used to come down here from Burlington, seven miles to the north, on a trolley car on my way to the bathing beach at Shelburne Point. The dirt highway on which the inn was situate has at last given way to macadam—Vermont compromises reluctantly with "progress." But the ell-ums alongside are even more stately, despite the ravages of the Dutch elm disease; these are, after all, Vermont elms, and Vermont was an independent republic for fourteen years in the eighteenth century, before it joined the thirteen original colonies as the fourteenth state. My way north at the beginning of every summer (since shortly after the War of Independence) commenced at Grand Central Terminal in a parlor car of the Green Mountain Flyer, which in eight hours took me to the Burlington depot, whence it was only a short walk to the house where my mother was born. But Shelburne had been the family domain (and I mean domain: six hundred and forty acres in all) until my great-grandfather sold out and went to the big city (Burlington). His domain was almost an independent country itself. The only things he bought from the outside world were iron bars and salt. He and his farmhands produced everything else they ate and wore and used. They even made the gunpowder with which my great-grandmother—according to the notches in the stock of her rifle—picked off four untoward Indians. The farm eventually became part of the vast estate of the Webb family, who by intermarriage with the Vanderbilts became high potentates in the railroad industry. I can walk from the Shelburne Inn in a few minutes to the Shelburne Museum, which is in part a monument to the Central Vermont Railroad when it was under the jurisdiction of Dr. W. Seward Webb, as well as a monument to all the artifacts and memorabilia that will make New England a thing of joy forever. The largest artifact is the paddle-wheel steamer Ticonderoga, carefully beached on a grassy hillside but still looking as though she were just about to depart from her pier in downtown Burlington on her stately journey across Lake Champlain to Plattsburgh, New York, where we passengers could catch the evening Delaware & Hudson train to Montreal. We could go to Montreal on the old Rutland Railroad, crossing the northernmost reach of Lake Champlain on the only causeway ever built entirely of marble—tailings and reject slabs from the workshops of the Vermont Marble Company, down in Proctor, in southern Vermont. Or we could go to Montreal by the Central Vermont. Life really offered options in those days.

All these trains disappeared, the steamship Ticonderoga was beached forever, and I hadn't been to Burlington or Shelburne in a dozen years. Then, a while ago, a cheerful young voice on the telephone asked me whether I would not like to return to ancestral territory in the only overland way I deem fitting. The Vermont Bicentennial Transportation Committee, in the goodness of its nostalgic heart, was preparing to foster a steam passenger train every day—except Tuesday—along the route of the old Rutland Railroad from practically the bottom of Vermont (Bellows Falls) to practically the top of Vermont (Burlington). I replied at once that if the committee would be good enough to procure for me a bedroom on the Amtrak night train to Montreal, The Montrealer (of course), I would be pleased to alight at Bellows Falls at three o'clock in the morning and, five hours later, join the first run of the Vermont Bicentennial Steam Expedition. Once aboard The Montrealer, I hastened to the dining car to have my first taste of two excellent dishes that the Amtrak management introduced earlier this summer for its French-speaking Canadian clientele—French-Canadian pea soup (*soupe aux petits pois à la Canadienne aux croûtons*) and quiche Lorraine. Washed down with a draught of white wine, naturally. Awaking refreshed at my accustomed hour of three, I alighted at Bellows Falls. I was approached by a policeman, who said, "I've been instructed to put you to bed for the night." In his squad car, we drove along the main street to a hotel in which not a light was shining. My escort produced a key, let me into the foyer, and said, "According to law, I have to ask you to sign the register. Good night."

By eight o'clock, I had arrived at the new Bicentennial Parking Lot alongside the station from which the Bicentennial Steam Expedition would depart. A considerable crowd had already assembled, and I quickly realized, as I listened to the welcoming speeches, that this was to be not only a Bicentennial Expedition but a campaign train. I learned from the speeches, too, that somewhere on the premises of the parking lot the Bellows Falls Chamber of Commerce had buried a time capsule, the contents of which were unknown to everyone the day I was there. (But call 802 463-4280. For more pertinent information, such as the daily peregrinations of the new steam train, call 802 828-2236. Don't call me.) The Steam Expedition is the first regular passenger train on the western slope of Vermont in a good twenty years and constitutes one of the most ambitious Bicentennial projects undertaken by any state. In towns where the old Rutland Railroad station had disappeared, the committee has put up cheerful little ones, and a half-dozen Vermont inns have undertaken to collect and deliver guests at several of these stations. Trains will be running through Labor Day. And why not? The track of the old Rutland Railroad—just upgraded with a million dollars of federal money, on behalf of the Steam Expedition and the freight service now maintained over the line by the Green Mountain Railroad and the Vermont Railway, the Rutland's heirs and assigns—runs through some of the most beguiling landscape on this continent. As it progresses through Addison County ("Land of Milk & Honey"), the eye and ear and nose become aware of the proliferation of cows—black-and-white Holsteins for bulk and brown Jerseys for creaminess—and wild flowers, from which the county's busy bees distill some of our finest honey. None of this honey was to be had in the little gift shop aboard the train, but the shop offered anything up to a quart container of Vermont Grade A maple syrup, a perfect condiment for acres of Vermont blueberry pancakes. (Some of this acreage is always available at the Shelburne Inn, whose management, given proper warning, will pick you up at the Shelburne station.) The train is international, like the Amtrak dinner menu. It is hauled by one of the last and handsomest steam engines built for the Canadian Pacific Railway, and its cars are old Long Island Rail Road commuter coaches—considerably upgraded. Where else can you buy draft beer on a train, for instance?

The first run of this train got rapidly off schedule; not all Vermont politicians are as taciturn as Calvin Coolidge, who went to high school in Ludlow, through which this train passes. Its progress was jolly: instead of looking like and sounding like a mid-Manhattan political rally, what happened in each little town, as the speeches were being made, looked more like a ballet out of "Oklahoma!," with the pretty wives and daughters, when available, of the candidates weaving through the crowds as they handed out propaganda. It was a kind of Musical Chairs: the



"Last night, I dreamed again that I was an umpire in the National League."

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governor is running for United States senator; the lieutenant governor and the state treasurer are running for governor; a state representative is running for lieutenant governor; and the young state banking and insurance commissioner is running for secretary of state. They were all aboard; maybe I missed a few others. One man who was definitely not aboard was the Honorable John Liccardi, State's Attorney in Rutland, who opened his window to greet the first test run of the Canadian Pacific loco and got a cinder in his eye. He called up the state environmental office to complain, and was told that the state's environmental-protection law had been waived for this train. Vermonters know what they're doing: no-deposit, no-return bottles are not permitted in the state; in a few months there will be no billboards on any highways; and the governor's food commission has just recommended that Vermonters grow more of their own food.

Which reminds me—nobody really minded the first-run delays, and nobody went hungry. There was plenty to eat for everyone in the grill car. There was also plenty of soot and cinders for all—though it's much more expensive now to buy the coal upon which steam locomotives are accustomed to subsist. The principal director of all this merriment is Committee Chairman and former Lieutenant Governor Jack Burgess, a well-spoken Vermonter, and a smart one, too. Burgess's principal aide-de-camp in practical matters is Bill Sprinkle, fifty-five years a railroad man, and once a Navy machinist's mate. Sprinkle's major worry on the inaugural run was that something would not go wrong. Eventually, an axle under one car ran so hot that it was thought the car might have to be dropped from the train. Beaming, Sprinkle descended to the roadbed with his machinist's-mate kit and rapidly bathed and nursed the axle back to health, and we pushed on for Shelburne and Burlington.

Unlike Rockefeller's Williamsburg, the Shelburne Museum does not look like an M-G-M set for a musical about the Revolution. It looks like an old, weatherworn Vermont village whose inhabitants have lovingly assembled out of their past an overwhelmingly varied assortment of things essential to or ornamental of life in old New England. They know the history of every cup and saucer, every dentist's instrument of torture, every bootmaker's nail, and they tell it with simplicity and glee. Vermont, our sister republic, is genuine Bicentennial country. It wasn't made in a day, and shows it. It really *is* two hundred years old.

Financial Women

WE lunched the other day with the Financial Women's Association of New York, a group of intelligent and attractive Wall Street-oriented professionals, who invited us downtown to help celebrate their twentieth anniversary as an organization. The place was (once more) Windows on the World, the restaurant on the hundred-and-seventh floor of the World Trade Center's west tower; the company included a hundred and thirty-five feminine financiers and a scattering of male guests; and the menu consisted of spinach pâté, chicken Véronique, mashed broccoli, anisette ice cream, and Secretary of the Treasury William Simon, who made a stirring political speech plugging free enterprise ("Ladies and gentlemen, the question is, are we going to promote the individual or the government? We cannot do both") during the after-luncheon coffee. Afterward, several Financial Women expressed disappointment at the Secretary's failure to tackle any of the serious economic issues coming up in 1977. "Who wants to listen to what you can read in the newspapers?" said one. "I'd like to ask him how he intends to run the Chase Manhattan Bank," said another. "I *asked* him if we were really going to have a depression," said a third, "and he just said, 'Nonsense, nonsense.' "

We arrived at Windows shortly before noon, ears popping slightly from the elevator ride, and found ourself in an enormous beige-carpeted, glass-walled room that contained two bars and clusters of well-dressed Financial Women (there was a sprinkling of gray hair, but most members seemed to be in their twenties or early thirties), who were sipping drinks, chatting with the male guests and with one another, and admiring the view. On the south was Governors Island, an emerald dot in the flat blue harbor. On the west were the miniature wharves and green swamps of New Jersey. Decorating the foreground were several local landmarks—including (once more) William Ellinghaus, of A.T. & T.; Leon Levy, of Oppenheimer; Paul Kolton, of the American Stock Exchange—whose dark suits were silhouetted against a sea of pastel summer dresses.

We shook hands with the F.W.A. president, Elaine Rees, a dazzling green-eyed brunette in a scoop-necked black-and-white dress, and discovered that she was a security analyst for the Dreyfus Corporation.

"What do you analyze?" we inquired.

"Retail trade, cosmetics, soap, and home furnishings," replied Mrs. Rees. "I prepare in-house reports in these areas for all our mutual funds."

We informed Mrs. Rees that we had encountered her group on a previous occasion—in 1957, when they were calling themselves the Young Women's Investment Association.

"That was because women weren't permitted to join the Investment Association of New York," she said. "We are now, but I belong to the Society of Security Analysts, which has been coed for a *long* time."

"Has your own organization changed much?" we asked.

"We took our present name in 1971," said Mrs. Rees. "We've dropped the cutoff age of thirty-five, since many of our members move into the really important jobs after forty. And we've increased our membership from twenty-seven to a hundred and eighty. The original group was mostly security analysts—the first professional job open to women on Wall Street—but now we have bankers, stockbrokers, traders, management consultants, financial analysts, portfolio managers, economists, and even several lawyers. In the last few years, banks and brokerage houses have been aggressively recruiting women for a wide variety of professional jobs."

Mrs. Rees passed us on to Bernadette Bartels, a petite brown-haired woman with a winning smile, who turned out to be a vice-president of Shaw & Company, a brokerage house. "I've developed a market-timing service, which I sell to institutional investors," Miss Bartels told us as she guided us toward the bar. "I study market action—trading patterns—and analyze it in terms of price and volume fluctuation. Then I work with portfolio managers, telling them what to buy or sell in various industry groups or what stocks within industry groups they should concentrate on in terms of the perspective of the market."

"Do they pay attention?" we asked.

"Sometimes it *is* difficult to tell a senior portfolio manager that he's overstayed his welcome in a stock or an industrial group, or that the whole philosophy of the market is changing

SUGGESTIONS

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underneath him," said Miss Bartels, "but if my advice is consistently good over a six-month period, people really start listening."

We acquired a drink and met Ann Leven, the treasurer of the Metropolitan Museum; Helen Meyer, the chairman of Dell Publishing (who told us she had just helped arrange the sale of her company to Doubleday); Virginia P'an, who is a special assistant in the foreign department of the Federal Reserve Bank; and Carol Abrahamson, a perky blonde with big plastic eyeglasses, who manages investor relations for McGraw-Hill. "Everybody on the Street is making alternative plans," said Miss Abrahamson, "but we all know the market won't do anything dramatic until after the election. This year, there's more Democratic sympathy on Wall Street than there was during the last election. But there's also a fear that if the Democrats get in we may have five to seven years of a strong economy, with inflation. If inflation remains low, public confidence in the market may improve to the extent that mutual funds are favorably impacted."

"My impression is that people on Wall Street are wary of Carter, because he's an unknown quantity," said Mrs. P'an. "And everybody thinks that Carter's going to owe an awful lot of favors if he's elected."

When lunch was announced, we took a seat at a round table with Miss Bartels; Margit Pearson, a management consultant with McKinsey & Company; Susan Dollinger, a staff assistant in the corporate-finance department of A.T. & T. ("We raise about three billion dollars a year, and one of the things I work on is the timing of our issues"); and Robin Krasny, a corporate lending officer at Irving Trust.

"Women are making good incomes on Wall Street, because it's a performance-oriented industry," said Miss Dollinger, digging into her pâté. "Your salary reflects how much business you do and how well you do it. We've got Muriel Siebert, with her seat on the Stock Exchange, and Julia Walsh, who is a senior vice-president of a Washington brokerage house, but I'd still like to see a woman partner in a major Wall Street firm. We don't want to see women in staff positions—we want jobs with real authority. How many women are there above the vice-presidential level in banking?"

"Very few," said Miss Krasny. "The early titles come quickly, so there are plenty of assistant treasurers and assistant corporate secretaries. But lots of aggressive men and women leave the big New York City banks, because the people who run them have an awfully difficult time distinguishing performance. For a young officer, I've brought in a substantial amount of business, but that doesn't mean I'll get my second promotion any faster than the next person."

We asked Miss Krasny what she did at Irving Trust, and she told us that she was a corporate lending officer to the securities industry. "People who are not used to dealing with a woman are so surprised when you do a reasonable job that you usually come out ahead," she added. "But sometimes it's hard to break the image. The other morning in the subway, a man sat down next to me, looked at the squash racquet I was carrying, and said, 'Is that really yours, or are you taking it downtown for somebody else?' Now, who needs that? So I told him—which is the case—that I play twice a week at the Princeton Club."

FISH AND HOW TO CAPTURE THEM

YOUR WEEKLY NEWSLETTER FROM CAPTAIN GRANT HAWSER

WELCOME back aboard the *Ludella H!* Let's cast our lures into the deep and see what we can foul-hook.

PARTY POOPER

A social phenomenon I have often observed in my twenty-six years as a charter-boat captain is that one dogfish can spoil a mackerel party. The most inexpert deep-sea dunce, using a mail-order rod and a strip of tinfoil for bait, can slop bushels of gregarious and fun-loving mackerel into his scuppers, yet let our day-tripper apprehend but a single dogfish and the mackerel will take their trade elsewhere. Is it the dogfish's sharky ways—his habit of appearing uninvited at parties and devouring guests at random—that make him the pariah of marine society? No, friends. It is his gloomy expression and Calvinist outlook on life. The truth is that dogfish have no sense of humor.

NEW MUSEUM?

Our friend Captain Tyrone Culvert, skipper of the *Sea Slug* out of the Harlem River, has decided to abandon ship. Ty's business has been declining since the early sixties, but the PCB scare has just about cleared the once crowded decks of the *Sea Slug.* "Time was," says Ty, "we could anchor off Consolidated Edison and yank more mudhake than our customers could carry. Nowadays . . . Well, who wants to bring home a drug-crazed fish?" Down but not out, Ty tells us he's looking for an investor with an amusement-park background. Seems Ty has an option to buy Bruce, the mechanical terror of "Jaws," and sees the boat-crusher as the focal point of a briny Madame Tussaud's. Also in the works: effigies of Ted Williams dynamiting tarpon out of a simulated Everglades shallow and Arthur Godfrey harpooning a flounder.

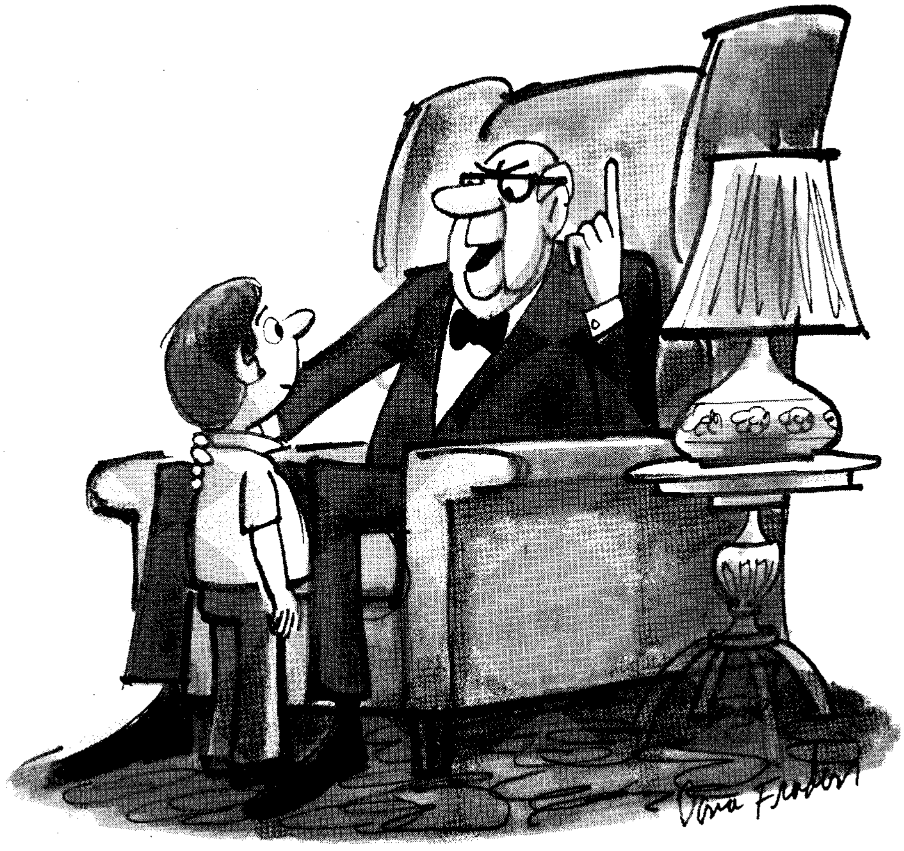
SPINOZA

It was Spinoza who compared life to a fishing rod, though just what he expected to gain by doing so has never been satisfactorily explained.

PARTY-BOAT ETIQUETTE

A boor is a boor, whether afloat or ashore. Here are a few caveats to insure that you return from your next charter trip with your features intact:

Check your impulse to indulge in salty vernacular, especially when among veteran fisherpersons. To refer to the TV lounge as the "fo'c'sle" or to pronounce "halibut" as "habit" or "Hubert" is to invite hard looks or the "accidental" deep-sixing of your beer cooler.



"Remember, son, we are a government of loopholes, and not of men!"

Remember the bait cutter. A customer who has received good service should demonstrate his gratitude with a small gift: a tallow candle makes a fine keepsake, or, for that special bait cutter, a houndstooth barbecue apron.

Do not attempt to engage crew members in lengthy discussions. These men have work to do, so be considerate and confine your conversation to everyday topics, such as crabgrass control or how to forge a hairdresser's diploma.

Finally, remember that fishermen are a superstitious lot, and that while on board you should take all precautions to avoid bad luck. This does not mean that you must carry a rabbit's foot or wear a chain of garlic around your neck. Most sensible fishermen agree that a few radishes stuffed in a gauze reticule and worn about the ankle are enough to ward off sludge, surly pilots, and other marine disasters.

BAIT OF THE WEEK

Raoul Jarvis, of Essex, Connecticut, has begun to market a revolutionary fishing lure called the Disco-Bait. (Readers will recall Raoul as the creative angler who lured a 720-lb. sturgeon into the torpedo tube of the U.S.S. *Browbeater* with the promise of a Swedish massage and a steamed-clam dinner; see the Sept. 8, 1971, issue of this publication.) Raoul's device consists of a swivel-mounted, waterproof cassette tape-player fitted with treble hooks and fluorescent pork-rind streamers. The fisherman has only to insert a cassette, press a button, and cast. Raoul reports taking a 43-lb. striper with a James Brown tape, and says that less fashionable fish, such as sea robin and skate, reacted favorably to the music of Barry White. Disco-Bait retails for $79.95, including batteries.

THE SACRED COD

In the State of Massachusetts, the codfish is revered not only as a foodstuff but as a source of political wisdom. In fact, a wooden codfish hangs in the State House on Beacon Hill, and the number of legislators who spend entire sessions staring at it is an indication of the great influence that the whiskered statesman of the deep wields in state affairs. It was Governor Endicott Endicott who first thrust the codfish into political prominence by hurling a smoked-cod fillet at King's Representative Byron Flintpocket in a Tremont Street chowder house, in 1774. Later, codfish were regularly elected as members of the Governor's Council, and it was an eight-pound rock cod who advised Governor Winthrop Ipswich to change his first name to Fulgencio.

Cod have always been a part of Massachusetts political life. To be sure, there have been attempts to discredit the species; turn-of-the-century mudslinger Honey Fudge O'Leary is still remembered for reviling cod-liver oil as "an insult to the intelligence of the voters of South Boston." And who can forget Boston Mayor James Michael Curley strolling with a school of reporters through Boston Common with his loyal hat-holder wriggling under his arm? Or Senate galleries packed with noisy cod during state-fisheries appropriations hearings? If you hook a cod in Massachusetts waters, be polite—he might have important friends.

CAPTAIN HAWSER'S ECONOMY PAELLA

Seafood lovers who bemoan the phenomenal rise in fish prices will love this exciting dish, prepared with inexpensive ingredients. Obtain:

4 alewives
1 horseshoe crab
1 Cap'n Snow's Seashore Dinner (remove aluminum tray)
1 bay leaf
1 clump rubber grapes

Add ingredients to five gallons boiling seawater. Simmer eight hours. Garnish with confetti and serve in cupped hands.

CHAIN-SAW FISH?

A motion has been presented to the National Institute of Marine Nomenclature at Miami which, if accepted, would rename the dreaded sabre-toothed smelt. The proposed new name is "chain-saw fish," but whatever one calls it the fact remains that this creature is surely the most terrifying and loutish marauder to have appeared in marine evolution.

The sabretooth is renowned in literature. The poet Vergil tells us:

> Damp-footed Aeneas harrowed the waters
> With his sword, and gouty blood o'erteem'd,
> In fierce battle the mighty sabre-tooth withal,
> While Dido with the fishwife of Alexandria
> Did play at quoits. . . .

Piscine scholar Edgar Guest also immortalized the predator, in his epic poem "From Flanders Field to Fenway Park":

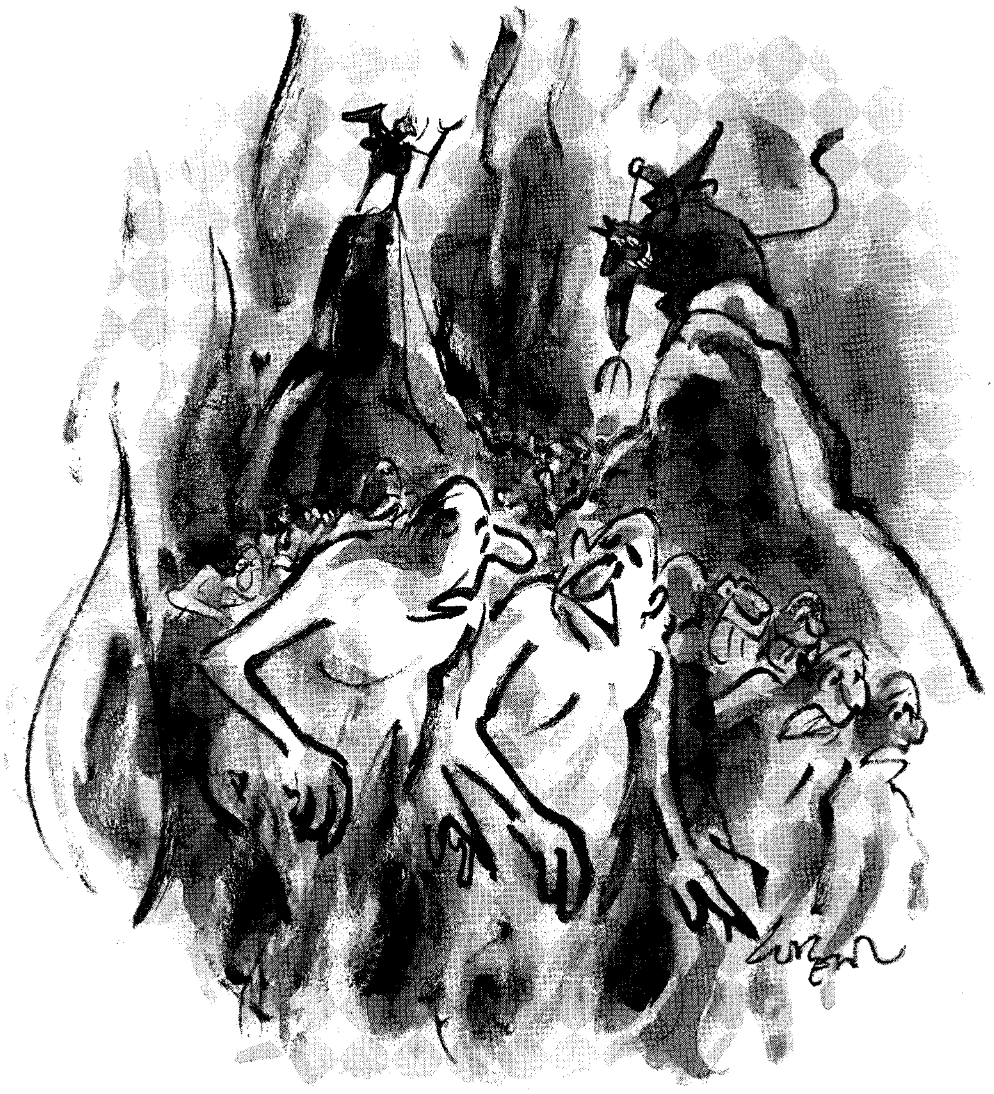
> The umpire in his mask is an ugly man
> Like a sabre-toothed smelt in a frying pan.

These lines alone argue persuasively against the Institute's "chain-saw" proposal, but there are other convincing disquisitions as well, such as William Jennings Bryan's Cross of Smelt speech and Clarence Darrow's summation to the jury in the Tennessee Fishball Trial.

To those bold enough to try to catch a sabretooth, I can only say *always* use the sturdiest and most reliable equipment you can lay your hands on. To work the waters where the sabretooth is found, I recommend a double-fastened, copper-bottomed vessel, such as my father's old *Impermeable Bess*, and I also suggest that the angler outfit himself with steel-mesh gauntlets. Experts agree that the safest way to attract the fish is by sprinkling handfuls of diced almonds on the water and whispering "Papa Hemingway, Papa Hemingway" into a hip boot. When the fish break the surface, they may be dispatched either by trolling several chain saws in the school's midst or by saturating the area with suntan lotion. Above all, respect the sabretooth, whether alive or dead. Just two weeks ago, a sabretooth mounted in sportsman Buck Hamster's den leaped from the wall and savaged a TV set.

COMING UP

In next month's newsletter we will examine the dental records of a Mediterranean sardine, and interior designer Nikki St. George will tell us how to make a coffee table with four nails, a spool of twine, and the pancreas of a sea trout. Until then, good luck and good fishing! —PAUL W. WALES



"At least you have something to look back on. Mine were all sins of omission."

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I EXPAND MY HORIZONS

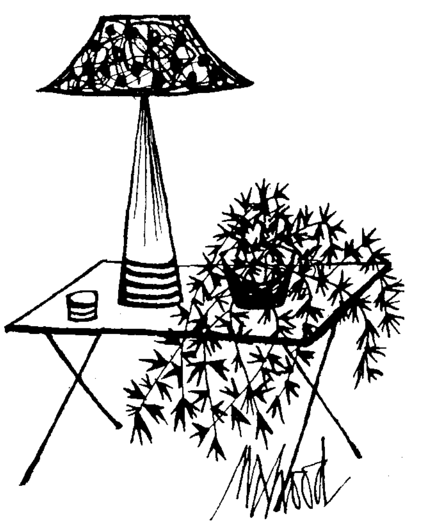
ONE of the things I've done since last year, when I got my divorce, is to expand my horizons. I have gone through a period of rapid personal growth. This has had nothing to do with exterior circumstances. As before, I live at the Keowa Motel and take my meals in my room. The growth I'm talking about is creative growth, interior growth, the kind that counts.

I have learned to focus my energy. You may not be familiar with the Arica Training. I am. In the Arica Training one learns the concept of "chich." "Chich" is *noise*—the interior distractions that keep us from focussing our energy. I strive now to reduce the "chich" in my life. One way I do this is by staying in bed. On many days I choose to stay in bed for the whole day. What I do is I stay in bed and concentrate on one thing. I focus my energy. On one recent day I stayed in bed and focussed my energy on "humidity." This resulted in my resolving a long-standing conflict. I feel completely in touch now with the "humidity" of my living space, which is important to me because the Keowa Motel is incredibly damp all the time, with one thousand little molds growing everywhere and small drops of moisture condensing on the cinder-block walls—*out of nowhere* condensing, merging, running down the walls to the damp floor, and so on.

I have done more than just learn to focus my energy. It would be false modesty not to mention that I have founded a major dance company—The Jack Duff Dance Experience (I am Jack Duff). The Jack Duff Dance Experience is devoted to Movement. The Jack Duff Dance Experience seeks to transcend the limits of Dance, as Dance has been defined by conventional, institutionalized dance groups. Let me try to make this more immediate. Right now. Right now I am lifting my left leg. There. My left leg is *off the ground*. Now my left leg returns (slowly) to a position *close to its original position* but not coincident with it. This has been what The Jack Duff Dance Experience calls a VM, or Valid Movement. Even in the Keowa Motel (where The Jack Duff Dance Experience is currently headquartered) it is possible to complete hundreds of VMs in the course of a single afternoon. Very often I spend my day in Valid Movement. Sometimes, by contrast, I spend my day observing the little molds that grow in the damp corners of my rehearsal space. Either way, I call the shots around here.

There is a rehearsal this afternoon. My friend Bob is coming over. I have made Bob a full partner in The Jack Duff Dance Experience—not in the sense of stock and so forth, which I retain, but in the sense that I invite him to rehearsals. He has been slow to understand the implications of his own movements, I'm afraid, but I will be patient. He has a very nice shuffle step (the result of an injury sustained on an icy stoop), which nicely complements my own lack of balance. So far, I have had to trick Bob into developing his talent for Valid Movement. Sometimes, feigning weariness, I ask him to get the beer from the icebox. (My suite at the Keowa is a housekeeping unit, as you will have guessed.) Under the impression that he is doing me a favor, he shuffles over to the little icebox and shuffles back with the Genesee. Entirely valid, and justified, as all great movement must be, by *purpose*. At the end of rehearsal, Bob and I fall asleep in our chairs.

AS part of my ongoing personal growth, I am making plans for the future. I am planning, for instance, to build up a new and more meaningful wardrobe, from scratch. In making my plans I have been very much influenced by the New York *Times Magazine* and by an expensive softcover book entitled "Laid-Back Luxe." My cousin Charles (who went to Wesleyan) had his picture in the *Times Magazine* not long ago. He was photographed wearing an embroidered coat from Afghanistan while picking out a head of Bibb lettuce at a downtown vegetable market. The caption under this picture explained that my cousin Charles was an "amateur gourmet."



My cousin Charles wrote a little bit of text, and this appeared next to the captioned picture. It would be difficult to reproduce Charles' style in paraphrase, so I will reproduce it word for word. He wrote:

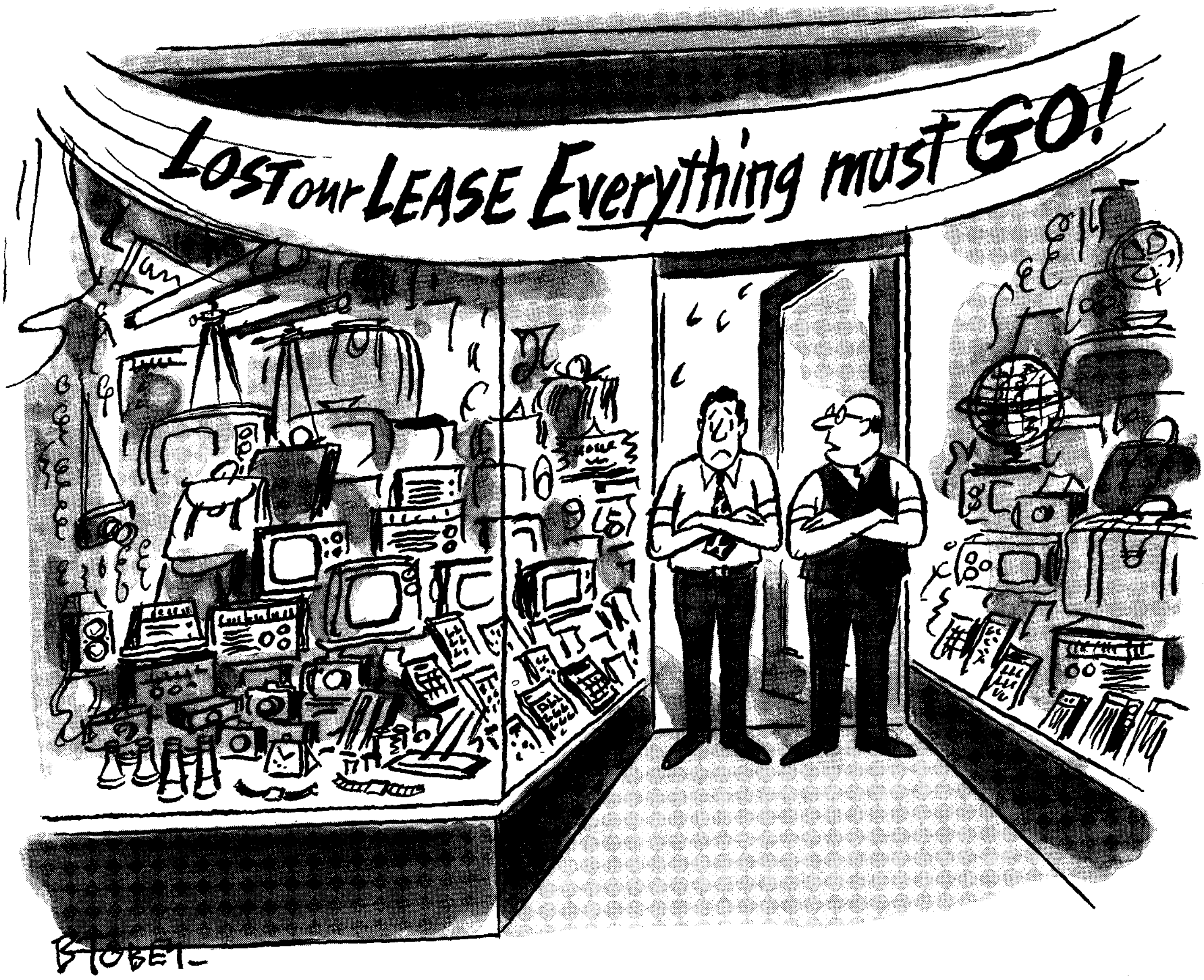
> Weekdays I feel very Brown Shoe, very coat-and-tie. I still have a Glenurquhart plaid suit I bought at The Andover Shop at New Haven, and I wear it once a week, religiously. But weekends are different. I call them my "Me Days." I wear a mix of whatever—old flannels, the crazy coat I got in Kabul (I liked myself in Kabul), and I do what's right for *me*.

I have great respect for my cousin Charles. I especially like the way he has managed to imply that he went to Yale. For a number of years now, my cousin Charles has done all his errands in New Haven. He drives from New York to New Haven to do all his errands. He gets his bridgework done in New Haven, for instance, and then when the subject of teeth comes up he says, "Do you know, I still go to my old dentist in New Haven—isn't that silly?" This technique, over the years, has been strangely effective. I feel that Cousin Charles is now beginning to imply that he went to Andover.

Although my cousin Charles has been a big influence on me since my divorce, although he has made me see the importance of setting aside certain periods of time *just for me* and my own *personal style*, he has not had quite the effect of Maria Atris, the author of "Laid-Back Luxe." Maria's favorite person is a man named Riccardo Tuscani, who does exactly as he pleases. She writes:

> Riccardo is a space salesman for an important advertising agency, and also a film critic of great wit and distinction. Ask Riccardo to drinks one day and he'll arrive *à la Valentino* in gaucho garb; see him for lunch the next day and he'll be dressed head to toe in leather, like a male hustler. Riccardo likes to break things (vases, glasses, desk sets—anything that seems obnoxiously self-important and fragile), and he will often appear with shards and fragments of broken objects stuck raffishly in his lapel.

Thanks to my divorce and one or two other failures, I am learning to express myself in my dress. More and more I am coming out of my shell. I am learning that clothes can relate to Valid Movement, and I am planning to design an entire Valid Wardrobe to express my own feelings about the interaction of body, body covering, and body environment. I am thinking about ways in which body coverings can fa-


LOST our LEASE Everything must GO!
STOBEL

"By the way, Harrison—you, too."

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cilitate and enhance the processes of tripping and falling down, for instance.

SOMETIMES, though, in spite of my new focussed energy and my new dance company and my new plans for my new wardrobe, I find myself experiencing slight problems of adjustment. Sometimes I find myself resenting the molds in my rehearsal space. Sometimes I find myself eager to throw my ex-wife down a flight of stairs. And sometimes I find myself wishing something terrible would happen to my children. Terrible, I said—not fatal. And not an accident. Nothing where my ex-wife could nurse them round the clock and buy them fuzzy bears to cheer them up. I have in mind something more subtle, like—well, like a drug problem. I think if my children had a drug problem I would have to go to be with them myself, even if it meant postponing or cancelling the inaugural season of The Jack Duff Dance Experience. If I sacrificed my inaugural season my children would be touched, I think, and would give up their drug problem in gratitude.

But these problems of adjustment are minor. They are no match for my new inner strength. Already I am making plans for the *second* season of The Jack Duff Dance Experience. I have planned several series-of-related-movements.

One of the important series-of-related-movements planned for the second season will deal, in a nonprogrammatic way, with my rug at the Keowa Motel. What interests me is the way my rug strives to express its identity (and its growing awareness of its strength as a rug) in modes that challenge traditional norms. My rug, when you get right down to it, really refuses to function as a floor covering. Like my ex-wife, my rug wants to exist in a nonjudgmental atmosphere. "I am not here to meet your expectations"—that's what my rug says to me. I have learned from my rug. Just now, on the way into my rehearsal space from my icebox space while executing a complicated Valid Movement, I chanced to drop my beer glass. My beer glass landed on one of those patches of floor that my rug now declines to protect. My beer glass shattered, and instead of giving in to the old tiresome drop-spill-mop-up guilt, I think I will take the fragments of broken beer glass and stick them raffishly into my T-shirt and then lie down on the floor and learn to relate to the spillage.

—George W. S. Trow

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Despite a dearth of canals the Greater Trenton Symphony Orchestra last night did a memorable job of transforming an otherwise ordinary night in Trenton into "A Night in Vienna."—*Trenton (N.J.) Trentonian.*

Anyway, there's no dearth of schlag in Venice.

PARTIAL MAGIC

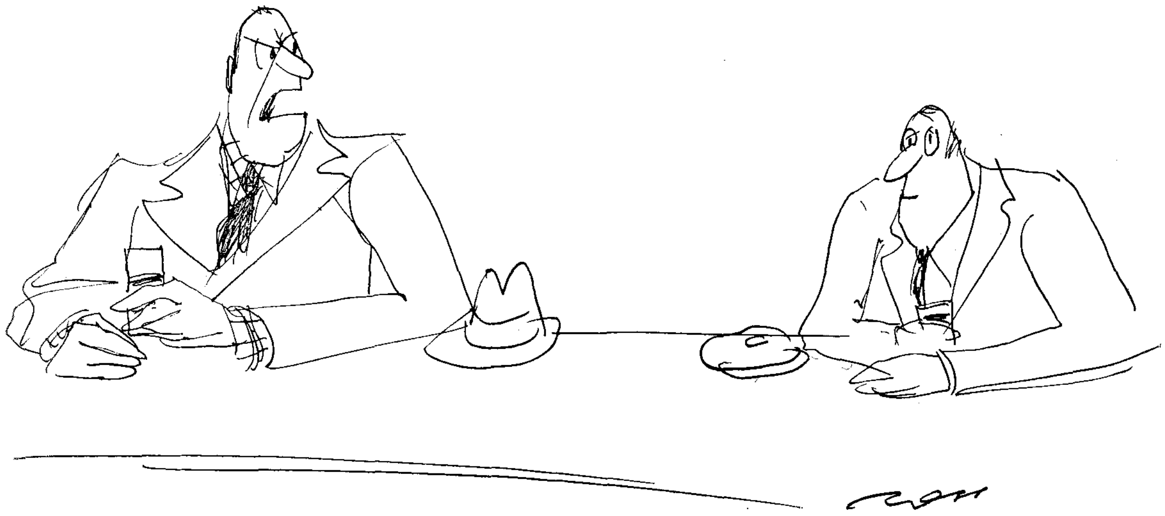
HE was called Lightning Joe because when he was young and courting Mabelene Murdock lightning struck the willow they were standing under and left him a stillborn husband, his face a frozen explosion, his conversation an endless digression. Scobie and his friends used to watch him, Sunday mornings, dancing down King Street, a striped railroad cap on his head, calling, "Mabelene, Mabelene!" Larry would laugh, his brother Johnny laughed, sometimes Scobie laughed, and, seeing him, Scobie's little brother Matthew must have laughed—they probably all laughed. There was also an old man who stood, those Sunday mornings, on the corner of King Street and Patrick Street, a black camera propped before him on a wooden tripod. For a dime, he would take your photograph, his uneasy eyes disappearing under the black cloth as he snapped the shutter. He and Lightning Joe often shared a bag of peanuts while they watched the church cars glide silently along the street, Joe talking and talking, the old man listening.

Still laughing, the gang—the Untouchables—ran back to the alley behind Prince Street, turned cardboard boxes into tanks, and fought wars that lasted years. Only Larry wouldn't play. He was Scobie's age, but considered himself older. Rather than roll boxes or shoot machine guns, he strummed his cracked guitar and sang, "Love me tender, love me sweet." Scobie listened, transfixed, soothed by his quiet voice. And because of Larry's presence in the alley, when Scobie wrestled Johnny he wanted to win. He fought fiercely until he heard Larry saying, "Go on, Johnny, beat him, you can do it." Then Scobie's desire left him. He could feel Johnny surge with need, the need to win for his brother. Johnny grew stronger, Scobie grew weaker. As he felt this delicate exchange of strengths, Scobie wanted to please Larry by letting Johnny win. He was also frightened of Johnny's vehemence, his determination. Their faces were pressed close together. Scobie could see Johnny's eyes. They were bright with hatred. He pinned Scobie down, his knees on Scobie's shoulders, and smiled. Larry congratulated him, slapping him on the back, and though Scobie's eyes were blurred with tears, he could see that Larry understood and accepted his gift. Scobie's father strode into the alley. "All right, knock it off!" he bellowed. "Break it up. Scobie, inside." Larry seemed small and helpless as he retreated, respectfully, into the shadows beneath the old willow.

"Be funny. I love it when you're funny."

AROUND his neck Larry wore a silver medal the Air Force had given his mother after his father was killed in Korea. He and Scobie walked to school together, over the brick sidewalks buckled by frost, past the railroad tracks, where fires burned in ashcans, through the maze of new apartment buildings—square fortresses of dull brick—and across the field that in spring was filled with butterflies and grasshoppers. Recess found them on the same kickball team, and after school, walking back home, they stopped to place a penny on the railroad track. They spent evenings roller-skating, before darkness descended, or playing in the alley, and then Scobie and Matthew took their baths, ate dinner in the kitchen, wearing pajamas, and climbed the stairs to their room at the top of the house. Through the open window they could hear other boys, including Larry, still playing kickball under the street lights, and the ringing bell of the ice-cream truck as it drove slowly down Prince Street. Matthew slept soundly, his small hands clasping a tattered stuffed animal to his cheek. Older kids parked their cars by the curb and turned up their radios. The songs rising through the night carried Scobie to the outskirts of the city, where willows and swamps pressed against the chain-link fences of barren back yards and the moon rested on the tips of the evergreens. There, he imagined, the highway began, sweeping from the city and stretching into darkness, into a world that, as if night were a curtain, in the morning would reveal itself to be a garden filled with laughing girls. Scobie stared at the ceiling so hard it vanished. Cats and dogs prowled the alley. A train ran over a penny. Scobie dreamed of his mother. In his dream, she was holding him up to the light. His father was laughing. Scobie could hear him, but he could not see him. He tried to remember his father's face. He saw him standing on a desert, holding a model airplane, winding the rubber band and, when it was tight, letting the airplane go. It flew straight into the air, flew higher and higher until it was just a dark spot in the sky. Then Scobie saw his father coming toward him with a Christmas present in his hand, his face burning in the light.

WHEN Scobie and Larry were thirteen, they were both sent to boarding school, a cluster of shingled



"'Hopefullywise'! Did I understand you to say 'hopefullywise'?"

houses built on the side of a mountain in the nineteen-twenties as an insane asylum for the rich. Scobie felt like an Indian as he walked up the hill from the field house, breathing the crisp September air. Silverware rattled at the kitchen window of Gibbs Hall. After dinner, in study hall, he read "The Great Gatsby" and "Huckleberry Finn" hidden within textbooks or stared at Larry hunched over his desk, absorbed in algebra. Why was it that even Larry's clothes seemed different? What was it that set him apart? And why did no one resent him for being unique and knowing it? He had grown tall and slender. His eyes were green, his hair curly and blond. Somehow, he managed not to wrinkle his shirt or spill milk on his tie. He spoke seldom, and carefully. Younger students admired him, teachers respected him. "A born leader," Mr. Pritchard, the headmaster, called him. Yet there was always something distant about him. Sitting in the common room at night, his white shirt still fresh, he listened to rock and roll and dreamed—of what, Scobie could not guess. After lights, they took turns pretending they were women. Larry lay beneath Scobie, quietly holding his shoulders, then leaned above him, his face cautiously happy in the half-dark. He had a way of tilting his head to one side when he was puzzled or shy that made him look courteous. His skin smelled like warm milk. His lips, touching Scobie's, were soft and damp. Leaves drifted past the window of their room. Scobie stared at the trees and wondered whether he would ever know a woman. Larry acted as if Scobie had breasts, massaged his thin, cold flesh. Then he sat up, left the bed, reached into a hole he had cut in the wall behind his bureau, and returned with a bottle of Jack Daniel's. The dark night slowly filled with wind. Larry tucked his knees to his chin. He didn't speak. They drank until neither of them could stand steadily, dressed, and veered on tiptoe down the quiet corridor and out into the wind. They crossed the hill behind the dormitory, sat down, their heads tossed back, and stared at the stars. "I'm going to California," Larry said. "Join a rock-and-roll band." Standing, he raised his arms to the sky, looked at Scobie, smiled, and started running toward the distant line of trees, drunkenly agile, merging with the darkness, vanishing.

Scobie found him leaning against the dormitory, panting. "Are you all right?" he asked.

Larry nodded and leaned on Scobie's shoulder. They groped their way back to their room. Undressing, Larry said, "We shouldn't be doing that. It'll rot our brains." He laughed. "We'll go crazy."

EVERY Sunday, dressed in suits, the school gathered around the flagpole, then followed Mr. Pritchard, a large, white-haired man, down the mountain to church. As they walked, he pointed out with his ivory cane the flora and fauna. The steep, winding road took them past the football field, now still as a pond, past the graveyard filled with worn gray headstones, under the railroad bridge, across the highway, and into the old town. After church, Larry held his breath as he passed under the railroad bridge. "Back to prison," he said. "Good luck." In the afternoon, they tossed a football or climbed the mountain to a view of the valley: small white houses, perfectly square fields, the church steeple, vague blue hills in the distance.

"I dreamed I was laughing with Dad," Larry said one day, knotting his striped tie. "I couldn't see his face. I kept trying, but all I could see was his shape, kind of blurred, by the window at home." The pipes rattled, the radiators hissed, the shouts of other boys echoed through the dormitory. Scobie followed Larry out into the cold green light, stopping when he heard the line slapping the flagpole. He remembered sailing with his father, the line slapping the mast. Larry smiled, as if he knew, and watched Scobie, concerned, almost anxious, as they continued along the path, under the huge pines, past the silver pond. They reached the class building just as the last bell rang, hurried down the hallway, through the smells of overcoats and hair tonic and chalk. "Good morning, gentlemen." Mr. Pritchard stared skeptically over the top of his glasses. "I'm glad you decided to join us." They sat down to laughter, opened their spiral notebooks. "*That's my last Duchess painted on the wall,*" Mr. Pritchard intoned. "*Looking as if she were alive.*" Scobie wanted to hold Larry's hand, but didn't dare. He wished Larry weren't there. His presence, so physical, reminded Scobie of his own, and made him blush. They were both sweating. "*She had a heart—how shall I say?—too soon made glad.*"

A prefect stood in the doorway. Mr. Pritchard ambled over, hands in his pockets, and listened as the prefect whispered. They looked like two bargaining merchants, or priests. Scobie could see the trees outside, shaking in the wind. Mr. Pritchard returned to the front of the classroom. He sat down on the edge of his desk, took off his glasses, peered out the window, cleaned his glasses with his tie, cleared his throat, stood, thrust his hands back into his pockets, and looked at the class. He was crying. "President Kennedy is dead," he said. "He was assassinated this afternoon in Dallas."

THAT year, Scobie's parents returned from Jordan, where his father had been assigned to the Embassy. So Scobie left boarding school and lived with them once again in the house on Prince Street. Walking to school, alone, over the brick sidewalk, wearing a checked lumberjacket with a broken zipper, he dreamed of going to Paris. He would write in the mornings, on a small table in a corner of a café, he would visit the museums in the afternoon, and at night he would explore the Left Bank. When he reached the field in front of the concrete high school, he saw that a carnival had risen from the mist. Tents, still damp with dew, broke the skyline. A clown laughed from a trailer door. The Ferris wheel waited to start turning. The city, he thought, was like the carnival, mysterious and hard. Paris would be softer. "So let's *go* there," Larry wrote from boarding school, where he was now head prefect. "We can fly over this summer. We can buy bicycles and go everywhere, see everything. What do you say?"

Scobie delivered newspapers and saved his money. Sometimes, on his way home after tossing the last newspaper on the last doorstep, he stopped at Alice Taylor's house and ate breakfast with her family. She was always in a hurry, flustered and distracted. Silly, he thought. Very silly. But he liked her, reluctantly, and enjoyed watching her beautiful white hands flutter in excitement. Her father also worked for the State Department. In a few months, she was moving to Paris. Her large brown eyes watched Scobie drink his coffee. "Well, I'm late," she said one morning, as if she were going to a king's ball instead of St. Joseph's Country Day. "I must be off." Her mother shook her head and smiled. "Someday that girl is going to regret always leaving in such a hurry." A shadow crossed her face. Embarrassed, Scobie rose from the table and said, "Goodbye, Mrs. Taylor. Thanks for breakfast."

That night, in the pressing coldness of the garage, a similar shadow slid across his father's face. Peering down through metal and wires into the light beneath the chassis, Scobie could see his father's hands, flecked with oil, slowly tightening a screw. He swore as his hand slipped and slammed against the axle. "Pass me that wrench, will you? It's on the bench, I think. You're not very interested in cars, are you, Scobie?"

"No, sir."

"Well, no matter. I understand you've started writing."

"Yes."

"Is it fun?"

"Yes."

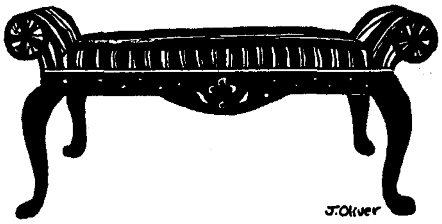
"Best reason in the world to do anything. For the sense of satisfaction when you're done. Now, can you reach in here? See that little round thing? Hold that while I tighten up."

LARRY came home for Christmas vacation. "You've changed," Scobie said, sitting in Larry's bedroom. "I don't know who you are anymore."

Larry shrugged. "Imagine I'm your brother," he said. "Imagine I'm a beggar and the touch of my hand makes you want to vomit. Imagine anything you want. Make it up. I don't care. I don't know what's true." He picked out a few chords on his guitar. "I don't know you, either."

"Let's go," Scobie said. "We're late."

They left Larry's house and drove through the snow to Washington, past the boats moored in the bays, across the dark Potomac, around the Lincoln Memorial, and into the ghetto, where shimmering black faces stared through the soft white air as Scobie and Larry filed into the Coliseum. Once, as a child, Scobie had been brought here to see the circus. Now, instead of the laughter he remembered, there was screaming. The tension was as thick as heat. Policemen linked arms and formed a passageway from one of the bathrooms to the stage. The lights went down. Dressed in collarless gray suits, the Beatles appeared, their hair not as long as Scobie had expected, their faces nervous, sweating. The screaming was so loud and persistent it became a noise in Scobie's head—a noise that seemed to have nothing to do with what he was watching. When the first chord of "I Want to Hold Your Hand" screeched through the speakers, the screaming climbed still higher, pitched to shatter, to release Scobie from whatever force had dressed him in loafers and chinos and button-down shirt. Hundreds of girls rushed the stage, crushed against the police, gasping and weeping. Everywhere Scobie looked, people were on their feet dancing. He danced with the girl next to him. She was in a trance, her eyes unfocussed. The pulsing darkness



ON ADDY ROAD

A flicker with a broken neck
we found on the road, brought home, and laid
under a beech tree, liver-red the leaves.

On gaming-table green, in autumn shade,
we spread his yellow-shafted wing;
the spokes slid closed when we let go.

Splendid as the king
of spades, black half-moon under chin,
breast of speckled ermine,

scarlet ribbon at the nape—
how long before his raiment fade,
and gold slats tear within the cape?

We left him on the chilly grass.
Through the equinoctial night
we slept and dreamed

of the wetland meadow where,
one tawny dawn, the red fox crept—
an instant only, then his pelt

merged with the windbent reeds,
not to be seen again.
Next morning, going barefoot to the lawn,

we found the flicker's body gone, and saw
in the dew of the sandy road
faint print of a fox's paw.

—MAY SWENSON

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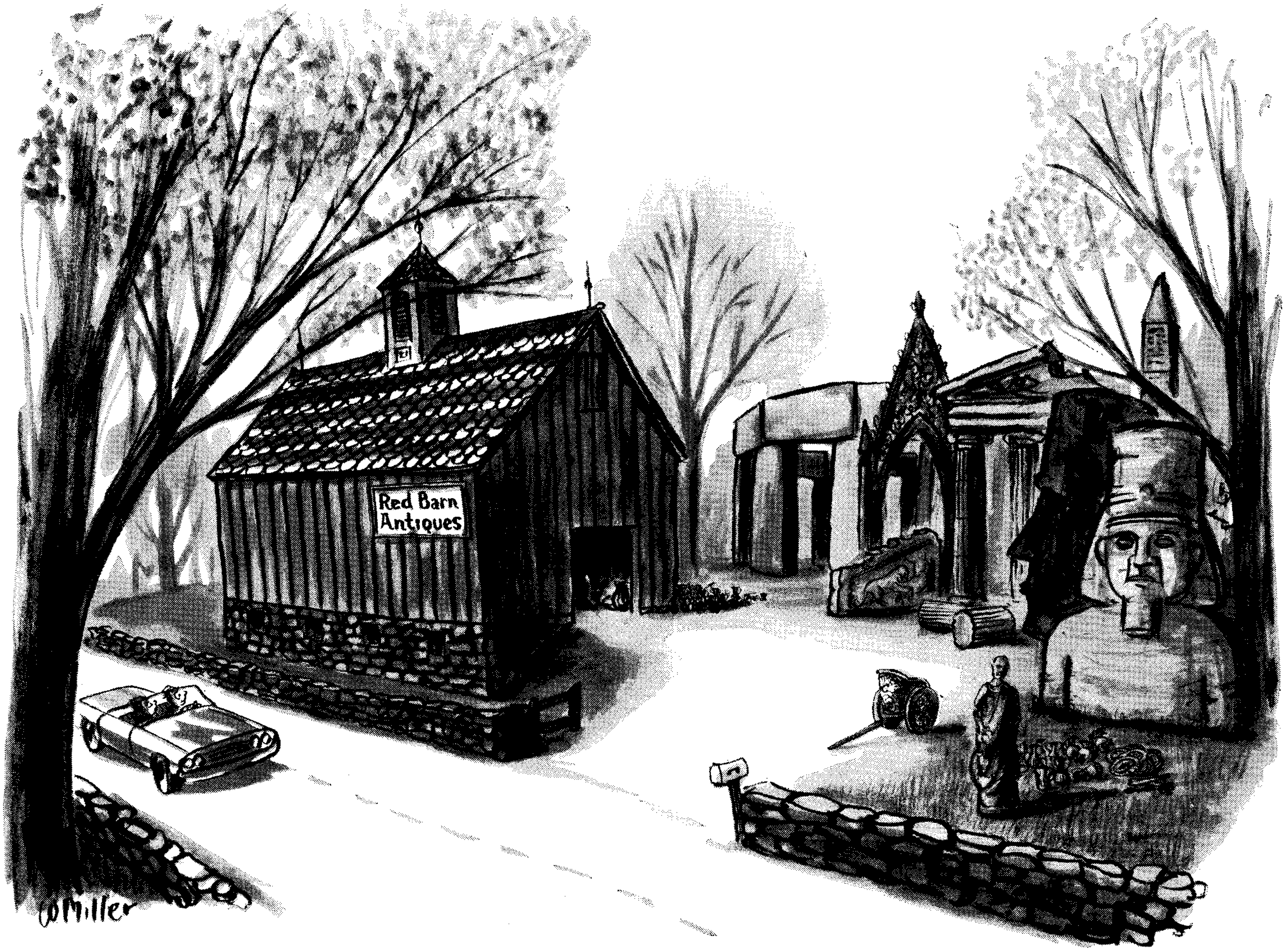


sloped down to a single circle of light above the stage. Screaming obscured all but the beat, the motion, the throb, yet Scobie heard, distinctly, a scream behind the screaming, a scream rising in his own throat and flying loose and joining thousands of identical screams above him and then pushing back down with all the power of music and a kind of cruel joy. He was shouting, dancing, his hands in the air. Larry remained slouched in his seat—silent, unexcited, frowning. Afterward, they stumbled out into the quiet muffling snow and drove home in Scobie's Chevrolet.

"They're not as good as Elvis," Larry murmured.

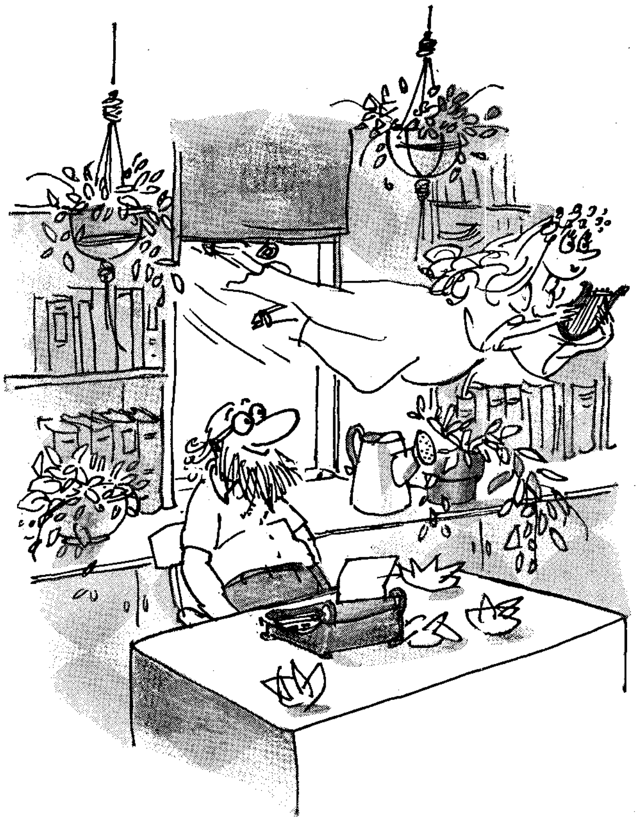
"Oh, they're better," Scobie said. "Much better."

Larry sat hunched by the window, smoking a cigarette, his feet up on the dashboard, his eyes staring down the tunnels of light drilled through the falling snow by the headlights.

THEY flew to Europe in June, landing in London, buying bicycles, and taking the Channel ferry to Calais. When they arrived, it was dark. They wheeled their bicycles along the narrow, cobbled streets until they found a cheap hotel. Their single bed sloped in the middle. Scobie clung to the edge all night. The window was open, the room filled with salt sea air and, when Scobie awoke the next morning, brilliant white light. Waking Larry, he jumped from bed, his back stiff, and hobbled to the window. There, before his eyes, real for the first time, he saw the pink tiled roofs, the crooked chimneys, the pigeons, the leafy treetops of France. Now the air smelled of fresh bread. "Let's go, let's go," he said, dressing. Larry followed him out onto the sidewalk. "A *café!*" Scobie said, pointing. Larry laughed. They ordered *café au lait.* Larry smoked a Gauloise, coughed, and smiled. Watching the citizens of Calais move along the street carrying string bags of fruit and books, Scobie expected soldiers to step into the square and arrest him. Later that week, surrounded by sand dunes, he and Larry discovered a windowless concrete building with hooks in the ceiling and the riddled shapes of men, arms outstretched, cut in the walls by bullets. Lying in his sleeping bag on Omaha Beach, listening to the soft slap of the waves, Scobie could not sleep. He waited for American ghosts to storm the beach, blond boys from Omaha, their eyes locked in a look of sudden recognition as they collapsed, dead, to the sand. He had never felt so much history. Larry spoke only of desire. His skin was burned brown, golden. His hair, bleached and uncombed, curled around his eyes. "I want to get out of school," he said, lying back with his hands behind his head. "I want to travel, I want to see the world. I want to fall in love with a Russian ballerina. What do you want?"

"I want to write."

Nearing Paris, pedalling madly, they were mistaken for riders in the Tour de France. Crowds lined the streets and clapped, offering them cold water and waving encouragement. Suddenly, Larry muttered, "Diarrhea," and jumped off his bicycle. They were in front of a café. Larry ran toward



the bathroom. "I'm dying!" he shouted from the other side of the varnished door. "Dying!"

Impatient, Scobie said, "You're not dying, for godsake." His voice surprised him, and as he asked the waiter if he could call Paris he listened to the vibrating echo: "You're not dying, for godsake"—words of indifferent irritation. "Hello? Mrs. Taylor?"

"No, this is Alice."

"Alice? This is Scobie."

"Scobie! Where are you?"

He named the village. "I'm with a friend," he said. "We're on bicycles. Only he's sick, so we can't go any farther. Help, I guess, is what I'm saying."

"Momma!" He heard her hand cover the telephone, then her voice returned: "All right. There's a large square in the center of the village. Wait there. We'll see you in an hour. Scobie?"

"Yes?"

"I'm glad you're here." The telephone clicked into buzzing.

For a few seconds, Scobie stood staring at the receiver, puzzled, then he thanked the waiter and found Larry. They pushed their bicycles to the square. A flower stall bloomed on the corner. Café awnings and umbrellas shaded the sidewalk. An airplane wrote PERNOD in the sky. "I'm sorry," Larry said. He brooded. Strolling couples filled the square.

"Don't worry," Scobie said. "It's not your fault."

Larry stared at his feet. "Who's Alice?"

"A friend, sort of. We were born on the same day."

"Do you like her?"

"I don't know. She's silly."

"Is she beautiful?"

"No."

THE Taylors lived in Neuilly in a long, cool apartment surrounded by a small garden, a gravel walk, and a green metal fence. Alice's giddy, graceful laughter opened a door in Scobie's memory, allowing a glimpse of sunlight and silence. She moved through rooms as if through cobwebs. Larry argued with her, made fun of her enthusiasm, spoke of her contemptuously when he and Scobie were alone. As if in revenge, Alice invited a girl friend to stay—Rebecca, a giggling, hazel-eyed prodigy whose father made flags. She and Alice walked to the Bois de Boulogne to smoke cigarettes. Scobie went with them, wondering what they meant when they laughed. He peered into their friendship. They seemed to speak a secret language, accompanied by significant pauses and sudden hilarity. Alice wore bluejeans, sandals, and a gray sweatshirt, her pale fingers waving her cigarette, her eyes meeting Scobie's and sliding away. Rebecca sang, "So sister, go tell your brother, not to do what I have done." They wandered from lawn to lawn, bench to bench, circling ponds, watching children launch their sailboats, kites floating above the city. Sunlight exploded in small circles across the gravel pathway. The degrees of greenness—the many-hued strokes—rose behind Alice and seemed to include her, draw her in, so that she was glancing from flowers, her uncertain eyes watching Scobie watch her. Was there nothing he could say to make her speak? A little girl ran by, rolling a hoop with a stick, laughing. Scobie hunched his shoulders like Heathcliff, Byron, Mick Jagger. Alice looked at him quickly, curious and questioning.

At night, Algerians beat their small drums along the Seine. Larry seemed to drift away, more distant every hour. Sitting cross-legged on the couch in the living room, he tossed his book aside and stared at the Cambodian tapestry, the marble ashtrays, the Picasso lithograph. It was late. Everyone else was asleep. Radio Luxembourg played "A Hard Day's Night." Larry said, "I'm leaving."

"What?"

"I'm leaving. Tomorrow."

"You're crazy."

"I don't like Paris," Larry said. "I don't like all this culture. I don't like all this *age*. I'm going to California."

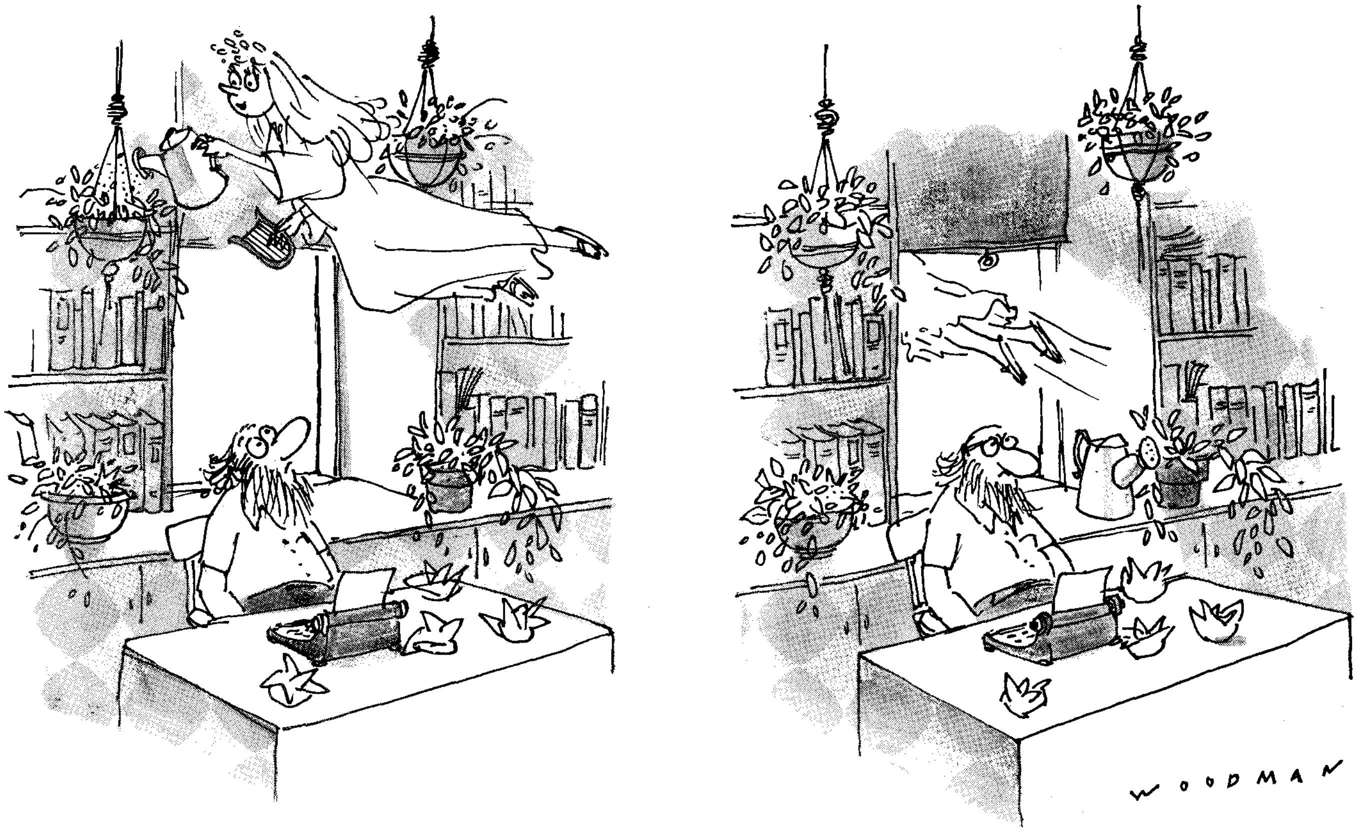
"I don't believe you."

"You don't?" Larry looked at him. "Wait and see."

"Larry, why?"

"I told you, this place gives me the creeps. Come with me."

"I can't," Scobie said. "We just *got* here."



"You like Paris, don't you?" Larry asked. "You like all this . . . death."

"It's not death. It's beauty."

"Same thing." Larry leaned forward. "Leave."

"I can't."

The next day, Larry thanked Mrs. Taylor and wished her a good life. Scobie, Alice, and Rebecca drove him to Orly. He was joking, affectionate for the first time with Alice, and Scobie saw, jealously, that when Larry spoke to her she laughed and blushed. Larry shook her hand, then told Rebecca he'd buy one of her father's flags when he got home. He looked at Scobie. Their lives passed between them. He smiled. "See you later," he said, touching Scobie's shoulder. "Take care." He joined the line of travellers pushing through the glass doors. From the observation deck, Scobie watched his airplane rise higher and higher until it was just a dark spot in the sky.

SCOBIE and Alice and Rebecca went for a walk. Near the Arc de Triomphe, they found Fitzgerald's apartment house, a gray stone building that looked like a prison. Crossing the river, they sat beneath the statue of Marshal Ney, then walked to Hemingway's apartment on the Rue Notre Dame des Champs, Sylvia Beach's bookstore on the Rue de l'Odéon, Gertrude Stein's apartment in a stippled courtyard of pigeons and ivy. Music poured from radios on the Place Pigalle. Two wrestlers flexed and grinned, one of them spitting at the crowd. A woman holding the bottom of a torn paper bag stepped from the curb, just as, across the street, another woman walked through the back door of a striptease theatre. An old man wearing rouge and a rose in his lapel followed Scobie across Montmartre. A whore approached, smiling, and when Scobie hesitated, she ran her fingers up the inside of his thigh. Darkness turned Paris into a necklace of stars. "Nothing ever happens," Rebecca said. "Nothing, nothing." Waiters skated through the cafés, trays held high. Blue shadows slid past like automobiles. Alice carefully maneuvered Rebecca between Scobie and herself, changed her mind, laughed nervously, pretending she had seen something funny in the street, and skipped to Scobie's side, pretending she wanted to look at the watches in a store window. In the garden outside the Taylors' apartment, Alice brushed his elbow and said, "Scobie has a secret to tell me." Rebecca lowered her eyes, slowly opened the door, and stepped inside.

Scobie looked at Alice. She spread her arms and lifted her soft mouth to his, her hands clasping his shoulders, the toe of her shoe scraping the gravel. She smells of the ocean, Scobie thought. Spokes of light suddenly wheeled through the slats of the fence, as startling as the slam of a door in an empty house. Scobie and Alice jumped apart, holding each other's arms. Behind her Scobie saw pools of moonlight on the tile roofs, the feathered, silver trees, the distant blinking light of an airplane. "We should go in," she said. Scobie had imagined this moment so long ago he knew it by heart. She caressed his cheek. He kissed her knuckles. The palms of her hands, the hands of a woman, were rough and dry. She leaned against him. "I love you," she said. "I've always loved you." Scobie took a deep breath, started to whisper her name, stopped, at a loss, and kissed her. This time, her fingers stroked the back of his neck. Touching her, he could have crushed her, frail as a swallow. He saw her ten years from now, holding someone else's baby up to the light. Her face was hidden in his shoulder. "But you're so strange," she said. "I can never tell if I'm talking to you or someone who just looks like you. You live on the moon, Scobie." She raised her eyes and kissed his chin. "You live on the moon."

"No, I'm here."

"Are you?"

"Yes," he said, closing his eyes. "Yes, I am." —Henry Bromell

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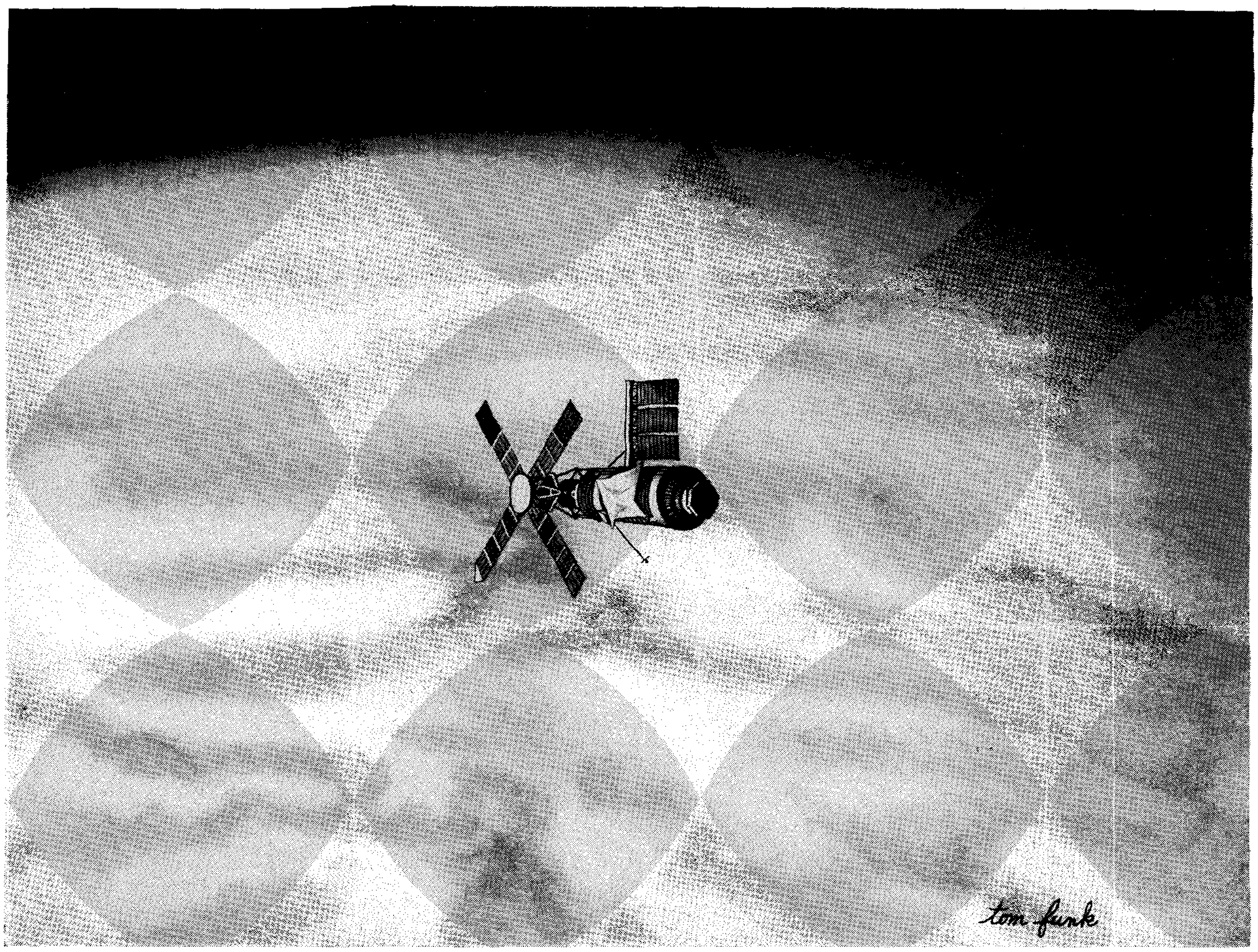
Due to a typographical error a story in Tuesday's early editions stated incorrectly that the majority status Republicans hold on City Council "is expected to solidify their bleak voting habits." The sentence should have read that the majority status "is expected to solidify their bloc voting habits."—*Ann Arbor News.*

You'll never get *us* to abandon the early editions.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

LIFE IN A SPACE STATION—II



ONE morning in the winter of 1973-74, during the third and last of the Skylab space missions, Edward G. Gibson, the science pilot, went to Skylab's multiple docking adapter to start observing the sun. The multiple docking adapter was a seventeen-foot-long tunnel of a room, with consoles, instruments, and cabinets jutting from its cylindrical wall. Even Gibson, who could keep his bearings better than most of the other astronauts, was momentarily confused when he got there, because entering the docking adapter meant leaving behind the strong architectural sense of up and down—what the astronauts called the "local vertical"—of Skylab's workshop, which was the interior of a converted Saturn rocket booster. The workshop was like a can set on end, and the docking adapter was like a can lying on its side—without gravity, and with all the fixtures protruding from the wall, there was no suggestion in the docking adapter of which way was up. To make matters worse, the command-and-service module, which had brought the three-man crew up to Skylab on November 16th, was visible through a hatch at the far end of the docking adapter, and it had a strong vertical of its own—the opposite of the one that Gibson had just left. The command module's floor and ceiling, that is, were upside down in relation to the workshop's. Consequently, any astronaut travelling the length of Skylab—from the workshop through the airlock module and the docking adapter to the command module—had a tough time of it, for he had to deal with all three orientations. The third crew's commander, Lieutenant Colonel Gerald P. Carr, once complained on the A radio channel, which relayed taped messages from the astronauts to the ground, "I get, you know, [one local vertical] embedded in my mind, and I whistle down the tunnel and into the command module, and zingy! All of a sudden it's upside down."

The astronauts did not have an easy time orienting themselves inside the workshop, with its well-defined local vertical, and they found it almost impossible to orient themselves in the docking adapter. The local vertical was anywhere around the wall that an astronaut happened to be working. The docking adapter had been built that way because the designers for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration had wanted to see whether men could get along without a single vertical; indeed, one purpose of the Skylab project, along with seeing whether men could live in space for extended periods, was to see how well they got along in differently arranged volumes of different sizes. If the astronauts liked the docking adapter, the designers had thought, then the entire area of a room could be used in future space stations—equipment could be put not only on the floor but on the ceiling and all over the walls. By and large, the astronauts hated the docking adapter. Lieutenant Colonel William R. Pogue, the pilot of the third crew, had the greatest trouble adjusting to new verticals. He once exploded, "Well, all I gotta say is, if you want a very good example of how not to design and arrange a compartment, the docking adapter is the best example.... Boy, it's so lousy I don't even want to talk about it until I get back down to the ground, because every time I think about how stupid the layout is in there, I get all upset."

Most of the astronauts turned out to be so reluctant to give up the idea of a single vertical, such as they had enjoyed on earth, that the designers despaired of ever putting ceilings and walls to use as floors in future space stations. Captain Alan L. Bean, the commander of the second crew, who felt much the way Pogue did about verticals, said, "There's been some thought about mounting [equipment] on the floor, some on the walls, some on the ceiling, but this doesn't work out. You tend to orient yourself when you're in a room, even though you're in zero gravity; and when you orient yourself, you should find yourself in an attitude in which everything's about the same; you don't like something up, something under. . . . You like things to be orderly, like they always are on earth. Now, if you want to put everything on the ceiling instead of the floor, we can sure handle that. It's just that we don't want half and half." Commander Joseph P. Kerwin, the science pilot of the first crew, had discovered that each astronaut had his own sense of up and down in space, based on his own head and feet. The astronauts' sense of balance was altered in space, and, like compass needles, they seemed to require a single strong force in a room onto which they could lock their personal verticals. This was the reason that almost all the astronauts had ranked the lower deck of the workshop, where their living quarters were and where the sense of local vertical was the strongest, as the most successful part of the space station; these same astronauts ranked the docking adapter as the least successful, and they never became wholly reconciled to it, no matter how long they remained in space.

There was one major exception among the astronauts, and that was Gibson. If Pogue was the most earthbound, Gibson was the best adapted to weightlessness and could most easily break away from the patterns of life on earth. Alone of the nine Skylab astronauts, Gibson actually preferred the docking adapter, with its kaleidoscopic arrangement of cabinets and consoles and its lack of any single vertical. "Some people, I guess, do knock the docking adapter, but I kind of like having the walls as the working space," he said over the A channel. "I'd say the best part of the spacecraft is the docking adapter." And the workshop, which everyone else liked, because of its strong local vertical, got a low mark from Gibson, who said its arrangement, like that of a room on earth, wasted a lot of wall space. Gibson and Kerwin, his counterpart in the first crew, thought more imaginatively about the strange perspectives in space than any of the other astronauts. The two science pilots also complemented each other, for Kerwin, a physician, tended to think more subjectively about what it felt like to be inside a space station, while Gibson, a physicist, was more objective, thinking about the space station itself and how it could be improved. He was constantly launching new models for space stations over the A channel. He wanted to build one that would be a giant version of the docking adapter—one that was the size of, say, the workshop and had consoles, experiments, and work stations all radiating from the walls. Perhaps Gibson had a stronger sense than the other astronauts of his personal vertical, so that he was less bewildered in a room without a single vertical. Or perhaps it was simply that, being one of the youngest crewmen, he adapted more readily.

Though the docking adapter was Gibson's favorite place, he still had plenty of trouble with it. "It is one of the biggest mysteries in the world when you go in there to find something," he griped once. On this particular morning, before he floated into it to observe the sun, he had to think for a minute where on the cylindrical wall to find the console for the Apollo telescope mount, a tall white skeletal frame, outside the docking adapter, which housed the solar-observation instruments. Then he twisted himself in midair so that he would be facing it when he arrived. Everything was slued around in relation to everything else, and it always bothered a man using this console—a sort of desk, which was po-

"His winning smile didn't win today."

ESSAY ON LOVE

Years—many years. Friends laugh, including
even my best friend, Rose Marie, but they all
are younger, and I might laugh as well
to think how they will

come to know. Or tears might be as easy.
I used to drive this wedge in the maple blocks
with pleasure; now I wouldn't care
if I never saw another.

Yet the air so clear, utterly clear, and the blue
September sky arching the forest's bright crown
so very deep—come, lean the sledge
on its maple block

and walk away, slow, stepping by the little brook
where shad leaves turn coral and the turtlehead
blooms, late this year, its petals
still perfect and white.

See, ladies' tresses, right here where they always
were; kneel then to their fragrance, near
to the cool of earth. And goldenrod,
plumes of yellow

where yellow bees mumble, and asters, blue
and purple and white, New England asters
that are our stars, and small speckled
asters, massed

at the edge of the clearing, that are called
farewell-to-summer, and there, beneath them,
peeping, deep blue, shy eyes
of the gentian,

so rare a color. Does that mean something? Count
the maple leaves if you can. Or those bluebirds
perched, one by one, apart, on the wire
over there—seven,

blue in the sunlight—are they a rarity? Then
count, too, as one always must, the "rare" pains:
hernia raving, bladder and penis
in an acid flame,

arthritic hip—was it Plato who said a man
is finished at fifty-five? And Rose Marie,
my dear good friend, whose spine is a pain
I see marching

often enough in her young eyes. What do
the bluebirds say? They don't know why they wear
that rare color, or why they gather now
on that wire to fly

tomorrow to Guatemala; they don't know,
nor do I. Those seven little blue machines
look down from their pain on a somewhat
larger machine

of a somewhat less determinate color, down
into the clearing among coral shadblow leaves
and the red and golden maple leaves
and the parchment leaves

of moosewood, the speckled banks of asters.
Years, years—seasons and changes. Time
that is nothing but the measure of change,
nothing, no meaning.

Years, years I've driven this wedge with my big
hammer into these maple knots for Rose Marie,
to keep her warm and give her stovewood
for her kitchen

all winter, firesticks wrenched, split, pried
apart, each with the thought of her. I see
so clearly, precisely, with the keen
eyes of dispassion,

the trees, flowers, birds, all colors and forms,
but what good is such seeing in this chaos
we used to call our order? She
is invisible now,

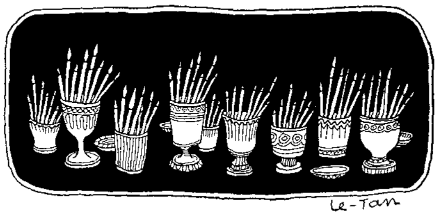
a purity, the greater loveliness for the greater
seeing. Back to the block then, back once more,
pick up the sledge, eyes down, and bend,
bend to the labor

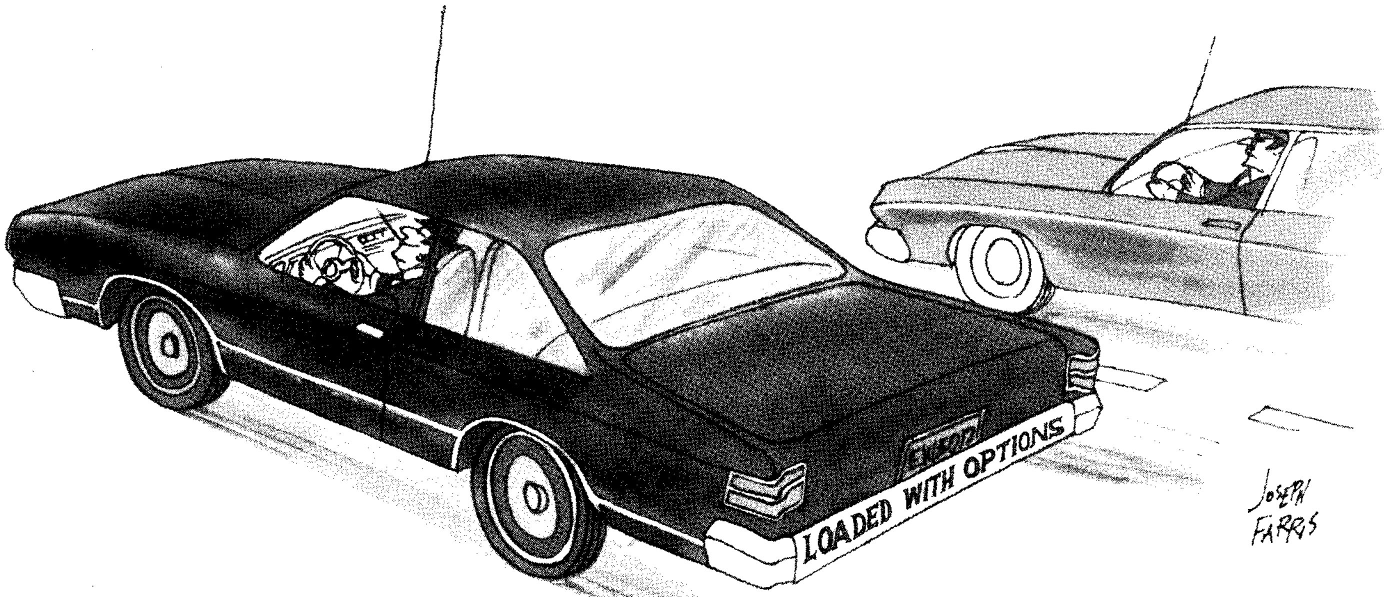
that is the only meaning. Farewell to summer.
Yes, yes, let changes keep the time. I'll count
no further, except these firesticks
counted for her.

—HAYDEN CARRUTH

* * *

sitioned in the center of the tunnel—to glance forward at the other big console in the room, which was near the hatch leading to the command module; this was the console for the earth-resources experiments, and it was partway around the wall in relation to him. The cabinets, the instruments, and the consoles swirling around the walls were a baffling maze of various shades of white and gray. To make matters worse, the numbering system for the equipment cabinets in the docking adapter, where it should have been the clearest, was the most chaotic. Even Gibson said, "It *looks as though [the designers] just* kind of flipped numbers up in the air and scattered them all around, and whatever way they came out, that's the way it was." The illogical numbering completed the puzzling quality of the room. Pogue, who resembled Gibson only in a liberal use of invective, reserved some of his bitterest words for the confusion the numbers created. "Locatability is so bad it almost looks like you had to go out of your way to design it that way," Pogue complained. "I mean, to try and find a [cabinet] in this place! If you know where [something] is, then, dang it, you don't even need the number; and if you don't know where it is, the number doesn't do you any good." The third crew was more critical of the spacecraft than the earlier ones, and sometimes these astronauts seemed downright hostile to Skylab and to the flight controllers in Mission Control at the Johnson Space Center, outside Hous-





ton, who were continually after them to keep up with their work.

As Gibson made his way through the docking adapter toward the solar console, he had to be careful not to bang into anything—various pieces of equipment stuck out like the spikes inside an iron maiden. Major Jack R. Lousma, the pilot of the second crew, once likened the docking adapter to a boiler room, where you had to be on the lookout for what he called "head-knockers." As Gibson floated along, he steadied himself by gripping handrails, which had been painted sky blue so that an astronaut wouldn't grip something else by mistake—a constant worry. Before he reached the console for the solar instruments, Gibson had to float past two adjacent panels, one of which controlled Skylab's electrical system and the other its environment, and that meant that a misplaced hand or foot could turn out all the lights, the refrigeration, or even muddle up the air supply. There weren't nearly as many of these switches as there were on the dashboard of the command module, because Skylab was supposed to be more of a house than a vehicle. The switches for controlling Skylab's orbital attitude were located at the top of the solar console, so this area had to be approached carefully. "One thing I have a deathly fear of is grabbing those rate gyros and setting us off on a wild-goose chase," Gibson fretted once. (The rate gyroscopes were an essential component of the craft's automatic-guidance system. There were nine of them, and the third crew had had to replace six after they began behaving erratically. Both the originals and their replacements gave off a continuous hum, which sun-watching astronauts liked to drown out by playing tape-recorded music.) Gibson later told Mission Control that aboard the future space station he was fond of constructing over the A channel there should be plenty of corridors and hallways, with plenty of small rooms opening off them, so that no console ever had to be in a passageway. Gibson had more of an architectural sense than anyone else aboard Skylab, and possibly more of one than anyone on the ground connected with the program. The space station was the product of engineers, who were not as likely as architects to consider man's relationship to the structure they were making. Later, one of the flight surgeons said, "From the point of view of habitability, Skylab was really thrown together." He was convinced that the awkward design played a large part in the continuing irritability of the third crew.

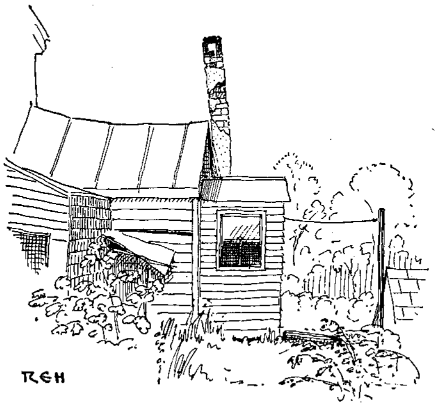
There was a cassette-tape player tethered to a string above the console, and the first thing Gibson did when he got there was to turn on the music. "It just really passes the time," Bean had said of the tape player during an in-flight television conference with the third crew back in Houston, to the twanging accompaniment of an electric guitar. "The solar console is the only time you really have sort of by yourself. You come up here and spend two or three hours, and it's really pleasant work." This was one of the few times any astronaut called anything in the space station "pleasant," and whenever that word was used, it was invariably by a member of the second crew, a cheery group, which almost never complained and was continually finishing jobs in less than the time allotted—leading Mission Control to worry that it hadn't given the astronauts enough to do. The fact is, however, that all the astronauts liked sun-watching, and one reason was certainly that, as Bean said, this activity provided one of the few times during the day when any of them had any privacy. The docking adapter was so isolated that Gibson couldn't hear Pogue and Carr down in the workshop; if he wanted to talk to them, he had to use a wall speaker—one of a number located throughout the space station—or shout through the hatch. As people do with hideaways, the astronauts had turned the console into a homey place. Overhead was a bulletin board where they had stuck all sorts of items—memos, decals with emblems of the Skylab missions, and Polaroid photographs of the sun.

Gibson anchored himself, by means of the triangular cleats on his shoes, to a small patch of grid that served as a floor in front of the solar console—two long, straight horizontal panels, one above the other, which fitted into the curvature of the docking-adapter wall. Gibson, who spent the most time watching the sun, wished that the console, instead of being flat, curled protectively around him, so that there wouldn't be a danger of his being kicked in the head when someone passed behind him. There was no chair, but since Gibson was in the neutral-G position—a slight crouch—he looked as if he were sitting in an invisible one. Once, there had been a real chair, with a conventional seat and back, but the astronauts found that they could do better without it. The first crew had removed it, and no one had ever put it back, and thus the question of the utility of chairs in space was disposed of. Because the console had been designed for a seated astronaut, though, Gibson found it too low; his stomach muscles ached from continuous bending. His next action now was to reach up and press some switches in order to jockey the space station into the proper position for viewing the sun. Gibson turned Skylab so that the telescope mount, with its eight solar-observation instruments, pointed at the sun—a position known as the solar-inertial attitude. Three huge wheels called control-moment gyros, which had been mounted at right angles to one another on the telescope mount, rotated nine thousand times a minute to keep the space station pointing the right way. During the third mission, one of the wheels broke down, and when a second seemed about to fail, the ground considered making the station rotate, in order to stabilize it so that it wouldn't tumble. If they had done this, they would have created a small amount of artificial gravity, for centrifugal force would have exerted a slight push toward the perimeter wall, making it seem to be the floor. However, the failing gyroscope managed to hold up through the mission.

Gibson pushed switches to open the sliding doors that protected the solar instruments from contamination by various space particles and from the cold during the nighttime passes behind the earth. Skylab spent different lengths of time in sunlight as the earth moved around the sun. These differences created what amounted to seasonal temperature variations inside the space station; and the docking adapter, which—in addition to presenting so many other problems—was the coolest part of the station, could become quite chilly during periods when Skylab spent a lot of time in the shade. It was in such a wintry season now, and Gibson, expecting to be at the console for several hours, pulled on a pair of gloves.

Directly in front of Gibson, at the center of the console, were two round television screens for viewing the sun, each about eight inches in diameter. The pictures were in black-and-white, but they were high-resolution pictures and the astronauts were fascinated by them. Gibson's main purpose in becoming an astronaut, eight years before, had been to see the sun from above the earth's atmosphere. He had received his doctorate in engineering from the California Institute of Technology in 1964, with a minor in physics, and in 1972 he had published a book about the sun; it is the only book ever written by an astronaut that has nothing to do with astronautical experiences. (Ten months after Gibson returned to earth, he left NASA to devote his time to the analysis of the pictures he and the other Skylab astronauts took of the sun.) From the moment he first used Skylab's solar telescopes, he felt that a solar physicist couldn't say he had really seen the sun until he had seen it from space; the view from below the earth's atmosphere, which filtered out most of its wavelengths, was almost meaningless by comparison.

THE eight solar instruments in the telescope mount provided a cross-section of the sun's outer layers because, collectively, they were sensitive to all of the different light wavelengths that those layers emit. Three of the instruments had no television capability and took only still pictures of the sun; but two provided television pictures and the three remaining took television pictures and photographs as well, so there was always plenty to look at on the solar console's screens. Two of the instruments, called the H-alpha telescopes, were sensitive to the red hydrogen-alpha light of the sun and were the heart of the solar-observation array in that many different types of solar activity can be seen in H-alpha light. Both the H-alpha telescopes took television pictures of the sun (one could also take still photographs), and the image from one of these telescopes usually occupied one of the two large screens on the console. The screens had cross hairs for aiming, and the H-alpha telescopes could point the entire solar-instrument array toward events of interest on the solar disc. On the H-alpha television monitor, the sun appeared as a roiling sphere of white gas full of slowly churning black specks; Carr once likened it to "a great big bowl of oatmeal with pepper on it." Gibson could bring up the images from two other instruments on the second large television screen. One, the white-light coronagraph, showed the sun's corona, or outer atmosphere, which in space was visible in much greater detail and to a greater extent than it was in coronagraphs taken from earth. The other, an ultraviolet scanning spectroheliometer, recorded changes in the ultraviolet radiation from the chromosphere, or inner atmosphere, of the sun, and from the lower corona; this type of radiation could not be monitored from the earth. There was a much smaller television screen, only two inches in diameter, adjacent to the two large screens, on which were displayed pictures from an instrument called the X-ray event analyzer, which examined the regions of greatest X-ray activity, and thus of greatest heat, on the sun, but from an observer's point of view it did not show the sun in such dramatic detail as the high-resolution pictures on the two big screens. Gibson was fascinated; the longer he sat at the console, the more ambitious and solar-oriented his future space station became. Before he left Skylab, he suggested that any future space station should be placed in an orbit that would keep it in sunlight all the time and that there should be enough solar physicists along on future missions to monitor the sun around the clock.



Gibson and the other astronauts clearly preferred watching the sun to anything else they did aboard the space station—except, possibly, watching the earth from the big round eighteen-inch window in their wardroom, on the lower deck of the workshop. "You have something interesting in front of you in the way of displays, and you've got a lot of high-powered observing instruments available, and you're challenged to make the best of the situation," Gibson said of the sun-watching, over the A channel. "I find that so many of the things we have on board you do by rote or by checklist that you don't think about them; they're just push-the-button-and-make-sure-it-works type of experiments. There's nothing wrong with some of those—you can learn an awful lot from them—but they sure are hard on the operator if you're going to do that all day long. And I think [the solar telescopes] and the out-the-window observations of the earth below . . . keep you challenged and keep you mentally awake. . . . Most of the other

"A statistician? How very essential. One is, after all, a statistic all of one's life, isn't one?"

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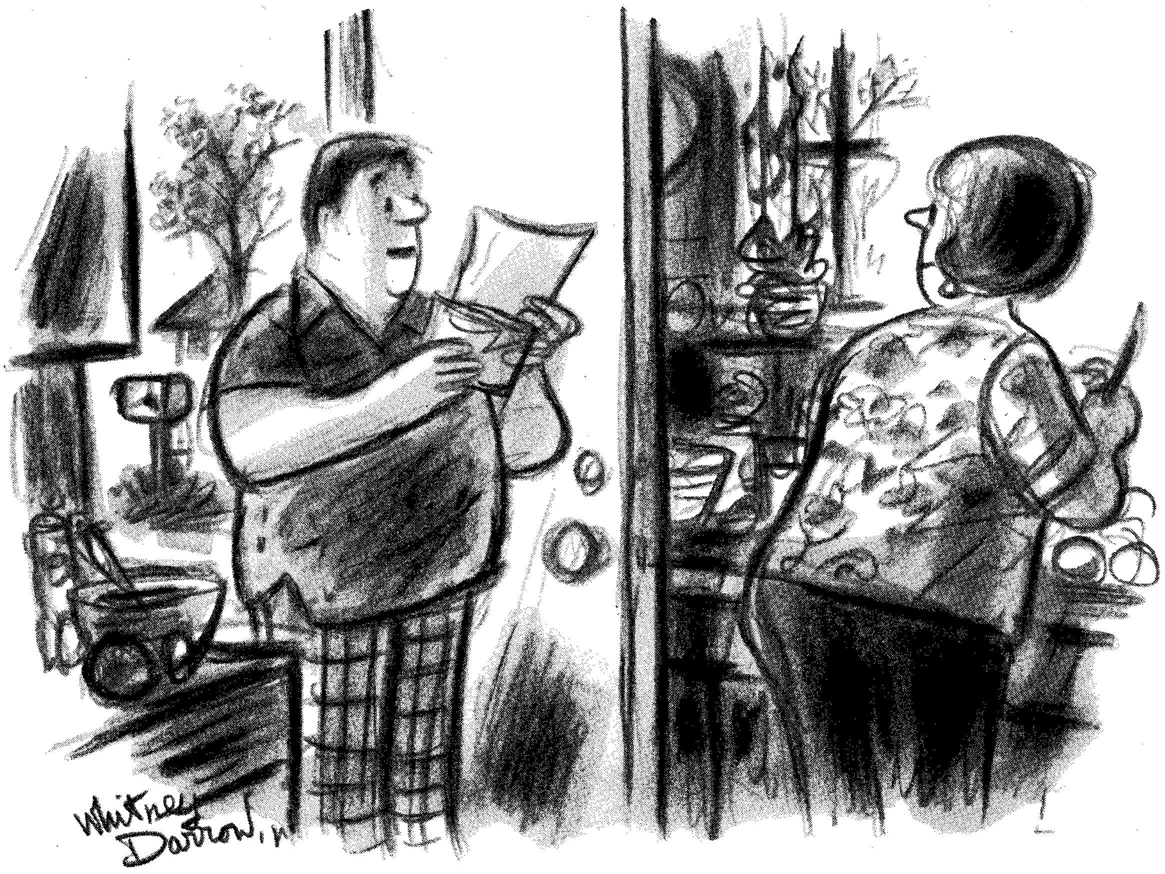
things, we realize, are useful, and we have to work hard and do the best job we can, but, my gosh, you just couldn't do that stuff continuously. You'd be ready for the rubber room when they brought you back." More than any of the other astronauts, Gibson resented the standardized, mechanical routine imposed by Mission Control, and he may have enjoyed watching the solar console so much because then he felt that he had a measure of independence. "I think in the future the ground should give the astronauts the bare framework of a schedule, together with a sort of shopping list of things for them to do, and then let the guys on board figure out the best way of doing them," he said. This idea was not to the liking of Mission Control, however; Neil Hutchinson, one of the flight directors for the three Skylab missions, felt that Skylab was far too complex for astronauts to operate by themselves, Gibson's taste of freedom on the solar console notwithstanding. "So many jobs interfere with one another," Hutchinson said after the third crew had returned to earth. "What if a guy gets an instrument focussed on a star, and just then his buddies in the docking adapter maneuver the vehicle around to look at the earth? Or what if a guy starts riding the bicycle ergometer, jiggling the space station, while another guy is taking pictures of the ground? Now, say that I gave the crew a rough framework of a schedule that said, for example, 'Do five orbits of solar work followed by an earth-resources pass over Africa.' They might get so super-interested in the sun that they wouldn't get ready in time for the earth-resources pass, and might miss an important target on the ground. With so many constraints, I'd say they're bound to screw something up."

Another reason the astronauts liked sun-watching—besides the relative privacy and freedom it afforded—was that there was always something interesting to look at. Bright smudges, which were active regions, appeared and moved slowly across the solar disc, disappearing finally around the back side. Fiery filaments shot high into the corona and disappeared. Flares leaped up and dropped back in great arcs. Prominences rose, formed bubbles, and burst; bubbles larger than the sun itself emerged while astronauts were watching, and exploded out into the corona, showering electrons onto the space station and the earth. Many of the events moved up from layer to layer, from one wavelength to the next. Gibson wished for more television screens, so that he could keep track of more events. One of the impressive solar features which Skylab's telescopes sighted was the myriad presence of small blazing spots of great density and heat, called bright points. These had been observed from earth, but not in such detail and abundance. They showed up in the image from the ultraviolet spectroheliometer on the rims of what are called supergranulation cells, clouds of gas that dot the solar disc. (The centers of these showed up as the black specks on the

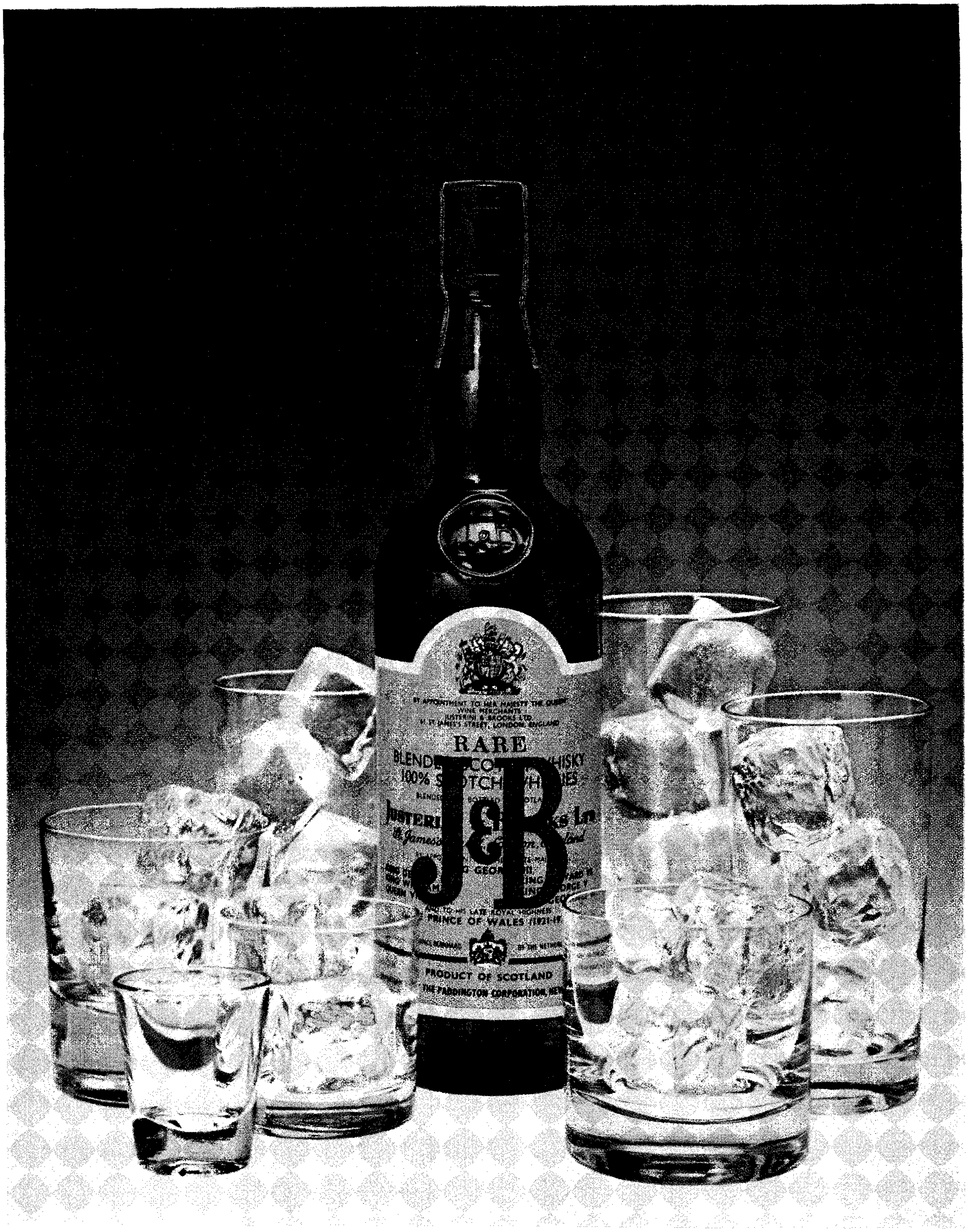
H-alpha monitor.) About five hundred bright points, many as big as the earth, occurred over any given twenty-four-hour period and they had a mean lifetime of about eight hours. The spectroheliometer showed that they extended up from the chromosphere, where the temperature averages about ten thousand degrees, into the transition region between the chromosphere and the corona, where the temperature averages around seven hundred thousand degrees. Surprisingly, bright points were also found within the dark "coronal holes" at the sun's poles. Each of the coronal holes measures more than three hundred thousand miles across, and is a good deal cooler and less dense than the corona. They are thought to be the major source of the solar wind—a stream of electrons and protons which radiates continuously from the sun. The presence of bright points at the coronal holes was an added mystery, which solar scientists are still thinking about.

As Gibson hunched over the console, he was particularly on the watch for flares—those bursts of energy that fling great arms of flaming gas into space until the sun's gravity makes them arch back. Often, several appeared at the same time, or in sequence, rather like slow, majestic lightning flashes. Whenever a flare occurred while an astronaut was on duty, he would press buttons to make all the cameras work at once. An alarm rigged to the X-ray monitor would ring whenever there was a flare and no one was watching. False alarms occurred frequently, however, for the Van Allen radiation belt dips toward the earth over the South Atlantic, low enough to encounter Skylab. Whenever Skylab passed through the belt, the flare alarm went off. The alarm kept the astronauts hopping. "Just a minute!" Lousma, the second crew's pilot, once shouted irritably to the ground when they had asked him to check something out for them. "I gotta get a bite of my beef hash here. A little late breakfast this morning because of that flare."

Sun-watching was complicated work, and Captain Bean, who stood a little in awe of scientific things anyway, once said after a long tour of duty at the console, "It makes you a little humble, because there's no way to go very long on any of this without making a mistake, and you just hope you don't make any that are too large. I don't think we have made any large ones yet, but I'll tell you, you're doing something every minute. You're throwing a switch or reading something. You think you are good till you get here, and then you find out that you're not as good as you think." The astronaut on sun-watching duty had to make sure that Skylab was holding steady, for if the slitlike aperture of one of the instruments was to be lined up along the edge of the solar disc, the entire space station had to hold still. Even though the astronauts weighed nothing in space, the mass of even one of them was sufficient to send a slight quiver through the entire hundred-ton space station every time he caromed off a wall downstairs. Pictures of star fields taken by a camera that was operated through one of Skylab's two scientific airlocks, in the workshop, and pictures taken with hand-held cameras through the wardroom window were especially prone to this sort of disturbance. The first three Skylab astronauts—along with Commander Kerwin, the first crew consisted of Captain Charles Conrad, Jr., the crew commander, and Commander Paul J. Weitz, the pilot—once ruined a time exposure by running around the water tanks, which were mounted in a big ring about halfway up the cylindrical wall of the workshop. A cough exerted the equivalent of fifteen or twenty pounds of force, and even pressing the button on the water fountain in the wardroom could make Skylab wobble. Clearly, Gibson's imagined future space station was going to need bigger and more sensitive control-moment gyros to hold it steady. In the meantime, though, the scientists on the ground, worried about the possibility of their pictures' being ruined, could do little more than send messages to the astronauts to cool it. The scientists could operate some of Skylab's cameras from the ground, and they looked forward to the periods when the astronauts were asleep, and to the periods between missions, when Skylab was empty, for all the pictures taken then were bound to be unblurred. Indeed, a number of the scientists—like some of the engineers—had wondered beforehand whether they wouldn't do better to use unmanned spacecraft for their pictures instead of relying on the quirky astronauts; most of them changed their minds, however, when they saw the film that


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"Good Lord! I've been summoned to Plains, Georgia."



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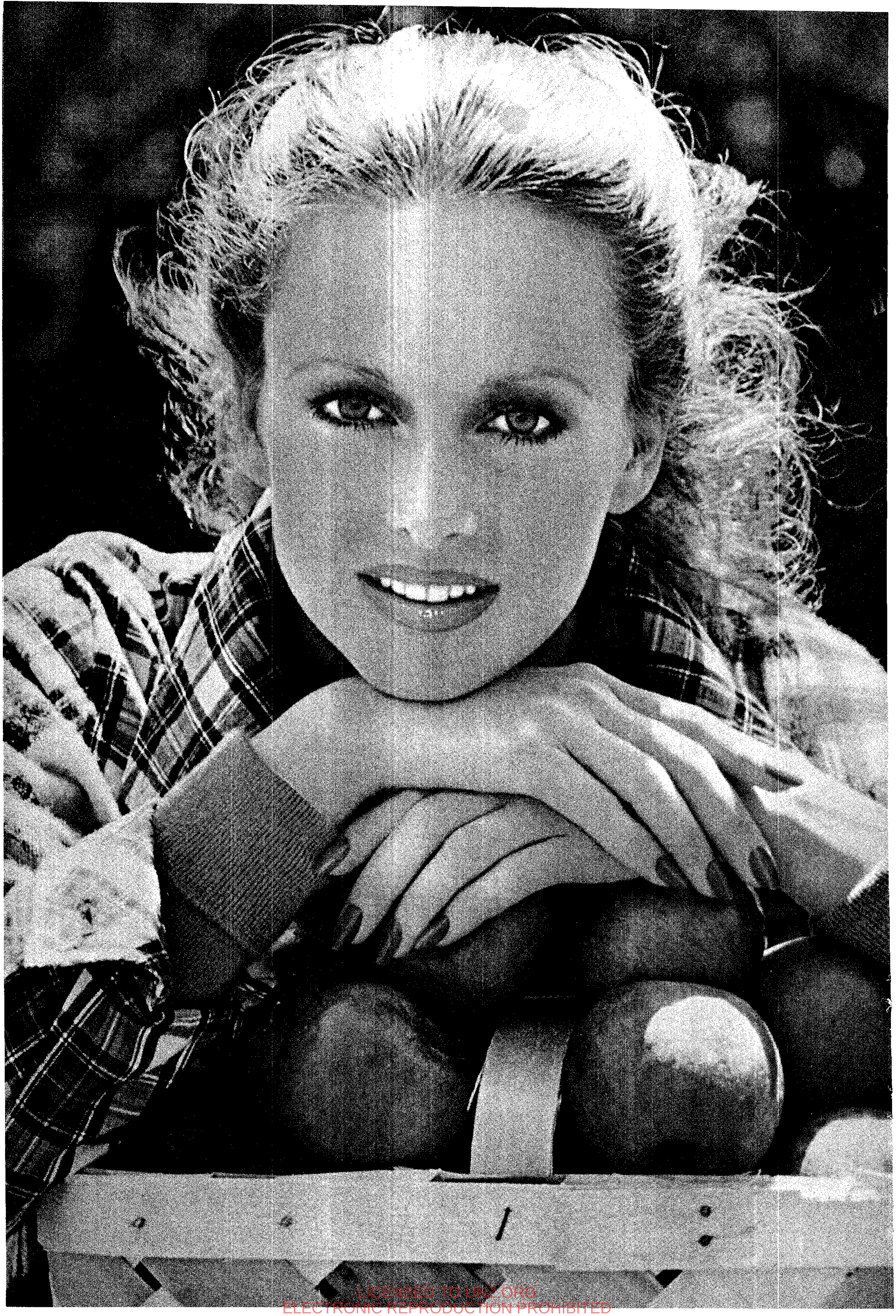

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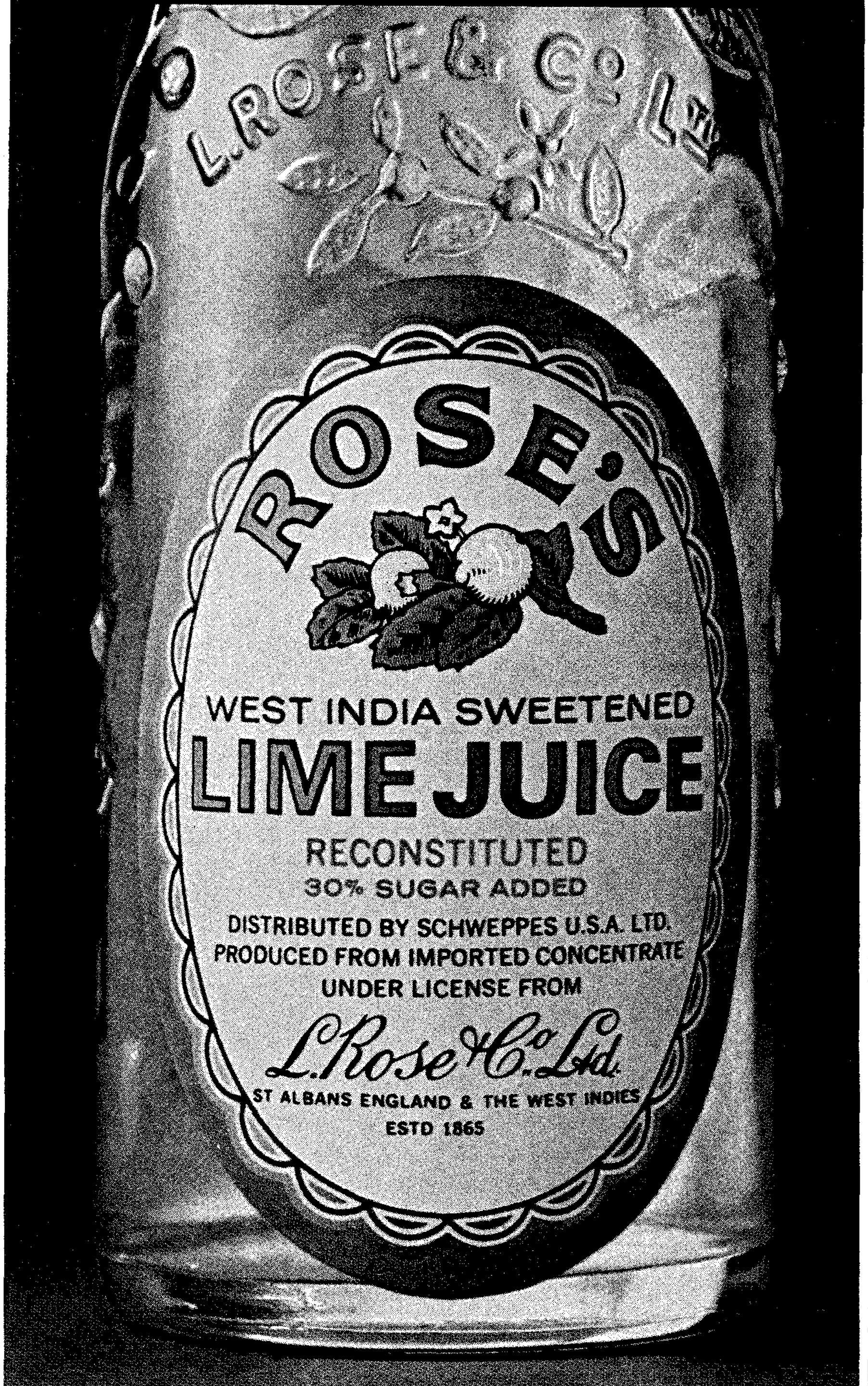

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the astronauts brought back. When the scientists ran the H-alpha film through a projector at high speed in order to get a sense of the movement on the sun's disc, they were delighted to see how every time anything interesting occurred on the sun—a prominence, an active region, a flare—the astronauts had focussed on it. "Zip! There went the cross hairs right to it," one scientist said later. "And there was a record that just was terribly impressive of how the astronauts were able to take advantage of every opportunity."

Normally, the astronauts informed the ground, in lengthy monologues delivered over the A channel, about what the sun was doing. Gibson and the science pilot of the second crew, Owen K. Garriott, both of whom had backgrounds in solar physics, were, naturally, quite scientific; but Kerwin, the science pilot of the first crew, seemed able to get across what he was seeing in the plainest English. Of all the astronauts, he was the most literate. "Friendly tape recorder, this is the science pilot," Kerwin said one day. "I'm going to amaze the solar scientists with an example of erudite misuse of words. I have done a prominence survey around the limb of the sun. And in addition to seeing the old prominence 62 just disappearing behind the west limb, I have on the east limb . . . a beautiful-looking prominence, which we call . . . a bifurcating tree-trunk prominence, which we report in hopes that it may portend further activities coming up around the east limb." And, on another day, "Your science pilot at 16:10 with some more solar notes. . . . The prominence previously observed to be departing from the sun in the vicinity of the northeast limb is extremely faint now and appears to be quite a bit farther out than it was before. . . . We're looking at the new little bright spot . . . and noticing that it has the appearance . . . this morning of being a new active region. . . . We do see one small front spot associated with this region which I believe warrants being called an active region at this time. And we decided to call it Henry [a reference to one of the capsule communicators, a fellow-astronaut named Henry Hartsfield]."

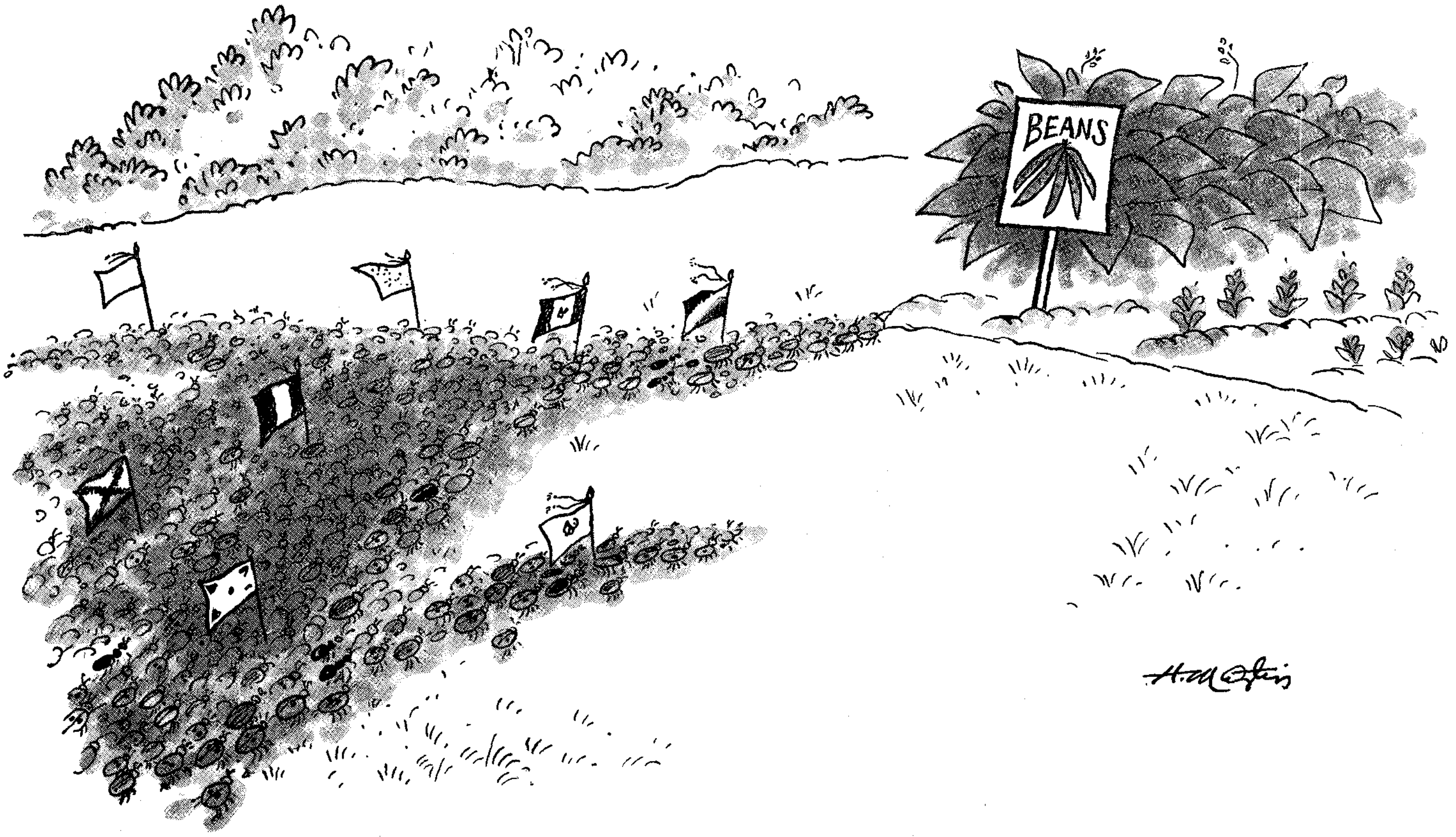
AT twelve o'clock, Houston time, the astronauts knocked off for lunch (a light meal, which often included snacks like tuna spread or dried beef, neither of which was popular with the astronauts; even the usually polite Garriott said that the beef tasted like insecticide). Gibson, after his stint of sun-watching in the docking adapter, slithered through the hatch into the workshop and floated on down into the wardroom, for the astronauts tried to eat together as often as possible; otherwise, they might never be together. They also tried to keep to regular hours for their meals; if they didn't, they found that their lives became chaotic. The second crew, in particular, ran into trouble on that score. "We found the first three or four days that we tended to let the meals move a little bit," Bean said after he got back. "It became obvious after [a while] that there was enough work up there . . . to work all the time and not *ever* eat. I think that kind of upset us a little bit and probably was responsible in some degree for the fact that we were upset the first few days. So when we stopped letting the food move around, things kind of stabilized out for us." Even after their mealtimes had settled down, though, Garriott, who had a sort of Boy Scout's enthusiasm for anything scientific, was apt to bring the conversation around to the exciting things occurring on the sun; and he was sometimes so persuasive that one or another of the second crew would grab his sandwich and float up to the docking adapter to spend the rest of his lunch hour at the console. This zeal, of course, contributed to the accelerated pace that Mission Control set for the third crew, and this pace, in turn, kept Carr, Gibson, and Pogue feeling that they were always behind and always had to hurry to catch up. The third crew had no wish to follow the example of the second in interrupting their meals for extra work. When the ground, in an effort to get the third crew caught up, began scheduling experiments too close to meals, these astronauts complained bitterly. "There's nothing worse than having to gobble your meal in order to get some task done . . . that really should have been scheduled at some other time, so please, you know, I think in the future, if you would please, loosen up," Carr said toward the middle of the third mission. "On the ground, I don't think we would be expected to work a sixteen-hour day for eighty-four days . . . and so I really don't see why we should even try to do it up here."

Mission Control had been turning out schedules for the men as if it were devising inputs for a computer. Indeed, the flight directors expressed pride over the way the ground had learned from the first two Skylab missions how to keep the astronauts working. "Back at the first mission, we weren't good enough to schedule the guys tight, but by the time the second mission ended, we knew exactly how long everything took," Hutchinson said in a sort of post mortem after all three missions were over. "We knew how long it took to screw in each screw up there. We could have planned a guy's day without leaving a spare minute if we wanted to—we had that ability. We prided ourselves here that, from the time the men got up to the time they went to bed, we had every minute programmed. The second-crew men made us think this way."

There were those on the ground who saw what was happening and tried to stop it. Chief among them were the flight surgeons, who, along with the capsule communicators, were the men in the control room most apt to argue on the astronauts' behalf against the flight controllers. The flight surgeons felt somewhat compromised in their efforts, because many of the extra experiments on the third mission were medical ones. This, however, was not the flight surgeons' main obstacle. One of them said later, "At conferences, when we were on the side of easing up, of saying that the flight plans were too much, the engineers couldn't understand what we meant. We witnessed Mission Control getting off on the wrong foot, but there was no place to blow the whistle. And communication between us and the flight planners was not that good. They told us that the flight schedule was a nonmedical duty, so there was a bad interface. It took us three weeks to see what was going on. Then we went to bat." Not until the latter half of the mission did the situation improve, though, and then it wasn't because of any initiative taken on the ground. It was because the astronauts themselves revolted, and Carr, the commander, told the flight controllers that he had had enough.

THE third crew went on a sort of sitdown strike one day about halfway through the mission. That day, Carr, Gibson, and Pogue stopped working and did exactly what they felt like doing. Gibson spent the day at the solar console, and Carr and Pogue sat in the wardroom looking out

AS FATE WOULD HAVE IT, THE NEWEST DANCE CRAZE HIT MADISON AVENUE LAST.
ONE, TWO, THREE, KICK ...



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the window and taking a lot of pictures, not of scientific targets but of things they wanted to take. Carr made a sort of declaration of independence to the ground. "We'd all kind of hoped before the mission, and everybody had the message, that we did not plan to operate at the second crew's pace," he announced over the A channel. "And I think really up here my biggest concern is keeping the three of us alert and healthy. I think an illness is probably something that we can really do without. I'm also getting the feeling from some of the questions that have been asked of us the last few days that people down there are beginning to hassle over who gets our time and how much of it. . . . We're beginning to get just little hints and indications up here . . . that we're getting into a time bind—that it's got people really worried down there. People are asking about exercise—the medics are asking about exercise, and [do we really need as much as we're taking], and why, and all that. And I'd like to know just exactly what everybody's motives are when they're asking those questions." Carr evidently realized that Mission Control itself was under pressure from NASA administrators, who wanted results from the scientists whose experiments were aboard, for he went on, in a more conciliatory vein, "I imagine you guys are probably caught right smack in the middle of it, and the questions that arise in my mind are, are we behind, and if so, how far? Or is all this hassle over our time a result of people coming out of the woodwork with new things to be done? . . . That's essentially the big question, you guys, and that is, where do we stand? What can we do if we're running behind and we need to get caught up? What can we do that's reasonable, and we'd like to be in on the conversation, and we'd like to have some straight words on just what the situation is right now. Commander out."

Carr's comments got results. He persuaded the ground to give the astronauts fewer experiments to do and more time to do them in. The air was cleared somewhat, and the third crew's performance soon improved to the level of the second crew's; indeed, it surpassed the second crew's in certain areas, such as sun-watching. Carr blamed himself for not having blown the whistle on Mission Control before. After all, William C. Schneider, the director of the Skylab program, had told the third crew not to work at the second crew's pace—an instruction that Carr had had every intention of carrying out. Carr said later, "We had told the people on the ground before we left that we were not going to allow ourselves to be rushed. Yet we got up here and we let ourselves just get driven right into the ground! We hollered a lot about being rushed too much, but we did not, ourselves, slow down and say to hell with everything else and do things just one after the other like we said we were going to do." After his protest, they did.

AFTER lunch one day when all this had been settled, Gibson left the two other astronauts at the wardroom table and went up to the docking adapter to put in some time on the earth-resources-experiment package, a battery of six instruments that could scan the earth's surface for data on a variety of environmental features. First, though, he had to put fresh magnetic tape in one of them. Threading the tape was hard, because anything that was rolled up tended to uncoil more easily in space, and the end of the tape undulated back and forth like a snake. The astronauts had to close the door at the back of this instrument very cautiously, for fear of breaking the wriggling tape, and they grumbled that in the future tape should be supplied in cassettes, which could be slipped into place, instead of on reels, which had to be threaded. Next, Gibson changed the space station's attitude by means of the huge control-moment gyros, so that Skylab flew not with the top of the telescope mount constantly toward the sun but with the station's underbelly, where the earth-resources instruments were, always pointing at the ground. Since the solar panels, which generated electricity, now rarely faced the sun, the earth-resources instruments had to rely on electricity from storage batteries, and could not be used for long stretches. These instruments had been added to Skylab as a sort of afterthought, so late in the planning that they weren't integrated into the overall design as neatly as the solar-telescope mount, which looked in the same direction as the solar panels, and therefore had an unlimited supply of electricity. When NASA first began to plan Skylab, in the middle nineteen-sixties, before the Apollo trips to the moon perversely helped kindle man's interest in his home planet, the agency had had very little interest in the earth except as a launching pad. The idea of using manned spacecraft to study the earth had seemed a contradiction. Skylab's gaze was to be fixed primarily on the sun. But then the new interest in the earth's ecology and resources had forced NASA to take these into consideration.

With Skylab correctly oriented, Gibson floated over to the earth-resources console and anchored his feet in a triangular-grid platform there. The whole docking adapter looked astonishingly different, for he was now standing upright along the space station's axis; a man standing at the solar console would be below his feet and sideways to him—a situation that most of the astronauts found disconcerting. Gibson's feet were toward the hatch leading back to the airlock module and the workshop, and between his shoes he could see the floor of the lower deck, some eighty feet away. He felt as though he might fall. "If I step off this little platform—why, I feel I'm going to go whistling all the way down," he said. Gibson was one of the few astronauts to admit that, despite his adaptability, he felt a fear of falling in weightlessness—a fear that may have had to do with his own strong vertical sense. Before he could topple, he pressed his eye to the eyepiece for targeting one of the instruments, the multispectral scanner, which swept a track nearly fifty miles wide as Skylab passed overhead, and, unlike the other instruments, which looked straight down from Skylab, had to be aimed by an astronaut. Skylab was flying over vast sections of the earth never covered by astronauts before—its orbit reached from fifty degrees north latitude to fifty degrees south latitude, so that it took in about seventy-five per cent of the earth's surface—yet Gibson didn't have much of a view from the docking adapter, where there were only four small oval windows; peering through the eyepiece, he might as well have been in a submarine looking through a periscope.

The earth was frequently covered with clouds, and Gibson was forever looking for rifts, so that he could see the ground. The astronauts had been given a long list of target sites by the earth-resources scientists, most of whom were now at these sites in order to get what they called "ground truth" to compare with the astronauts' data. The study of the earth from space was so new that the scientists were still learning the capacities of their instruments, which were far more sensitive than the ones flown in unmanned satellites. Photographs of the earth were taken by two of the earth-resources instruments, one of which was an assembly of six cameras that photographed the earth in five different wavelength bands. The film that the astronauts brought back with them had much better resolution than pictures from unmanned satellites. The scientists did not always know what sorts of things Skylab's instruments might discover about the earth. Much later, for example, scientists studying the readings of one of the instruments, the radar altimeter, discovered that radar bounced back from the ocean's surface coincided in certain respects with known major features of the ocean bottom, such as seamounts and deep trenches; only then did they realize that spacecraft equipped with altimeters could be successful in large-scale mapping of the ocean bottom.

From two hundred and seventy miles up, huge features appeared in fascinating detail; there were faults, and gentle domes hundreds of square miles in area. When these features suggested potentially valuable geological discoveries, NASA's delight was always tempered with caution. For instance, geologists examining film taken over the southwestern United States discovered a fault that possibly had shifted part of an oil field to a spot several miles away; one geologist also discovered what he thought might be a new copper deposit in Nevada: a discoloration in the earth's surface, which could have been caused by mineral deposits deep in the ground, showed up in six photographs of a region in which some copper had already been found. Afterward, the third crew, who were zealous advocates of manned spaceflights, went around claiming that this second discovery alone would pay for most of the Skylab program. NASA put the lid on such loose talk. For one thing, it didn't want to set off any gold rush-

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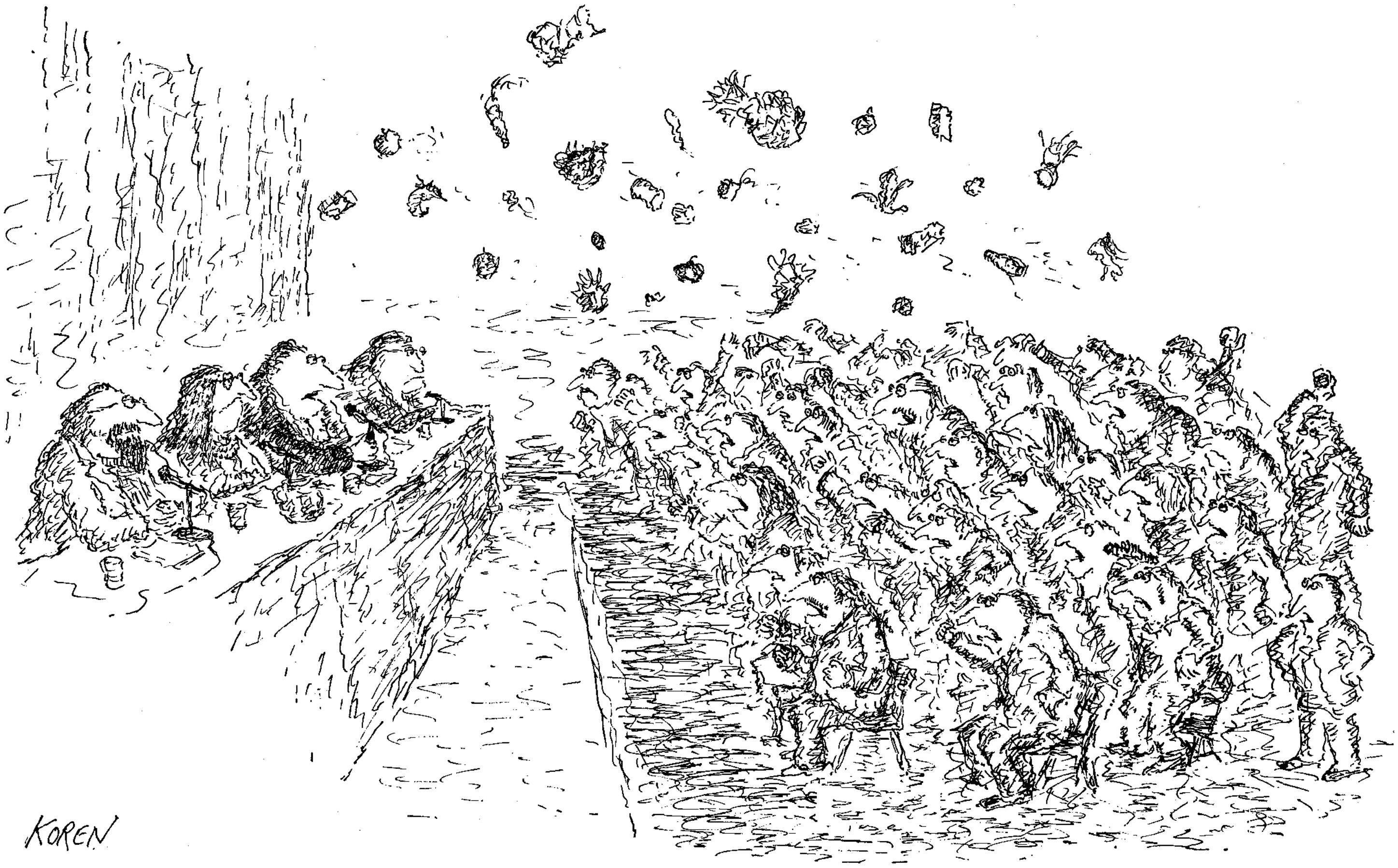

"The audience will limit itself to ideas, please—not emotions."

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es. For another, the relative merits of manned and unmanned spaceflight were still under debate, and although NASA's preference was clearly for the former, the agency knew that it might have to settle for a larger share of the latter, so it didn't want its astronauts mucking things up.

Initially, the earth scientists, like the solar physicists, had been skeptical of the value of men in space, and some of what happened aboard Skylab fortified them in their view. All too often, the astronauts missed targets with the multispectral scanner, and the scientists, who were out around the world getting their ground truths, sometimes had harsh words to say about not getting their data from Skylab. At those moments, they wished, as the solar scientists sometimes did, that Skylab were an unmanned satellite, for machines have great regularity and reliability—qualities that are particularly valuable when it comes to frequent coverage of a site. The astronauts, of course, maintained that no unmanned craft could make up for their ability to bring back high-resolution film or to repair the earth-resources instruments, all six of which broke down at one time or another. In response, the scientists recommended unmanned satellites that could be serviced by astronauts in a space shuttle, who, after repairing a satellite and recharging its batteries, would bring back its high-resolution film. The astronauts, who didn't care to be relegated to the role of maintenance men, retorted that no machine could replace their ability to take advantage with the scanner or with their hand-held cameras of targets that came up suddenly, to shoot through breaks in clouds, or to comment on what they were seeing. The ground, they thought, sometimes tended to downgrade human beings. Whatever the truth of this, the scientists were delighted afterward with the Skylab pictures, and also with the astronauts' impressions of the earth from space. The scientists are still studying the earth-resources data from Skylab—some two hundred thousand feet of magnetic tape and forty or fifty thousand photographs—looking for information about ice movements, the migrations of fish, volcanic eruptions, melting snows, air pollution, water pollution, floods, droughts, sand dunes, sea conditions, weather conditions, hot areas in the ground which might provide geothermal power, and floating seaweed that might be a source of food.

The best place to observe the earth from inside Skylab was not the docking adapter but the wardroom. Through its big eighteen-inch window, the earth appeared dynamic and alive; and the view convinced all nine Skylab astronauts that the earth had to be observed directly, as any living object should be, with all the flexibility and intelligence that a man could provide, rather than indirectly by an unmanned satellite, as though it were dead and static. Part of the earth was always framed in the round window, and it was as though the astronauts were looking through the aperture of a microscope at a segment of living tissue—all greens, blues, yellows, and browns.

"I gained a whole new feeling for the world," Gibson told a visitor after he came back. "It's God's creation put before us, and whether you are looking at a bit of it through a microscope, or most of it from space, you still have to see it to appreciate it." Like the sun, the earth was an ever-changing kaleidoscope. Pogue said when he was back in Houston, "Every pass was different. It was never the same from orbit to orbit. The clouds were always different, the light was different. The earth was dynamic; snow would fall, rain would fall—you could never depend on freezing any image in your mind."

THE most direct view of all was from outside the space station, where an astronaut felt that there was nothing between him and what he was looking at—as though he had slipped down the barrel of the microscope and were walking about the slide, magnifying glass in hand. "Boy, if this isn't the great outdoors!" Gibson said the first time he went out. "Inside, you're just looking out through a window. Here, you're right in it." And Lousma said after his return, "It's like a whole brand-new world out there. Your perspective changes. When you're inside looking out the window, the earth's impressive, but it's like being inside a car or a train; you can't get your head around the flat pane of glass. But if you stand outdoors, on the workshop, it's like being on the front end of a locomotive as it's going down the track. But there's no noise, no vibration; everything's silent and motionless. There are no vibrations going through your feet, no wires moving, nothing flapping." Skylab was moving down the track so fast that the astronauts could actually see the earth roll slowly beneath them; the earth was so big, though, that they could barely make out its curvature unless they were looking at the horizon. "It's a big ball," Garriott said when he had gone outside with Lousma. "You know what's neat? As I look here, I can see the horizon move. . . . A little blue line is dropping as we drop behind the earth. It makes it seem like a planet instead of just a picture, like you're really going around something. God! I'm glad that Saturn rocket worked! It's great to be here."

The first astronauts to venture outside were Kerwin and Conrad, of the first crew, who went out to deploy a solar panel that had been pinned to the side of the workshop when the insulation was ripped off the space station by atmospheric drag shortly after launch. (This was one of two panels that were to have stuck out like stubby wings from the workshop wall; the second had vanished with the insulation.) The hatch was in the airlock module, between the workshop and the docking adapter, and when they opened it, sunlight blazed in with a brilliance they were unaccustomed to inside Skylab. As they made their way outside, they could see the white scaffolding of the telescope mount above the docking adapter; its shining solar panels, spread overhead like a helicopter rotor, quartered the workshop with their shad-

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ows. Later, Kerwin would be going up to the top of the mount, which the astronauts called the sun end, to change the film in its cameras. All the astronauts who went up there agreed that the sun end was the most exhilarating place aboard Skylab. "To be on the end of the telescope mount, hanging by your feet, as you plunge into darkness, when you can't see your hands in front of your face—you see nothing but flashing thunderstorms and stars—that's one of the minutes I'd like to recapture and remember forever," Lousma said afterward. Lousma was the most easily moved of all the astronauts, and the least afraid to say so.

The nighttime always passed quickly, though. During the second mission, when Garriott and Lousma went outside to do a repair job of their own, they saw the sky begin to lighten, bands of color appear over the earth's horizon, and finally the sun pop quickly back into the sky. Bean, who was watching from one of the small windows in the docking adapter, did the best job of describing the sunrise: "There's a dark-blue streak and then that sort of gold—orangy-gold—color," he said. "When the sun first begins to come up, it starts a little bit blue with the littlest bit of gold and then it just gets bluer and bluer, and the gold gets steadily a little bigger, and then all of a sudden the gold starts getting real wide and then the sun comes out." The curving bands of light rose in successive surges, Technicolor against black, like the beginning of an old Warner Brothers cartoon—or, Lousma remarked, "just like a science-fiction picture, only better. . . . For a person who likes sunrises and sunsets, like I do . . . this is a great place to be, because you get sixteen of each every day!"

Working at the sun end could be a little unnerving. When Pogue went up, he had an uneasy feeling, similar to that of being in the crow's nest of a ship. The telescope mount didn't sway like a ship's mast, but an astronaut up there no longer felt himself to be part of the space station. The astronaut anchored himself by stepping into a pair of gold-colored shoes on a disc at the top of the mount; and when Gibson, in particular, stood in the shoes and leaned over backward, he felt he might fall off. "Hanging from your heels, it's just between you and the earth below, and you have the feeling that there is gravity, and down you could go," he said when his feet were once more safely on the ground in Houston. Gibson seemed to suffer more from acrophobia than any of the others.

Before Conrad and Kerwin first ventured outside, they put together the sections of a twenty-five-foot pole with a cutter on the end—an instrument very much like a pruning hook, and operated by a rope—which he would use to sever a strip of aluminum (the remains of the space station's insulation) that had pinned the solar panel down. Kerwin went out first and began moving slowly across the huge cylinder of the workshop to one of the supporting struts for the telescope mount. In weightlessness, he had no traction on the rounded surface, and he kept feeling as though he would float away. He couldn't float far, of course, because he was tethered by a long umbilical—his lifeline leading back into the space station. He attached one end of the long pole to the strut to keep it steady and then extended it toward the solar panel and succeeded in tightening the cutter's blades around the aluminum strip. Conrad then came out to join him.

Kerwin called Conrad's attention to the sunset, an arc of rainbows over the horizon; it looked especially pretty through the big solar panels spreading from the top of the telescope mount overhead. The astronauts would have thirty minutes of darkness, during which they would be unable to do any work. They were impressed by how brightly lit the earth was at night. Looking down through moonlit clouds, Conrad could see hundreds of grass fires surrounding what he took to be villages in Africa. On all sides, lightning illuminated patches of thunderheads. He thought of his return from the moon in November of 1969, when from a distance of twenty-five thousand miles he had seen lightning flashes ripping up the entire nighttime side of the earth. What most of the Skylab astronauts remembered best about these periods of darkness, though, was simply being there, with nothing between them and the earth and the stars.

When it was light again, so that Conrad and Kerwin could get on with their repair job, Conrad fastened one end of a rope he had brought out with him to a cleat, and, taking the other end with him, inched toward the nonfunctioning panel, using the pole as a kind of handrail. When he got there, he attached the other end of the rope to the panel, in the hope that if it didn't spring properly into place after the aluminum strip was severed, he could pull it upright without having to get near it. At a warning from Weitz, who was keeping track of the operation from inside the docking adapter, he flicked his umbilical away from the hinge that attached the panel to the workshop, where it might have got pinched. Then, because the solar panel could spring up with some force when the strip was cut, he retreated a few feet, steadying himself by means of the rope. Kerwin began hauling on the cutter's rope. After several tugs, he managed to sever the aluminum strip. Now that the pole itself was no longer being held down by the aluminum strip, it floated upward, and Kerwin pulled it back and out of the way. The panel had popped up only about six inches; it still wasn't locked at right angles to the space station. The two astronauts hauled on the rope that was attached directly to the panel, but they couldn't raise the panel any higher. They decided to go back out to the solar panel and shove it up from underneath with their shoulders. Conrad reported later, "I gave a mighty heave, and the science pilot gave a mighty heave, whereupon everything went black and I shot straight up into the air. And as I revolved to my right, I could see the [solar panel] coming out at a good, smart clip. And . . . by the time I settled down from my whifferdill back in the airlock area, the wing had come all the way up and was fully deployed." Conrad said to Kerwin, "Would you look at that!" Kerwin replied, "I expected it to come, but I expected to lose you in the process. By gosh, we got you *and* the solar panel!"

USUALLY, the astronauts did their earth-watching from the relative calm and security of the wardroom, where they had a chance to study their planet at leisure. Though other astronauts had seen earth from space, none had seen so much of it, over so long a time, or in such great detail. If the view from outside had been intoxicating, the view from the wardroom was addicting; indeed, Lousma was reminded of the compulsive way he had first watched television as a boy pressing his nose against an appliance-store window. The wardroom window soon became smudged with noseprints and fingerprints, and often the astronauts had to clean off the window before they could look out. (The window was double-paned, and a spot of ice had formed between the two panes; they couldn't clean this off and it annoyed

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them.) They preferred to look at the earth with the horizon at its usual right angle to them, as though they were standing on the ground. Under certain circumstances, the horizon slipped around the window so that they had to move with it. This had once caused Kerwin to find himself inadvertently upside down in the wardroom, and when he glanced back inside, he had felt that he was in wonderland. Of this phenomenon, Gibson noted one day, "You might start out with your feet on the floor, and a little while later you'd look back and find the other two guys were upside down, sitting at the wardroom table, which was upside down, too." An earth-watching astronaut became something of a contortionist, jamming himself into odd and painful positions between the window and the ceiling or the window and the walls. The third crew recommended that future spacecraft windows have a margin of six feet around them, so an astronaut could perch comfortably anywhere around their circumference, and that there be more grips by which he could hold himself in place. The men also wished that they had a bigger window, and that there were more windows. But windows are structurally weak points in a spacecraft's hull, so designers are not apt to grant these wishes.

Still, the astronauts in the wardroom of Skylab got a better view of the earth than any who had orbited before. Not only was the window larger than any window in previous spacecraft but the space station, which was flying over a greater portion of the earth, crisscrossed the world in vast sweeps that might take it from southern Canada to South Africa and through southern Russia and China across the Pacific and across the tip of South America. Sometimes the astronauts simply gawked, like any sightseers. Occasionally, all three members of the third crew would look together, pointing out cities and peninsulas as uncertainly as schoolchildren learning geography. "Yeah, we're coming right down into Greece," Carr said from the window one day. "And that, I believe, is part of the Peloponnesus. And that's—what's the name of it—the Dardanelles? Big First World War battle down there." There was no place like home, though, and Carr and Pogue were particularly attentive whenever Skylab's orbit took it anywhere near Texas or Florida, where there were a number of NASA and Air Force bases.

The astronauts were continually surprised at how great a proportion of their earth-watching time they spent looking at oceans, deserts, snowfields, and mountainous areas, in none of which they could see any sign of life. In fact, the Skylab astronauts thought the earth a barren place, in contrast to the Apollo astronauts who had looked back from the moon and described the earth as an oasis in space. The crewmen of the third mission thought that the toughest part of the earth to survive in must be the country from Tibet across Outer Mongolia to eastern Asia. "There is nothing but a great big nothing out here now," Gibson remarked as he gazed out the wardroom window early in the mission. "Northern China, Outer Mongolia, and all that good stuff—the Gobi Desert." Carr, especially, thought man had a tenuous foothold on his own planet, where the checkerboards of his cultivation were packed into the few temperate regions, or fringed the deserts and oceans like a green mold struggling for existence. "Not much of the earth is hospitable to man," he said after he got back. "We don't occupy much of our world. We're crowded into small areas."

Garriott had been so enthusiastic about the view from the window that subsequently the third crew was, once again, given a heavier load of things to look for and questions to answer. ("Garriott was forever looking out the window," Bean, the only one of all the astronauts who didn't look out much, had said. Being ever practical, Bean had put it down as one of the quirks to be expected from a scientist.) The scientists were interested in the sorts of things the men could tell about their view of earth from space. The Skylab astronauts were the first ones to look at the earth systematically and to try to describe what they were seeing, and the third crew gave the fullest descriptions. Carr had the sharpest eyes and gave the most detailed observations. Gibson wished that he had some high-powered equipment in the wardroom; one of his biggest complaints about Skylab was that the earth-resources instruments, which were extremely powerful, were in the docking adapter, where it was hard to see out, while down in the wardroom, where the best view was, there were only two hand-held cameras and a pair of binoculars. "Sometimes we saw a fault zone that we hadn't known was there," Gibson said after he got back. "It would have been nice if we could have quickly got some instrument on it. Or ice islands, for example, which came up from Antarctica, and which appeared unexpectedly. Or the wakes that mountainous islands made in the clouds. Or a sudden glimpse of pollution in Mobile Bay. You could take advantage of all these things if a man were up there properly set up. Aboard Skylab, an observer of the sun at the telescope console could do this, and there's no reason why we shouldn't look at our own planet in the same way. We have looked at the sun for years, and the moon, but we have never really looked at the earth before, and that shouldn't be."

As time passed, Gibson, Carr, and Pogue developed all sorts of tricks to help them see better. They found that they could see coastlines best if they waited until the sun's reflection glinted off the water by the shore. Eddies of cold water could be detected by differences in the clouds above them. If there were breaks in the clouds, the three crewmen learned how to look through these so as to see most of the ground underneath while the space station flew along, as though they were looking through a picket fence from a moving car. The scientists asked them to keep an eye out for faults and domes in the ground; for volcanic eruptions, where they should note how the wind blew the smoke away; for ocean currents, which were apt to be different colors from the surrounding water; and for the occurrence of plankton, which they could spot on the surface as green smudges called plankton blooms. There was always something going on.

•

Carr: "We were looking to the northeast, where we could see the Canadian Rockies. We could see great masses of stratus clouds stacked up behind the mountains, and . . . the mountains were sticking up through the clouds and causing great [disturbances] in the clouds along a very wide front from what looked like Alaska all the way down to almost Washington State."

•

Gibson: "We were able to see the plankton blooms resulting from the upwelling off the coast of Chile. . . . The color of the plankton bloom was light and contained a fair amount of green in contrast with the dark blue [of the ocean]. The bloom itself extended along the coastline and had some long, tenuous arms reaching out to sea. . . . The arms or lines of plankton . . . were pushed around in a ran-

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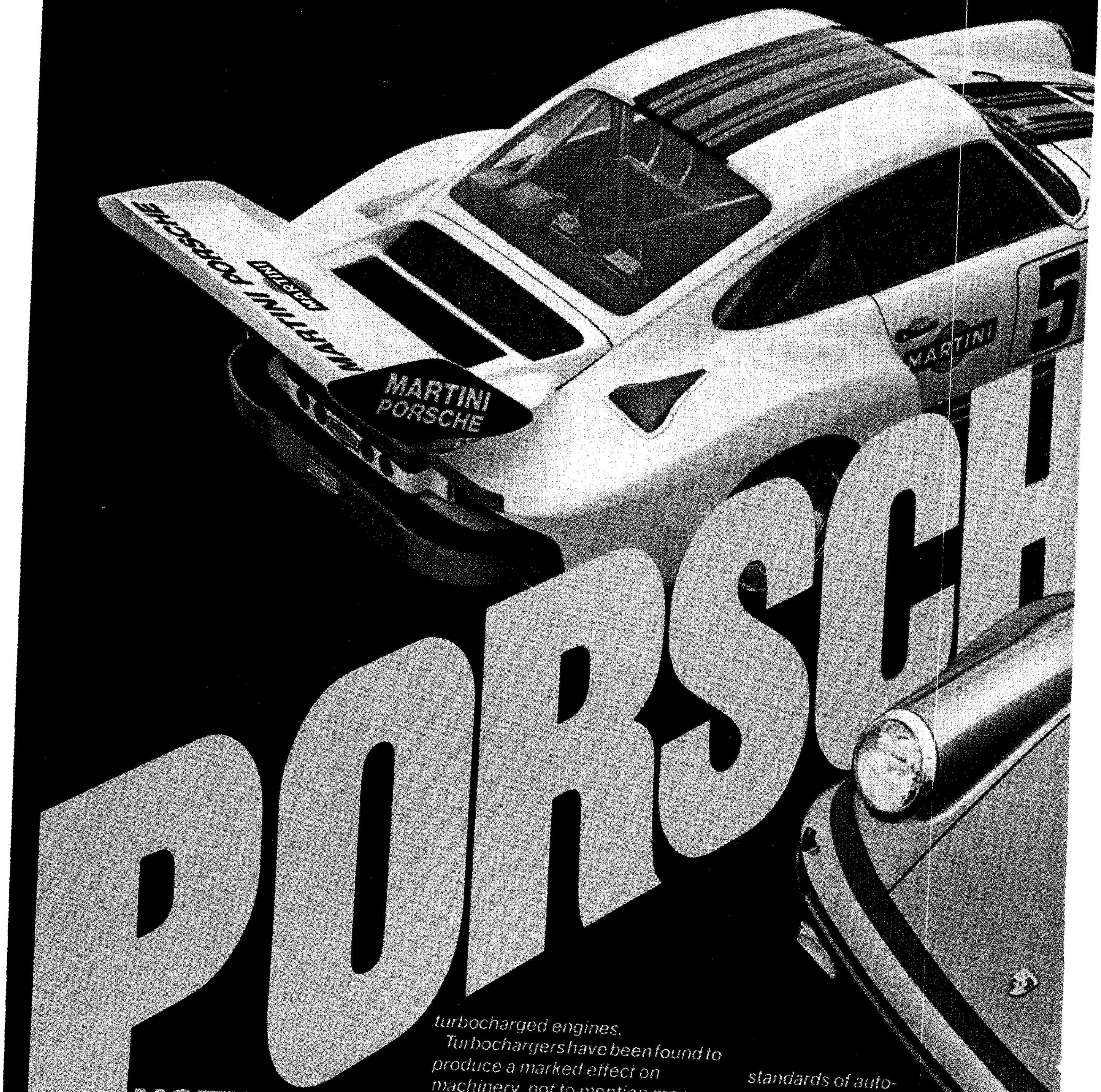

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dom direction, fairly well defined but fairly weak in color . . . as though [the bloom] had been diluted somewhat. . . . It was kind of an impressive sight, though. The fishing ought to be good down there."

●

Pogue: "The pilot again, reporting on the discoloration of the ocean: I thought I saw brownish spots in certain areas. And Jer [Carr] was looking on farther south of the Falkland Islands down toward the Strait of Magellan and Cape Horn, and we started to see some reds or some telltale marks of petroleum pollution, so it could be that."

●

Carr: "At 01:55, I happened by the wardroom window just in time to see us passing over Korea, with the weather quite clear, and I decided to take a look to see if we might get a good look at Sakurajima, the erupting volcano in southern Japan, on the island of Kyushu. . . . It was indeed clear there. [There] was a very heavy, very large pall of smoke blowing out of the volcano and then blowing horizontally off to the southeast. . . . This is obviously an old volcano. Four days ago when we flew over it, it was just barely puffing out a little bit of smoke, and I remember noticing it. . . . I would guess just from looking at it that it had to be sort of an ash type. Because the smoke was so white, I would guess that that's probably all water vapor. Since this volcano is smack-dab in the middle of a bay, it would appear to me that there's probably a lot of subterranean water getting into the vent somewhere down below—well below the surface—and being blown out in the form of steam."

●

Gibson: "We've just been coming over, in the past five minutes, an extensive area of thunderstorms. . . . There seems to be some sort of a collective organization to the lightning strikes which occur over a wide area. When one goes off, two or three may go off simultaneously, or that one may turn out to trigger a whole lot of other ones all over a very wide area—five hundred thousand square miles, perhaps. The lightning flashes then will go off, numerous ones—ten, twenty, forty, fifty. It'd be calm again for about one to two seconds, then we'd get another period of—oh, maybe three, four, five, maybe up to seven seconds or so of lightning going off in all locations. And it subsides; period of calm; then cycle

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through that again. A few things which impressed me here: One is the fact that they could go off simultaneously or near simultaneously over a large distance—sympathetic lightning bolts, if you will, analogous to sympathetic flares on the sun. And that we do get periods of calm between periods of very high activity. Some sort of collective phenomenon appears to be at work.”

DINNER, which the astronauts normally had at about six o'clock, was the big meal of the day; it included meat, vegetables, and a dessert. The meat might be steak, roast beef, or turkey. The astronauts ate with enthusiasm. They were hungry. Kerwin wondered how it could be that in space, where the astronauts seemed to exert themselves less than on earth, they consumed the same amount of calories and still lost weight. The Apollo and Gemini astronauts had also lost weight, but they had eaten less than they did on earth. Part of the answer may have been that the Skylab astronauts were burning up more calories than they suspected in getting about inside the workshop, which was thirty-three times as large as the crew compartment of an Apollo spacecraft and a hundred times as large as that of a Gemini. The members of the third crew were particularly apt to be hungry if a given day was one on which they had eaten some of the food bars they had brought up with them in order to stretch their supplies—which had been meant to last only fifty-six days—to cover the eighty-four days that the third mission had been extended to; the bars were flaky and greasy, and though they contained as many calories as a regular dinner, the third crew never felt filled up afterward. Some of the astronauts would have liked a drink with dinner. There had once been a wine-tasting party at the Space Center to let them choose the wine they liked best, but a temperance group had got wind of the plan, and NASA had dropped it. Conrad had been indignant. “It was all part of the idea of habitability—to make the place more like home,” he said. “If folks drink a Martini at home, why not up here?”

After dinner, one of the astronauts recorded for the dietitians exactly what each of them had eaten that day, and then they looked over the schedule for the next day. One evening during the third mission, Carr went up to the docking adapter to collect the latest instructions from the ground, which were sent up by teleprinter. Carr ripped the instructions off the machine and took them back to the wardroom. In weightlessness, the paper tended to curl at the ends; he held it flat on the wardroom table, which was made of metal, with a variety of magnetic paperweights. Desks on future space stations, where there might be even more paperwork, would need more thought. Gibson once experimented with turning the ventilation screen on the domed ceiling of the upper deck of the workshop into an aerodynamic workbench. He found that the suction of the moving air held paper down better than any hardware, and perhaps future space stations will have aerodynamic desks.

The time from eight to ten was supposed to be the astronauts' own, to do whatever they wanted; however, matters never worked out that way. Mission Control always had more experiments for the crews after dinner. Rice seeds germinating in a transparent box on the wardroom wall had to be photographed; gypsy-moth eggs had to be counted to see if any of them had hatched; and specially prepared wicks had to be dipped in water to see if zero gravity had any effect on capillary action. The astronauts had almost no leisure time. In the wardroom, there was a sort of games cupboard—the off-duty equipment assembly—which was filled with books, taped music, balls, darts, and playing cards. Once, when Gibson was asked to suggest further off-duty activities for possible future crews, he replied, “Off-duty activities? You gotta be kidding. There's no such thing up here. Our days off, the only thing that's different is that we get to take a shower.” Carr's diatribe to Mission Control during the seventh week of his flight resulted in the third crew's being given more time to perform experiments, but not in any marked increase in their time off; loosening up the experiments was simply a way of using the astronauts more efficiently. They did not get much time off at all until the last week or two of the mission.

When the men in the third crew snatched a few minutes, they preferred to relax—to read, perhaps, or to look out the window. Skylab, though, wasn't particularly well set up for relaxing, and the lighting wasn't particularly suitable for reading. “There aren't many places in the spacecraft you want

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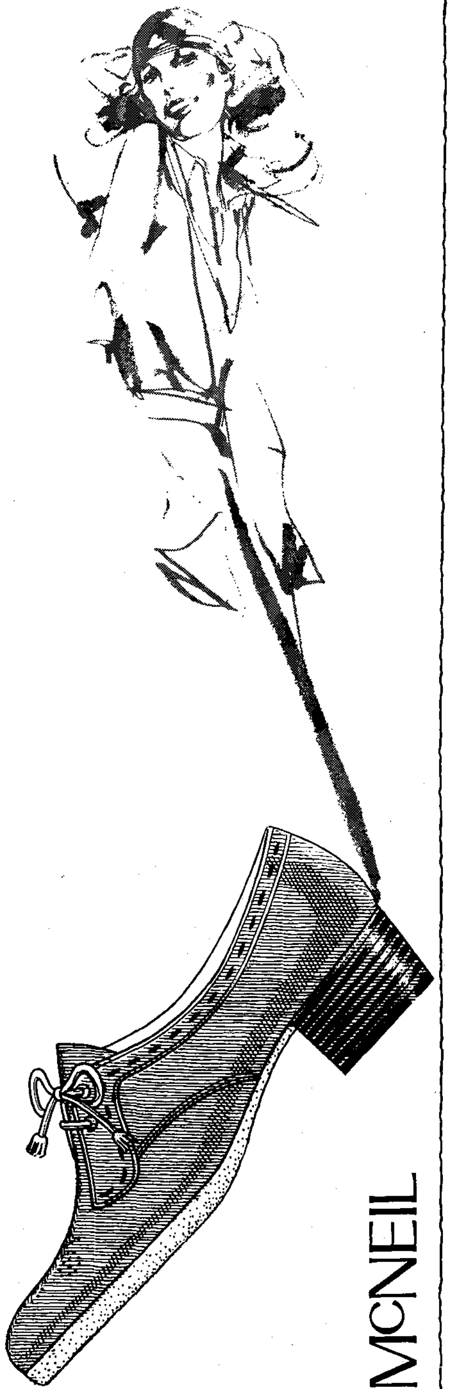

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to spend a whole lot of time reading, because it hurts your eyes," Lousma said during the second mission. "In the daytime, the window is about the brightest place. But the wardroom gets pretty crowded during all the multiple functions we've got to do here: looking out the window, eating, using the tabletop for checklists, and all that stuff." Carr occasionally managed to sneak off to the command module—the most private spot in Skylab—where he would turn off its speaker in order to get a few pages read.

Actually, almost everybody except the astronauts in the third crew lost sight of what was to have been a major purpose of Skylab, and that was to see whether men could really *live* in space for long periods. NASA had originally construed the word "live" to mean live decently, as one might on earth, with regular shifts, and time off for relaxation; indeed, a few scientists and engineers at the Space Center regarded the astronauts' leisure time as an experiment in itself, whose success would be essential if NASA were to plan to have men spend long periods in space stations, moon bases, or two-year round-trip excursions to Mars. The flight directors didn't see things that way. "The initial purpose of Skylab may have been to explore simply how to live in space, but the cost of the program—two and a half billion dollars—caused us to change our minds," one of them said later. If there had been a change of plans, no one had informed the third crew—or, evidently, Schneider, the director of the Skylab program. Such a thing could happen because, in view of the risks involved in spaceflight, the flight controllers—who were responsible directly to the director of the Johnson Space Center, Dr. Christopher C. Kraft, Jr., who, in turn, was responsible to James C. Fletcher, the head of NASA, in Washington—had unquestioned authority over the operations of a mission, and, given the fast pace they had grown used to during the earlier flights, they were not programmed for anything less than an all-out effort. "Our system was designed to squeeze every minute out of an astronaut's day," Hutchinson said. "Suddenly, the system is asked to stop for a few hours, or a day, to give a man some time off. The system doesn't want to do it. Say, for example, that there's a day off coming. But say that there's a perfect pass over an earth-resources target, and that the only chance to get that target is on that day. Now, are we going to say to the scientist whose ex-

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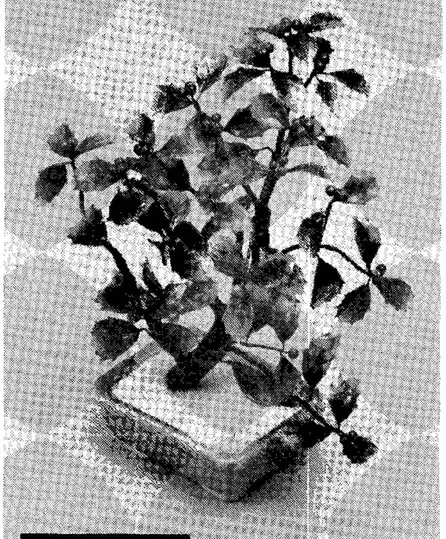

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periment it is, 'No, goddammit, we're going to lose that real estate for the Skylab program'?"

What NASA hadn't reckoned with was that the third crew was no longer guided by the same stars that governed Mission Control. Naturally, it would be difficult for a man to spend weeks floating weightless in a new environment, where he was first one way up and then another, and come out thinking exactly as he had thought when he went in. At the very least, he would be receptive to new points of view. The first two crews, it is true, had not changed their attitudes much, but then they hadn't been up as long as the third crew, they hadn't been under such continuous pressure, and they may have felt closer to each other and to Mission Control. Whatever the explanation, the third crew was ready for some new ideas. And Pogue, who had seemed to have the most difficult time in the space station, was the one who articulated them. "I came to realize during Skylab that what we were doing was taking a human being and making him function in a way he was not designed to," Pogue said afterward. And in the course of an in-flight news conference in January of 1974, halfway through the mission, he reflected on his reaction to a spell of sickness he had suffered the first day. The failure of the crew to report it had earned them an unprecedented reprimand from the ground. "I then proceeded to make errors and berate myself," he said. "Finally, I came to the realization that I'm a fallible human being, that I cannot operate at a hundred-per-cent efficiency, that I am going to make mistakes. . . . I tried to operate like a machine, and I was a gross failure. Now I'm trying to operate as a human being within the limitations I possess. . . . I think a person needs to more or less re-create himself, to pause and reflect occasionally. . . . I think that in order to act creatively . . . you have to have certain periods of time when you have to just stop and think and see yourself, and be aware of the situation, and sort of involve yourself in the totality of the experience at hand." Pogue might not have used quite these words but for the fact that in his few moments off he had been poring over two books of popular psychology—"Self-Renewal: The Individual and the Innovative Society," by John W. Gardner, and "Man, the Manipulator," by Everett Shostrom. Nonetheless, his outburst—and, indeed, the entire third mission—was a sort of affirmation of man over machine. In this case, the machine was Mission

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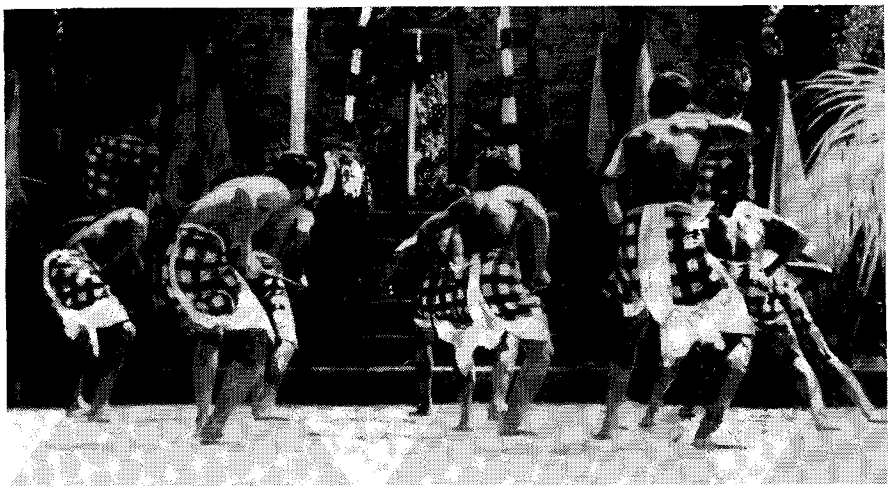

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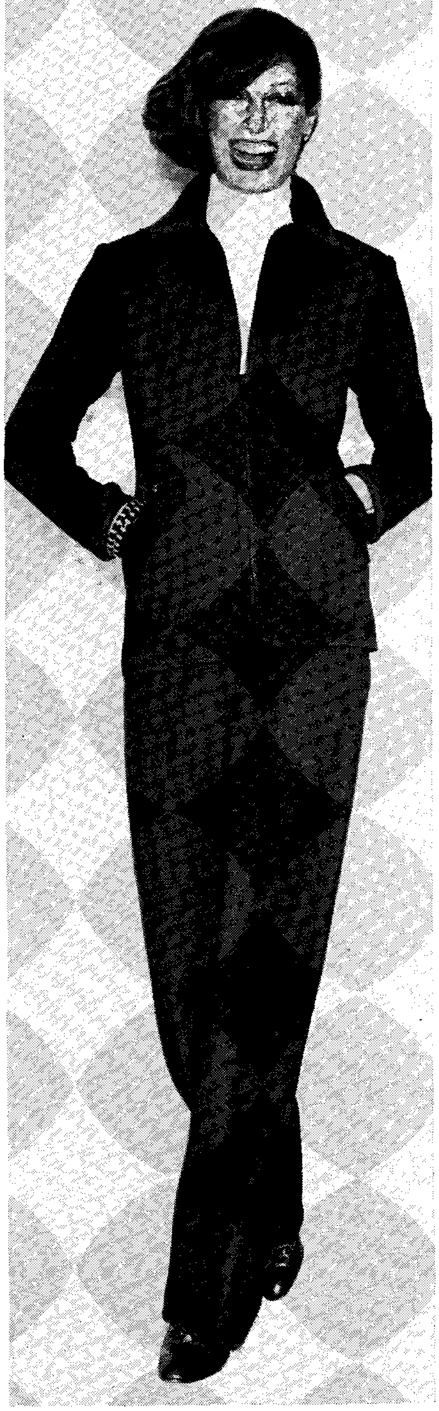
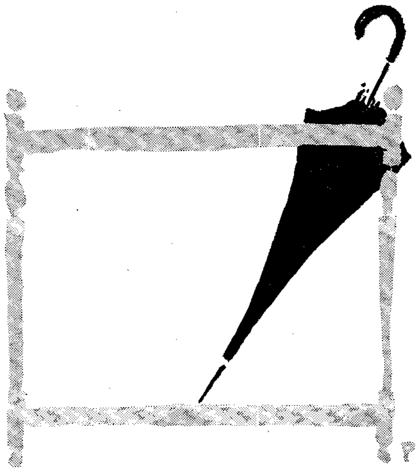


Control—men who were the integrated components of an advanced technology, and who were trying to turn the astronauts into machines, as, to an extent, they had always done. This time, though, the mission was too long, and the men, as men will, refused to remain robots.

During the long string of spaceflights that had begun in 1961, with the Mercury program, astronauts had been thought of as mechanical supermen, something the astronauts themselves had half believed. If the third crew had thought this way at the beginning of the mission, and Pogue indicated that it did, it clearly thought otherwise at the end—a necessary adjustment, perhaps, if spaceflights are ever to become more routine. After the third mission, it is hard to see how astronauts can ever be the same again. In the past, others had asserted that they had changed as a result of being in space—one Apollo astronaut, James Irwin, had left NASA to found an evangelistic organization, another had left to study extrasensory perception, a third had had a nervous breakdown—but none had ever been transformed so dramatically right under the eyes of Mission Control. A year and a half later, Pogue himself left the astronaut corps to join Irwin's evangelical group, the High Flight Foundation, in Colorado Springs. (Although he is still affiliated with High Flight, he seems to have been unable to get NASA out of his system; he is back at the Johnson Space Center as a consultant in the earth-resources program.)

Whatever effect being in space had on the third crew came less from being weightless or from floating upside down than simply from looking out the window; they preferred looking at the view to doing anything else in what free time they had. "It was a shame to read with all that going on outside," Gibson said. He did read a little when Skylab was over water, but when Skylab reached the shore he invariably put his book down and looked at whatever continent lay below it. Much of what he and his two crewmates saw they already knew, but actually seeing it gave it a new clarity. Gibson, for example, knew that the world didn't have national boundary lines marked on it like a library globe, but he was nonetheless surprised when he saw from space that there were indeed few dividing lines between peoples. "In no way could we on earth, or any group of people, or any country, consider ourselves isolated.... We're really all in this together," he said afterward. There may have been nothing original in this idea, but after Gibson got back he felt that he had a firmer grip on the fact that this was one world than anyone could have who hadn't been into space. Carr, for his part, became concerned about air pollution in a way he never had been before, because when he looked out the wardroom window toward the earth's horizon, where he could see the atmosphere edge-on as a narrow arc, he was startled by how thin it was—like the skin on an apple, he said. "Rather usually, most of the guys come back feeling a little more insignificant," he said after he returned. "They see how big the earth is, and they think how short their stay is upon it, and what a small mark man has made on it. Most of the guys come back with an interest in ecology, for they see how much snow and desert there is, and how hard it is for the people who have to live there. You come back feeling a little more humanitarian." During his mission's in-flight news conference, he told the ground, "People in our line of work—a very technical type of work—are inclined to move along with blinders on. You begin to get so involved with the details of what you're doing . . . that I think you forget to look around you and see what's really going on outside. And I think this mission is going to do me a lot of good, in that I think it's going to increase my awareness of what else is going on."

In the end, even Mission Control recognized that the astronauts had to have time to themselves. "At first, when they had begun asking for time off, I felt it was unwarranted," Hutchinson said when all three Skylab missions were over. "Those guys know how valuable their time up there is. Then I saw we'd done a bad thing by forcing them. I saw they needed time to think about what they were doing and to reëstablish themselves. They were not asking for time to read beddy-



bye stories," he said. "We now see that time off is mandatory. A man has to get mental enjoyment out of something other than his work. We now feel that an astronaut's time off must be inviolate. But we learned a marvellous lesson."

Toward the end of their mission, Carr, Gibson, and Pogue were allowed more time to relax and do what they wanted—which usually meant looking out the window for their own enjoyment rather than for the benefit of the earth-resources scientists. For these occasions, usually late in the evening, they sometimes saved ice cream or cookies from dinner; Pogue wished that he had peanuts and some candy bars. When Skylab was on the dark side of the earth, the sky was full of glows, such as the airglow, the luminous upper layer of the atmosphere, and the noctilucent clouds—cloud decks that the airglow illuminated from above; there were moments when the astronauts felt as though they were sailing over a milky, phosphorescent sea; Pogue wished that he had more film. "A lot of times, we see things we'd like to take pictures of, but we're sort of reluctant to do it, because it's sort of a gee-whiz picture—you know? I'm not saying we should have our *own* film; but have film that's available, you know, so that you can just go ahead and take whatever you want to." Sometimes, if the astronauts looked toward the poles, they could see the spectacular arcs and curtains of the aurora; Skylab seemed to be sailing through a sea of icebergs and rainbows. Most fascinating of all, though, were the stars. The astronauts never tired of looking at them, for above the atmosphere they had a hard, brilliant quality and there were many more of them than were visible with the naked eye from earth, so that it was sometimes difficult to pick out the old familiar constellations. "When you're looking out here, you see the earth as one unit, you see the sun as a star, and you can see all the other stars out there, and you realize that the universe is quite big," Gibson said during the in-flight news conference. "The number of possible combinations that you could have out there which could create life—all this enters your mind and makes it seem very much more likely."

BEFORE Carr turned in—ten o'clock was the usual bedtime—he made a final tour to make sure that all was secure for the night. Even as he turned in, he couldn't be sure that he wouldn't be rousted out of bed be-

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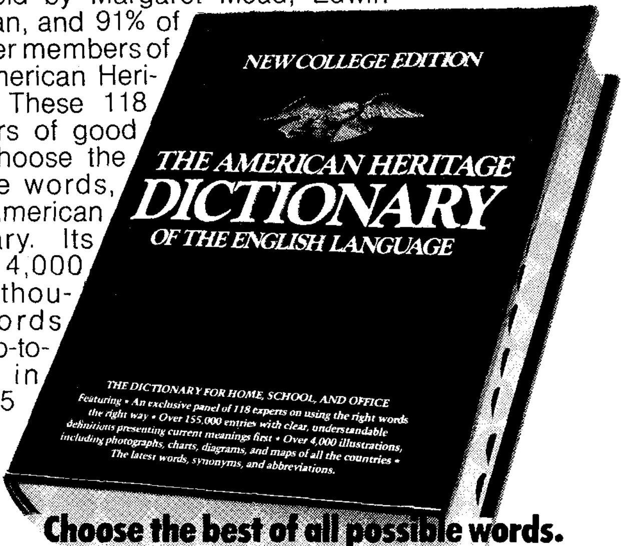
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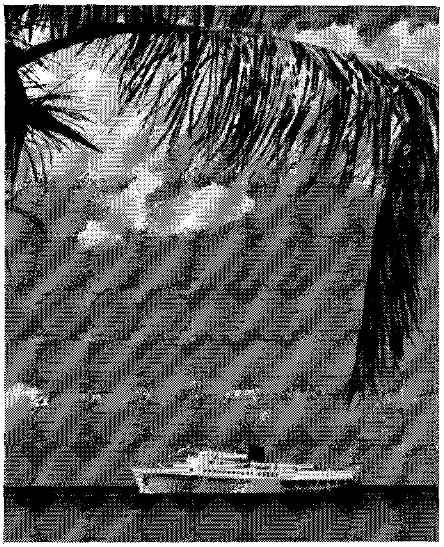
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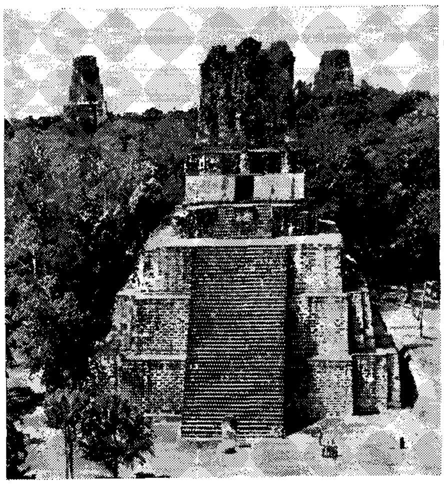
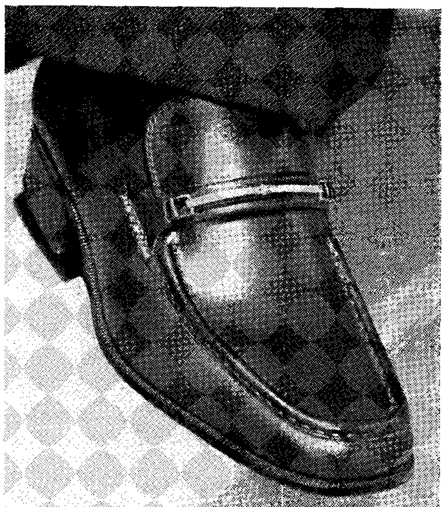


fore morning. There was the flare alarm, at the solar console; a second alarm in case the ground needed to wake them during the night; a third in case of fire; and a fourth in case the workshop was punctured by a meteor—in which event there would be a drop in the space station's air pressure, and the astronauts would have to leap out of bed, find the hole, and, assuming it was small, fix it with a rubber plug, or a patch of the kind used for repairing tires. It was assumed that the hole would be small enough for such measures, and for the astronauts to do the patching job before their atmosphere had run out. As it happened, no noticeable meteors pierced Skylab, and there were no fires. Nevertheless, the astronauts frequently wished that their bedrooms were closer to the command module, their only escape route if anything went seriously wrong, and they urged that bedrooms on future space stations be a good deal less than ninety feet from the exit.

As the astronauts undressed, they pushed their golden-brown shirts and pants into slits in some soft black rubber knobs to moor them for the night. The knobs were none too secure, however, so their clothes were likely to float away, and the next morning a crew member sometimes found his shirt, socks, and pants on the vent screen at the top of the workshop. During the second mission, Lousma had complained that even when his clothes remained fast to their moorings they flapped and tickled his face during the night. He had got so that he rolled them up into a ball and shoved them safely out of the way, in back of his bed. The astronauts' pockets still bulged with pens, penlights, scissors, and other items they had picked up during the day; ever earthbound, they missed a bureau top to lay these objects out on.

The beds, called sleep restraints, were little more than light sleeping bags against the walls. Carr, Gibson, and Pogue leaped into them feetfirst, like genies returning to their bottles; the necks of the bags were a little tight, however, so they had to wriggle to get inside. Sometimes the astronauts were chilly in bed, because the sleeping compartments were ventilated to the point of being drafty, lest, in the absence of convection currents, the men suffocate in the carbon dioxide of their own exhalations while they were asleep. During the second mission, Bean, who had been annoyed because the draft rising from the floor blew up his nose, reversed his bed in order to sleep upside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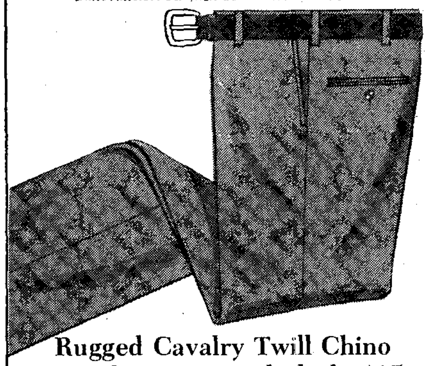

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down. Then the draft blew up under his blanket, which, without gravity to hold it down, ballooned around him; his body was unable to generate enough heat to warm the extra air, so he was cold. He fastened an extra blanket onto his bed with safety pins. He had wanted to sew the blanket on but was unable to find a needle and thread aboard Skylab, and he later urged that all future space stations carry sewing kits.

Before an astronaut turned out his light, he sometimes read in bed a little while. Carr wrote in a diary each evening; he wished that one of the cabinets in front of him could be folded out to make a writing surface. (Much later, when a reporter asked if he could look at the diary, Carr replied, "No way.") Before the men went to sleep, they strapped themselves down, so that they wouldn't float about inside their blankets. They tucked their arms inside, and they even strapped their heads onto their pillows. Aside from the straps, there was no pressure on them, and they felt as comfortable as though they were lying in their own beds at home. "I don't have [the restraints] on tight, just loose—loose enough to feel like I've got something there," Lousma told the A channel during the second mission. "Sometimes I start to sleep on my stomach, or sometimes on my back. I can close my eyes and imagine myself in any position I want to, and position doesn't really matter much." The smoothest way to sleep, of course, was to float absolutely free, without any bed or blankets or restraints whatever. Gibson tried this one night in the upper deck of the workshop, settling himself in thin air, his body gradually assuming the neutral-G crouch as he, quite literally, drifted off to sleep. He was bumped awake every five minutes or so, though, as the air currents wafted him into the walls or onto the ventilation screen.

Comfortable as the astronauts were in their beds, they sometimes had a hard time getting to sleep. Whenever the spacecraft passed from sunlight into darkness or back again—something that happened perhaps a dozen times in their allotted eight hours in bed—the hull banged and popped loudly with the change in temperature, like a tin roof. Conrad complained once that there seemed to be a whole new set of sounds in space. If Skylab's thruster jets fired during the night to correct a drift in the spacecraft's attitude, they sounded like bursts of gunfire. If anyone got up during the night, he invariably woke the others. Garriott, a light sleeper, was often bothered by all the nocturnal

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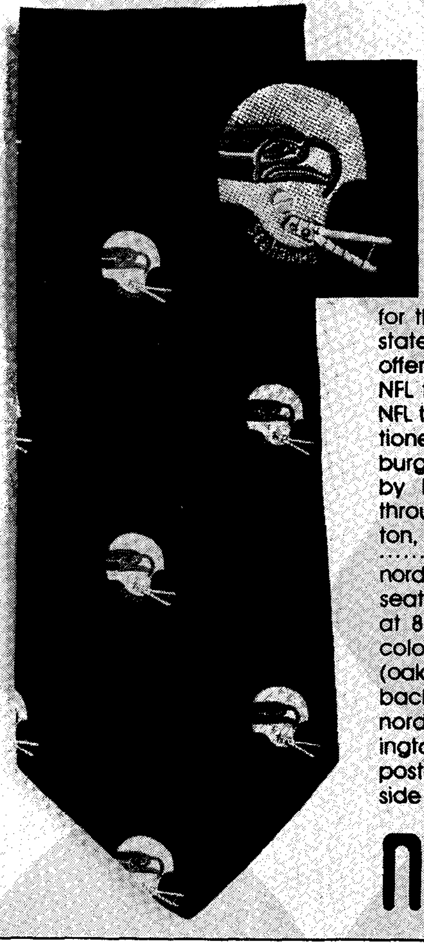

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disturbances. Kerwin and Gibson, however, managed to sleep more soundly than they did on earth. Kerwin didn't remember having any dreams in space, though the engineers on the ground, who kept tabs on the science pilots even while they slept, say that he did.

ON February 8, 1974, the third crew of astronauts fired the thrusters on their command module to push it away from the space station. Pogue said later that the enormous station resembled a piece of jewelry, because out there, where no atmosphere got in the way, every little rivet stood out with gemlike clarity. Skylab still contained a five-month supply of oxygen and a six-week supply of water, and its orbit was such that it would not plunge back into the earth's atmosphere until the early nineteen-eighties. Pogue knew, though, as did the others, that no one would ever again look out the wardroom window as he had done, just watching the earth roll by, with its variety of clouds and shifting color and light, and after he got back he said that this was what he would miss most. In the seat next to Pogue, Gibson, who had the job of delivering a final description of the station, radioed, "It's been a good home." The capsule communicator replied, "Yeah, it sounds like it; you guys occupied it long enough." This was the full extent to which anyone connected with Skylab revealed his feelings about the abandoning of a craft in which nine men had spent a total of a hundred and seventy-one days, circled the world two thousand four hundred and seventy-six times, and travelled seventy million five hundred thousand miles—farther than any men had ever travelled before—about ten times as far as the total distance travelled by all the Apollo crews who went to the moon. Pogue watched the space station as long as he could. When it was so small that he could cover it with his thumb at arm's length, Skylab was apparently listing in relation to the earth, the telescope mount still pointing at the sun but parallel to the ground. Then Pogue's attention was diverted, and he never saw the space station again.

Most of the astronauts left Skylab with mixed feelings. At the end of the first mission, Conrad said, "We had schooled ourselves for twenty-eight days, so we were ready to go home; however, it had been an extremely comfortable home while we'd been there. We sort of hated to leave it, and get back to one G." Although all the Skylab astronauts insisted that they could have stayed there indefinitely, most of them were ready to come home when their tour was up. "I never got tired of looking out the window. I never got tired of zero gravity," Conrad said. "I knew I'd never get back up there, but I was ready to come home." He said that if on the last day the ground had called up and said, "Surprise, you're going to go for another sixty days," he wasn't quite sure how he would have felt.

CONTRARY to the flight surgeons' expectations, it was the first crew whose return to earth and subsequent readaptation were the most difficult. The moment the flight surgeons worried about most was the actual reëntry, for it was then that Conrad, Kerwin, and Weitz would begin to pay the penalty for their adaptation to weightlessness. Deceleration forces are virtually indistinguishable from gravity, and even though the first rocket burn provided a sensation equivalent to only three-quarters of the earth's gravity, Kerwin almost fainted; he began to gray out and get tunnel vision—an inability to see to the side—as a result of the unaccustomed rush of blood to his feet. Weitz, too, experienced some slight tunnel vision, but Conrad had none. Nor did any of the other astronauts gray out during reëntry. Kerwin, who had always felt what he called "bouncy" in space, said later that the episode "surprised the tar out of me." He proved to be in about the worst condition of any of the returning Skylab astronauts, Conrad in about as good condition as any, and Weitz halfway between. The dramatic differences in the conditions of the three men of the first crew coincided with the amount of time they had spent exercising in space. Their principal exercise had been on the contraption called the bicycle ergometer, which had served the dual function of providing exercise and of monitoring various aspects of the astronauts' adaptation to weightlessness. Kerwin, his protestations of bounciness notwithstanding, had put in the least time at it. Doctors frequently fail to pay enough attention to their own health, and Kerwin had proved no exception in this regard. His doctorish failure to look after himself more carefully was helpful scientifically, if not to him, for the discrepancies in the conditions of the three men fortified the flight surgeons' belief that exercise was essential to an astronaut's well-being on long missions, and caused them to recommend that the two later crews spend more time on the bicycle ergometer.

Aboard the U.S.S. Ticonderoga, the aircraft carrier that picked them up, Conrad, Kerwin, and Weitz had to walk from the command module down a red carpet to a medical laboratory, about thirty yards away. As soon as they stood up, they felt faint and dizzy, because of the blood rushing to their feet. When they took their first steps, they felt unusually heavy, as though their arms and legs were made of lead. Conrad wasn't certain that Kerwin could make it. Conrad himself felt better than he had after his eight-day trip around the earth in Gemini 5; he walked down the carpet in a fairly straight line. Weitz wobbled a little; he was walking with his legs far apart, to keep his balance. Kerwin couldn't walk in a straight line at all. One of the flight surgeons who accompanied him characterized his gait as ataxic: he was unable to put one foot in front of the other, and lurched from side to side. Not only were the astronauts unaccustomed to walking, but many of the muscles they used for that purpose—their calf muscles in particular—were very lax, despite the bicycle ergometer. Their legs didn't respond properly. At a post-flight press conference after the second mission, Lousma said, "Somehow, the little sensors in the legs that want to keep you upright and respond to lateral motions just hadn't been exercised in a long time, and they had gotten kind of lazy and hadn't gotten the word that we were back to earth yet; and so if you went into a swerve, you probably stayed in a swerve and ricocheted off the wall, or had somebody catch you." All the astronauts felt as far out of control as they had when they had first arrived in Skylab. Another reason for their stumbling was that tiny stones in their inner ears, called otoliths, which are thought to have an important effect on the sense of balance, were once again influenced by gravity; in space, of course, they had not been, and partly as a result the astronauts' balance mechanism had been thrown off. (Balance is a complicated matter about which not too much is known. Another factor is most likely the semicircular canals in the inner ear, which are filled with fluid; in space, the amount may well change when fluid migrates from the lower to the upper part of an astronaut's body, affecting the sensory inputs to his brain; this situation, of course, should also be reversed with a return to earth.) Conrad, who sometimes thought of his body as a spaceship, said he felt that

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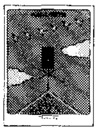

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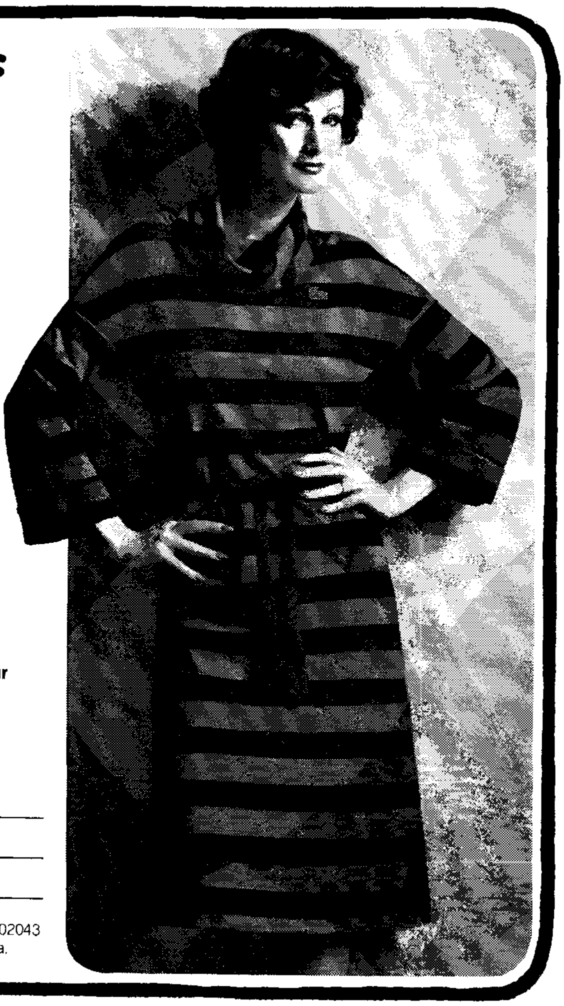

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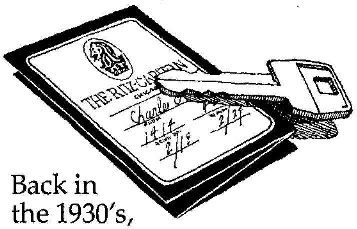

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"my gyros are tumbling"—which is what happens when a gyroscopic guidance system loses its stability. The flashes of dizziness were over quickly, the recovery accompanying the rapid return of the astronauts' liquid balance to normal. The flashes that the first crew experienced after their return lasted about three hours in the case of Conrad, about eight hours in the case of Weitz, and about two days in the case of Kerwin. In spite of these troubles, though, all the Skylab astronauts were in far better condition after their return than the Soviet cosmonauts who after just eighteen days in space in a craft about one-third the size of Skylab had had to be removed from it on stretchers. Conrad thought that the difference probably resulted from the large size of Skylab, which allowed the American astronauts more space to move around in, and even do exercises; he said later that if his actions had been as constricted as those of the Russians aboard their craft, he might well have had to be carried out on a stretcher, too. And, indeed, NASA was prepared for this eventuality.

Once Conrad, Kerwin, and Weitz were inside the medical laboratory, the flight surgeons had them lie down. Pulse readings showed that the astronauts' hearts, which had averaged about ten beats less than normal while they were in space, were now ten to fifteen beats faster than normal. Their systems had been operating at a low speed for so long that their hearts were required to make extra effort to maintain them on earth, where pumping blood was harder. When the astronauts stood up, the change was even more pronounced. The veins in their lower bodies had lost their tone, because in space the blood was more evenly distributed through their whole bodies, so that these veins had not had to exert their normal restraining pressure. Now, as a consequence, more blood pooled at their feet than ordinarily would have, and this meant that their hearts had to pump even harder to get a sufficient supply of blood to their heads. The doctors thought that all three astronauts could black out; once again, Kerwin came closest to doing so. Kerwin threw up shortly afterward, as a result of having drunk a fruit drink in the command module. He sat in a corner looking miserable. Conrad and Weitz were soon feeling well enough to try a bicycle ergometer in the medical laboratory. Conrad's performance was off from his preflight level by ten per cent and Weitz's by fifteen. When Kerwin tried the bicycle ergometer,

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the next day, his performance was off by twenty-five per cent.

Generally, all the trends reversed themselves in about the same order in which they had appeared in space, and over about the same time span. The fluids that had migrated to the astronauts' upper bodies returned to their lower bodies in a day or two. With the fluids no longer pooling about their hearts and giving them false feelings of satiety, the three men retained more of the fluids they drank. As a result, those difficulties that had arisen from the loss of body fluids, such as an unstable electrolyte balance, disappeared quickly, too. By the end of their second day back, the astronauts had regained the liquids they had lost in space—a loss that had accounted for about half their individual weight loss of between four and eight pounds. The other half, which resulted from the loss of muscle tissue, took them two or three weeks to make up. Even so, they regained their strength rapidly. At first, they had felt the weight of the earth's gravity upon them at about twice what it ought to have been; that is, they themselves had felt twice as heavy as usual. But by the second day they felt that they were only one and a half times as heavy, and by the third day they felt that they weighed the right amount. As the astronauts' strength returned, they suffered from sore muscles. The ones that ached the most were, of course, the ones they had used the least in space: in addition to their calves, their lower backs hurt, and so did their neck muscles, which were once again supporting the weight of their heads. Their abdominal muscles, which had got an unaccustomed workout in space whenever they had to force themselves to bend or "sit," ached, too. Six days after the first crew returned to earth, though, they were playing paddleball, and Conrad, at least, could perform almost as well on the bicycle ergometer as he had before he went into space. The astronauts' pulses were still about five beats faster during the ergometer and lower-body negative-pressure tests than they had been before the mission, and didn't return to normal until the middle of the second week, when their hearts presumably regained their preflight strength.

THE second and third crews were in much better condition when they returned, and their recovery was correspondingly faster. The second crew was in markedly better condition than the first, though they had been in space fifty-nine days to the first

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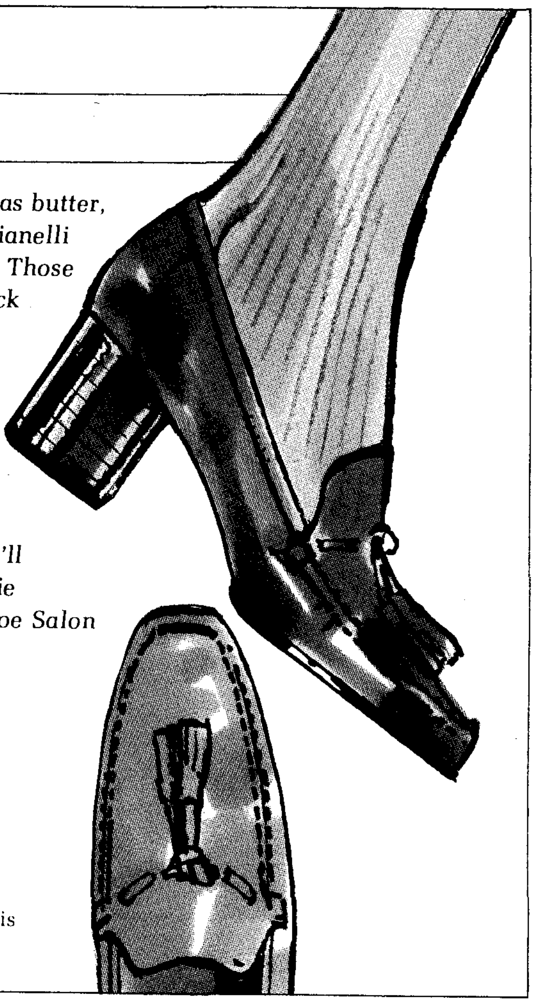
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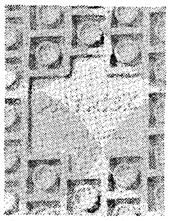

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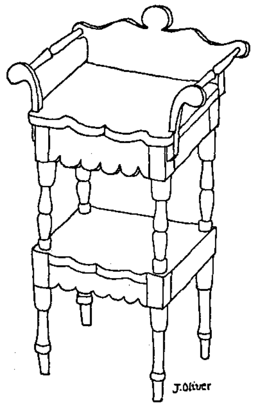
crew's twenty-eight; and the third crew, who had been up eighty-four days, were generally considered to be in the best condition of all. For example, it took the first crew, held back principally by Kerwin but also by Weitz, sixteen days to return to their average preflight level on the ergometer, but the second crew's level was back to normal on the fifth day and the third crew's on the fourth. Other trends followed the same pattern. There was almost nothing about the third crew that would have led an observer to suspect that these men had spent three times as long in space as the first crew; in fact, the observer would have had almost every reason to conclude that the first crew had been there the longest. The second and third crews, of course, had taken more exercise; indeed, the men of the third crew, who had taken the most exercise, recovered so quickly that Dr. Jerry R. Hordinsky, the chief flight surgeon for the third mission, said that by their fifth day back a doctor unfamiliar with them would have had a hard time knowing that they had been in space at all—except for some small clues, such as anemia: one of the last physical features to return to normal was the astronauts' red blood count. Even in this respect, though, the astronauts of the third crew were better off than the others, for after an initial decline they had begun to produce new red blood cells in space.

The medical results of Skylab had not remotely lived up to the predictions, which had been that the crew that was up the longest would be the worst off when it returned. Although the flight surgeons were convinced that exercise was an important factor in a crew's health, and the results seemed to bear out this conviction, they had begun to suspect that physical fitness was not the whole story. They had been concentrating so hard on the amounts of exercise the three crews had taken that Dr. Hordinsky and some of his associates said afterward that they had failed to attach any meaning to a fact that had been jumping out at them all the time: the healthiest crews were the ones that had been in space the longest. The astronauts' condition had deteriorated until sometime between the twentieth and thirtieth day; then it bottomed out. "You throw someone in a new environment and he's apt to have a tough time at first. But if he survives, he will tolerate it, and then begin to improve," Dr. Hordinsky said. "It could be that the crews that were up the longest had the longest time to recover. It might take between three and six weeks for a man to really adapt to space." The flight surgeons were beginning to think that the twenty-eighth day in weightlessness, which was when the first crew was brought back to earth, was also when a crew was at its lowest ebb; if the second and third crews had been brought back then, they felt, those astronauts would have been almost as badly off in spite of their increased exercise; conversely, if the first crew had come back later its condition would have been better.



Although the flight surgeons and everyone else around NASA were overjoyed with this unexpected conclusion, the doctors were by no means ready to clear a man for an open-ended stay in space. The problematic nature of long-term flights is exemplified by the return to earth a short while ago, after fifty days in space, of two Soviet cosmonauts who may initially have hoped to beat the Skylab record. The most NASA would consider, when Skylab was over, was a flight of six or eight months—about twice as long as the third Skylab mission. (There will not be such a flight in the foreseeable future, for NASA has no manned flights planned beyond the space shuttle, which can't stay in space more than thirty days—an awkward duration, if Skylab is any guide.) Doubling was the cautious multiple by which the flight surgeons had always permitted the length of missions to be increased, once a given term in space had been shown to be safe: the Mercury flights had lasted no more than seven days, the Gemini and Apollo flights no more than fourteen days, and the first Skylab flight twenty-eight days, with the second originally scheduled for fifty-six, and only later extended to fifty-nine. There were still too many unknowns to allow a greater increment. Perhaps some of the trends would start up again. Perhaps there were other trends, particularly of a cellular nature, that had not yet been discovered. Perhaps the disturbance of the balance mechanism might reach a point where it was irreparable; even as it was, some of the astronauts inexplicably retained their ability to perform a series of head movements in a revolving chair with relative impunity for up to two months after their return—something they had been able to do in Skylab but never before on the ground. Nor were the flight surgeons altogether happy with what they did know, such as the large quantities of red cells that some of the astronauts had lost—a loss that in Garriott's case reached twenty per cent. And they were edgy about the fact that although all of the astronauts had shown some attenuation of their red blood cells, this had happened to fifty per cent of the red cells of one member of the third crew; though the change didn't seem to harm him, the flight surgeons wished to know more about it.

The chief source of concern to the flight surgeons was that one other trend had not stabilized in space at all: the slow, steady loss of calcium from the astronauts' bones. They continued to lose calcium as long as they were in weightlessness. Aside from the attenuated blood cells, the calcium loss was the only area in which the two later crews were worse off than the first, and it was the loss that took the longest to make itself up after their return. On the average, the calcium loss of the first crewmen was almost imperceptible, but Garriott, of the second crew, and Pogue, of the third, each lost more than seven per cent of the calcium in their heel bones (the greatest calcium loss was seen in the weight-bearing bones of the lower extremities), which indicated an overall loss of about one-half of one per cent of their total bone calcium, not in itself a dangerous amount. However, men who have been in bed—a condition in many respects similar to weightlessness—for nine months have lost as much as forty per cent of their heel-bone calcium, which is a danger sign, and Garriott and Pogue had progressed well along the same curve. A report on the matter submitted to the Skylab Life Sciences Symposium, held at the Space Center six months after the third mission, read, "Capable musculoskeletal function will be threatened during prolonged space flights lasting one and a half years to three years, unless protective measures can be developed." These might involve drugs that would retard the calcium loss, or the selection as astronauts of individuals who were less susceptible to it, but the surest way of controlling the problem on long missions would be to simulate gravity in the spacecraft. Indeed, there were people at the Space Center who thought

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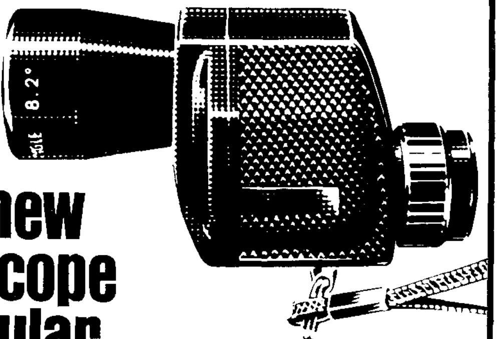

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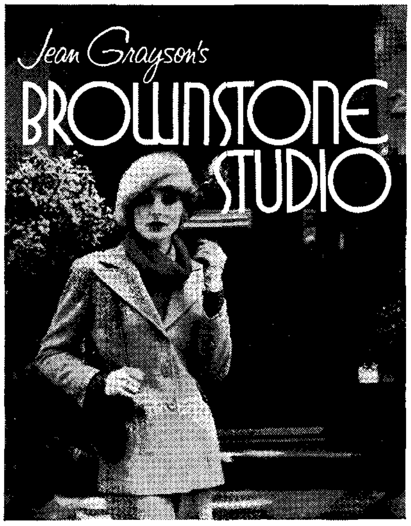

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that this would be the best solution to a number of problems. Pogue, who had thought so while he was in space and was still of that opinion, said, "In the shape I was in when I landed, I could not have walked out onto the surface, of, say, Mars and done good work." The question will be debated around NASA for years to come. Whatever the decision, man has turned out to be a more adaptable creature, and space has turned out to be a more suitable home for him, than any of the flight surgeons had thought, and possibly than anybody had had any right to expect.

After all nine astronauts' bone calcium returned to normal, there was no way a doctor could tell by any clinical test that any of them had ever been in space. Yet as much as six or eight weeks after their return, their wives reported, they stumbled at night in the dark. Evidently, they required a visual clue to the room's vertical, even though their sense of balance had completely returned to normal. And for a while some of the astronauts tried to float things around them, as they had done in the space station. Lousma tried to leave his can of shaving cream hovering in midair one morning. It crashed to the floor. Several months later, he said, "It's hard now to put myself back into Skylab. Sometimes I go over to the Skylab trainer, or sometimes I watch the movies we made, but I cannot re-create what it was like. It's almost impossible to recapture now. I never dream about the Skylab. But I often wish I could go that way again."

—HENRY S. F. COOPER, JR.

(*This is the second part of a two-part article.*)

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During the days of the Great Depression when Earl Hamner, Jr., creator of "The Waltons," was growing up in Nelson County, Virginia, his mother did all of her cooking and baking on a wooden stove. Today she fondly reminisces that a wooden stove is still best.—"*The Walton Family Cookbook*," *by Sylvia Resnick.*

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MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Ithaca* (*N.Y.*) *Journal*]

WEST END, Pa. (AP)—Calvin Carter was watching late news on television when one of his two dogs began barking.

"I looked out the back door and there's this mountain of corn coming toward me," Carter said. "You should have seen it. It made a loud, hissing noise."

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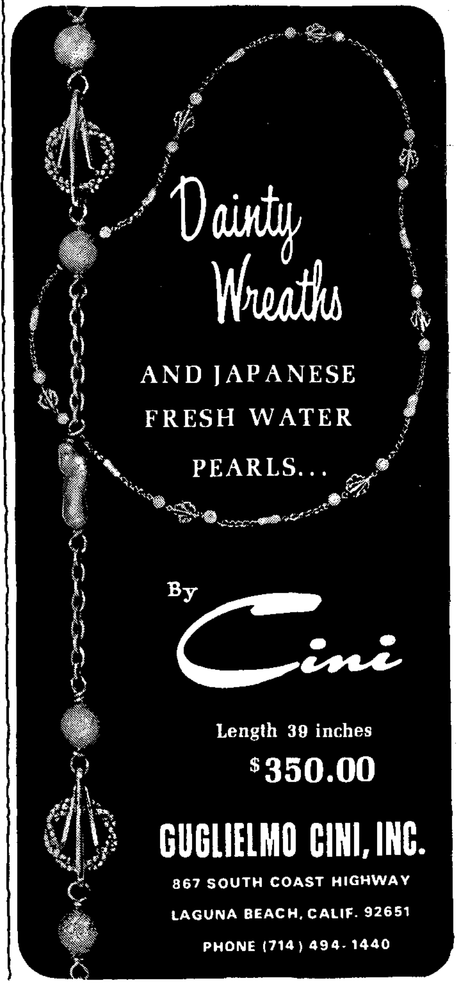

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Work of a Master

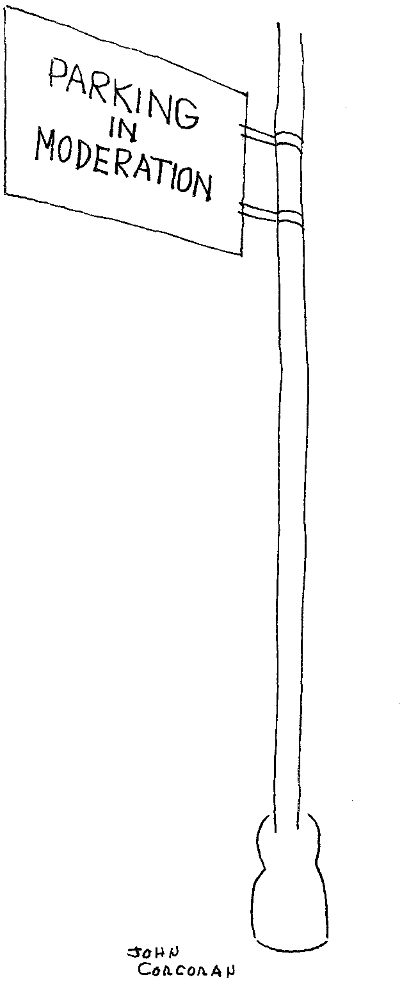
ABEL GANCE, who has been to cinema what Picasso was to painting, was born in Paris in 1889. He is a thin, frail man, housed in a frugal modern Paris flat crowded with books and neatly stacked folders. His study is full of incongruous modern furniture and poor reproductions of antique occasional tables. In these ersatz surroundings, he plans films that have as expansive a vision of the world as his great chronicle of Bonaparte, which he has made in four versions; the latest, made in 1971, will be showing in New York on September 6th.

You might suppose that Gance could at this point give himself a respite. On the contrary, he has written detailed scripts for an epic about Christopher Columbus. The man who discovered America—yet whose name was not given to either of the continents he had led the way to—should be celebrated, Gance strongly feels. He has no doubt that he has the time to do it. "One lives as long as one has things to do that are necessary," the old man said to me a few years ago, he at his piled desk, planning. "It is when one has finished that one dies." His vision of the films he wants to make is a vision of cathedrals. "Cinema will reinforce men's energies, and suppress their twilights," he said. He thinks poorly of modern movies' progress. "Unlike Racine, who says that what one hears is better than what one sees, I believe for myself that the opposite is true. Or can be true. But cinema now is underselling itself. There is woodworm in the timbers. Commercialism. Thin theorizing. The hulk will go down. Film is forgetting the finest words in its vocabulary. One should restore them."

Gance speaks of Columbus as of a friend. "He died poor. I said to myself, 'That's an injustice to be repaid,' considering the struggles he had in Spain in setting out on the endeavor, which, after all, had no visible end. He didn't know that he was going to discover a new world. Or that he would have the misfortune to bring back gold. He endured the political dramas and the travail of navigation. His enterprise embodied an internal ethical drama of total gravity, like Hamlet's. Do you know about his death? A Shakespearean tragedy. And in his own lifetime no one even knew where he was born."

IT took young men from the *Cahiers du Cinéma* group—especially François Truffaut and Jacques Rivette—to recognize this prophet who is still with us. The present glorious version—"Bonaparte and the Revolution"—is described in a Gance subtitle as a "*fresque dramatique en deux époques.*" It provokes thoughts of Griffith and Eisenstein, von Stroheim, Lubitsch, and of the great Romantic painters, and often even of Godard. There is an impression of rush: swift cutting, images crammed with the churning faces of the Revolution. Alternating with them, and so given a tonic poise, there are close-ups, stills, and engravinglike images of grand rooms. No one who has entered filmmaking since Gance has so fully and fluently used the grammar of cinema. "Enthusiasm is the great condition of life," the old man said to me in his apartment, looking with vivacity at the piles of work planned.

THIS splendid feat of intellect, education, and imagery includes, in its 1971 version, which runs four hours and a quarter, some of the best parts of the nearly five-hour 1927 silent version and some of the 1934 sound version (which Gance was able to post-synch without trouble, because he had originally written lines of actual dramatic dialogue for the same actors to mouth in the silent original). There is a third version—a hundred and thirty-five minutes—made in 1955 and called "Napoleon-Bonaparte," which includes one of his four famous 1927 triptychs, anticipating Cinerama by decades. Together with a sequence that was an augury of 3-D, and an insertion in color, three of these triptychs have been lost. But according to Robert A. Harris, an eager American film authority who is working in Rye on what he hopes will be a definitive reconstruction of the 1927 original, one of the great French fanatics among film archivists thinks that he has located two of the missing triptychs. Gance, ahead of his time, used hand-held cameras and, sometimes, cameras strapped to the back of a horse or to a pendulum.



"BONAPARTE AND THE REVOLUTION" begins with Beethoven on the sound track. Gance is interviewed. He speaks of Bonaparte and Talleyrand. There is some mixed footage in sepia, and the famous Gros portrait of Napoleon. Gance has retained the film score by Arthur Honegger. Alexandre Benois was the art director. Albert Dieudonné plays Bonaparte. Antonin Artaud plays Marat. Gance himself plays Saint-Just. We see France in confusion. Foreign invaders, formless republicanism. Bonaparte in a Paris garret, almost twenty, rejected as a military student, demoted because of a silly matter of boots; already alert to the people's misery, made visible on his wall by the shadows of citizens passing in the street—warriors carrying weapons that are a mixture of real arms and farm implements. And then the King, in a panelled room at Versailles. The King hears the populace roaring outside. "Is that the wind?" the blinkered monarch asks a Minister. "No, Sire, it is the Revolution."

Danton, with a violent mass of black hair. Robespierre, the most silky, the most dangerous. Saint-Just, noble-nosed, his hair dressed so that he looks like a High Romantic garden statue. The differences between the men's physical types are striking. They are images of the differences between the men's concepts of the effect that violence will have on the Revolution's course. But, for all the wrangling, there is a hairdresser at work, makin curls while the republican potenta make plots. Danton emerges f a conference chamber to go i meeting hall filled with a bo

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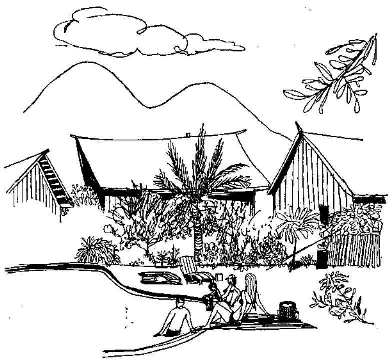

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mob. Wild applause. There is the first performance of Rouget de Lisle's "Marseillaise." Danton seems to sense a rival. His meeting with Rouget de Lisle has the lighting of a painting by one of the French Caravaggesques: it looks like a Georges de La Tour. The King's cannons are fired on the citizens. "The sound of a crown falling," says Camille Desmoulins. We have seen Marie Antoinette sitting in the Assembly; she is still enough of a despot to hide fear, but her eyes move uneasily from side to side, like water in the jugs of a ship in a storm.

The people are taking over. But under whom? We see the King looking back at his possessions as he flees. The populace sacks Versailles, uncomprehendingly destroying what is now its own. Bonaparte is repelled by the lack of order, and probably Gance would agree with him. Brutality has dominion. We see the cut-off ear of a Swiss Guard. The people are made witless and lustful by the lack of a ruling ethic. The seductiveness of rebellion and looting beckons oppressed people into many bordellos of opinion.

BONAPARTE returns to his native Corsica, ordering law without bloodshed. The equivalent of 1792 in France, with its decline of revolution into barbarity, is not to come to his homeland. He will make a new revolution. But the Corsicans treat him as a traitor, feeling themselves to be at least half for England, which is Corsica's proposed ally. "Am I French or English?" says a peasant soldier desperately. "Tear off my uniform and my skin comes off with it." Shouting that "France is the mother of us all," Bonaparte makes a cowboy's leap out of an inn window and takes down the town flag. Its billows dwarf him. The composition is straight out of the French classical baroque. He races for the sea and a boat, and catches the wind with his captured tricolor, which acts as the sail. On the same day, in Paris, Charlotte Corday stabs Marat in his hip bath.

BONAPARTE becomes a general. Chaos still reigns. Royalists and revolutionaries are still arguing for their separate causes. Gance's Bonaparte is on neither side: he makes it clear that he doesn't like the men who have made him a general, but that he feels obliged to take on the role, because France is menaced. In a line here, Gance hits on the key error of the Revolution: the people's mistaken impulse to "name a soldier or a dictator to rid us of these scoundrels." Name a scoundrel-ridder

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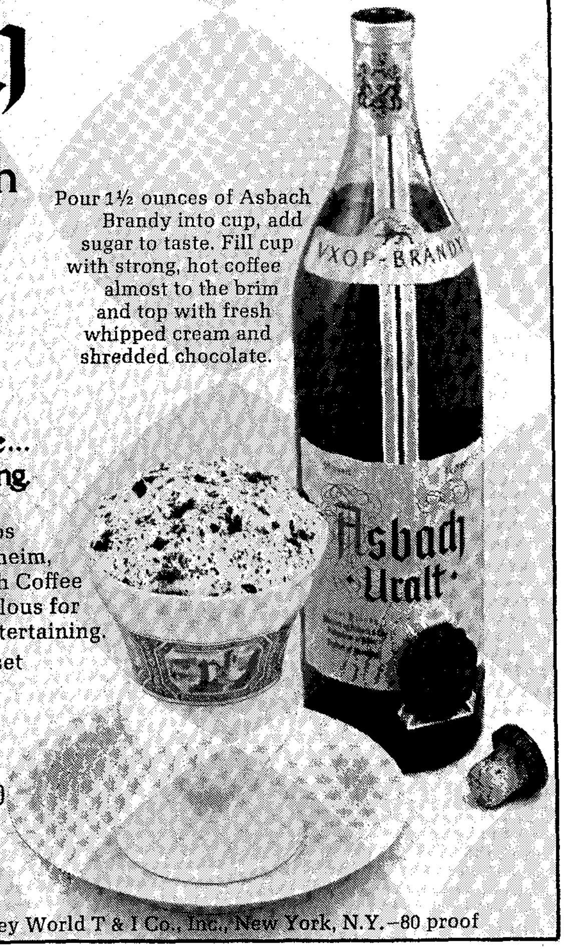
and you are likely to be saddled with a tyrant. The first part of the film ends with a shot of Bonaparte asleep in the sun, covered by flags draped over him by his mesmerized soldiers. Such is the despot's skill: he has made an adoringly patriotic army out of a lot of tired cynics, and he has done it because he possesses a despot's energy.

SECOND epoch. The Assembly. Saint-Just defending the Terror. Closeups of the other, private sort of terror passing over his own face. We see a quill pen writing the death sentence for enemies of the prevailing faction of Revolutionists; Gance makes much use in this film of beautiful writing, often shown upside down, always elegantly illegible, so that calligraphy becomes something as abstract as costume. Bonaparte is imprisoned, is rapidly freed, and even more rapidly falls in love with his Josephine, from Martinique. The sequences about his marriage are a consummation of Gance's humor. Bonaparte is given acting lessons in how to propose to a woman. Then political conferences take precedence. But Josephine arrives, so Bonaparte clears out the men; bungling gallantry, and amused by himself, he kneels on a cushion and speaks his rehearsed lines. Acceptance. Another victory. But he can spare only two days for his honeymoon before he has to win Italy. For the marriage ceremony, his beloved Josephine has not had time to get her birth certificate from Martinique. So she uses her sister's—thereby taking four years off her age, says a narrator. In Bonaparte's case, he borrows his brother's birth certificate and ages by eighteen months. No matter. Get on with it. The two idyllic days seem pictorially to embody everything most glorious in French Impressionism. The couple's love theme on the sound track is "Voi che sapete." When Bonaparte has left, she sings it to herself.

TIME moves. A change in the temper of the period. The dandies and dolls of the post-Revolutionary era, with their fun about a game they call Guillotine, are not suited to the austerity of Bonaparte. Their waste of spirit does not invite him. He needs adversity. Once again, he creates a victorious army out of bedraggled and outnumbered troops. He wins Piedmont. Before the battle, Gance shows us a lost alley cat peering out of a cannon. Why anything is happening no one in the army knows, but the soldiers are ready to die for this great man who barely notices them. The people of



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France have found an emblem in Bonaparte, just as Bonaparte has found an emblem in the eagle, which appears in some of the multilayered images that are one of Gance's great cinematic innovations. While the undersized military philosopher thinks of the globe that he means to make his republic, exhausted soldiers are having to fight in the most hectic, muddy battle scene in any film I know of, apart from the one in Orson Welles' "Falstaff." The young general, sleepless with ambition, has stalked the camp the night before the battle. But, in the military review before that, a little drummer boy without such drive has fallen into his drum with fatigue and fright.

"Our enthusiasm and the 'Marseillaise' make up the difference," Bonaparte has said to his outnumbered troops. Gance's point about Bonaparte is that once he has decided to act, he feels no need to convince the people that he is right: he believes that results vindicate. Bonaparte is "heroic" because of his tenacity and the world breadth of his revolutionary vision. Gance has a subtle sense of the shifts in shame and guilt as the Revolution goes its way. Robespierre is spiritually doomed as soon as he signs his name to Danton's condemnation. When he tries to absolve himself of the sin by making his signature on the death document a miniature of his usual one, he is only compounding the wrong. Gance represents Bonaparte as a genius who achieves his vision without the imbalance of Saint-Just. "Even Marx and Engels spoke of Napoleon with an admiration that might surprise you," Gance said to me. "They seized his republican ideas. The trouble was that events forced him to create European kingdoms so as to get rid of European feudalities. Which was to replace one disaster with another."

THERE is a famous piece of crosscutting in the film, beautifully described in "The Parade's Gone By," by Kevin Brownlow, who has himself worked for years to find lost cans of Gance footage in the Paris flea markets. The crosscutting is between the struggle in the Assembly and Bonaparte's struggle in a storm at sea on his way back from Corsica. Gance devised it in 1927, for the silent version of the film. "I had to find a way to show that he could stay afloat through all the tempests," he told me. "France, too, was in the middle of a whirlwind, nearly submerged." Whenever Bonaparte is onscreen in this sequence, the frame seems to boil with superimpositions. Bonaparte is racing to give matters his

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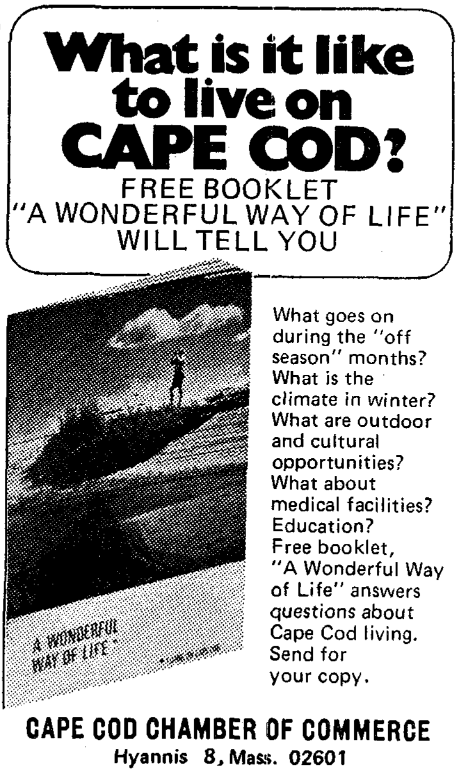

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stamp. He is possessed for the moment by the idea that "we governed by the guillotine those who had the right to be governed by justice." Earlier in the film, we have seen him alone in the Paris Assembly, haunted by the utterances not only of recently executed politicians but also of long-dead men of literature and ideas, who clearly represent to Gance his own colleagues in a life of reading. The phantom of Robespierre says, "If the Revolution does not grow beyond our frontiers, it will die where it is." As Gance puts it in the film, speaking as much for himself as for any past revolutionist, "Happiness is a new idea. Barriers still stand between religions, between ideologies. We should mingle in the rebellion." The juxtaposed combat in the Assembly and storm at sea was suggested by a line of Victor Hugo's: "To be a member of the Assembly was to be like a wave on the ocean." Gance lives with his thinking forebears.

PERHAPS a shot that moves one as much as anything is the prophetic technical courage of a rapid image that uses advertising typography just as Godard does. For all that Gance has already bequeathed to his descendants, his influence has a noble life ahead. His films, technically wondrous, are unique in the cinema in the ideas they excite. They make it obvious to any child that problems of barriers are not fundamental but only didactic. There is some vital lesson in Gance's own performance as Saint-Just: in this version we see Gance, whose life has exceeded film's, in an added silhouette shot taken when he was eighty-one, representing a figure of history who was guillotined at the age of twenty-seven.

In Gance's great earlier film "La Roue" (1922), about a young man and woman falsely brought up as brother and sister, the young man is in love with the girl, who he knows is not his sister, and desperate about her indifference. "She can't see my suffering under the layer of soot," Gance wrote for the character. One thinks of this splendid old man sitting in his small study, showing no sign of the toll taken by the mishandling of his works but conceiving noble new commissions.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

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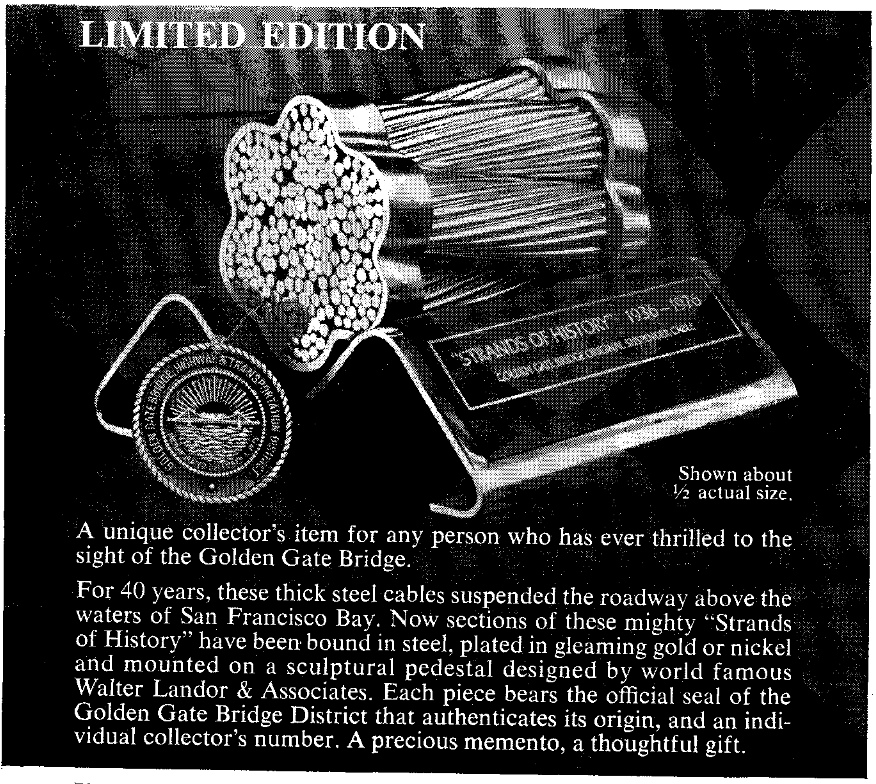
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JUDGE WRIGHT

IT is a not untypical session in the landlord-and-tenant part of the Civil Court of New York. A landlord is pressing for a trial date for an eviction action against a woman tenant, who is seeking an indefinite delay. The landlord's complaint is nonpayment of rent, and the tenant's grievances include a number of housing-code violations in painting and plastering. Legally, this pre-trial hearing is routine; the spectators' section of the courtroom is empty, the court reporter has been excused, and the judge, a trim black man in his fifties with a freshly shaved head, has descended from the bench to sit informally with the plaintiff, the defendant, and their attorneys at the counsel table. He and the defendant-tenant are the only non-whites in the room—a circumstance taken into account by the woman's lawyer, who was retained by a neighborhood anti-poverty organization, and who is well aware that this particular judge has been charged in the press with bias in favor of black and Hispanic defendants. Almost scornfully, the lawyer refuses an offer of compromise from the landlord, and then a further concession; he is holding out for maximum relief—complete rent abatement for his client. As the woman herself looks directly into the eyes of the judge, he abruptly slams his notebook shut and rules for the landlord. "Counsel for the poor must not strain reason," he tells the defendant's lawyer. "Nor must counsel ever play games with Bruce Wright."

Black robe billowing behind him, Judge Bruce McMarion Wright heads for a borrowed two-room suite on the third floor of the Civil Court Building, at 111 Centre Street. Wright's own chambers are in the Criminal Court Building, across the street. Wright was appointed a Criminal Court judge in 1970, but in December of 1974 he was transferred (he prefers the word "banished") to Civil Court, after charges by the press and by the politically powerful police union, the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, that he was racially biassed and that he often released on little or no bail defendants accused of violent crimes. Wright is suing in federal court for reinstatement, charging that the transfer stemmed from improper pressure on city court officials by the state's chief jurist, Charles D. Breitel, of the Court of Appeals. While the case moves through federal court, Wright is trying cases in New York City Civil Court. During the hour-long luncheon recess there now, he is visited by a woman with two children in tow, who knows him only by reputation but wants to ask his advice about challenging a hundred-per-cent rent increase; by a Golden Gloves finalist whom Wright discharged from a shoplifting arrest several years ago; by a law-school student earning credit by researching cases; by three college students, who ask him to speak at a civil-rights rally; and by a man claiming descent from a prominent Virginia family, who proposes that Wright quit the bench in order to run for mayor of Norfolk. "Or maybe Richmond," the man says. "You'd take Richmond faster than Grant."

"Yes, Perkins, what is it?"

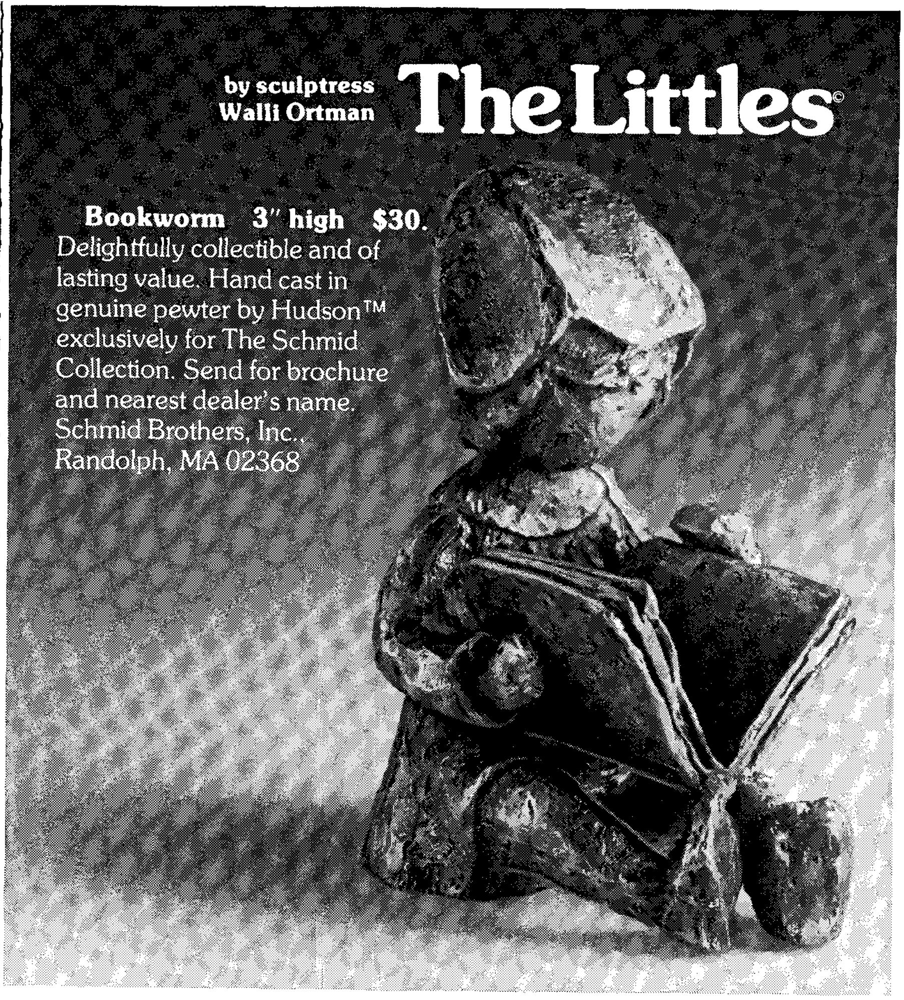
Judge Wright shucks his robe, opens a container of yogurt—his entire lunch—and, in quick succession, tells the woman challenging the rent increase how she can obtain a subpoena for the rent-control records on her building; makes a date to play tennis with the Golden Gloves fighter; tosses an armful of motion papers to the law student, saying, "Decide these, and we'll go over them early next week;" and promises to speak at the civil-rights rally. Only the Virginian leaves disappointed; Wright has no wish to run for office in either Norfolk or Richmond. "If you can elect me mayor of any place," he says wistfully, "couldn't you make it Paris?"

Probably, Wright tells an acquaintance after the departure of his final lunchtime visitor, he has about as much chance of becoming mayor of Paris as he has of winning his suit for reinstatement to the Criminal Court, where his strict-construction approach to the Eighth Amendment ("Excessive bail shall not be required . . .") won him the police-inspired nickname of Cut 'Em Loose Bruce. Unnecessary or excessive bail, Wright holds, is "a primary tool of the white establishment against the black and Hispanic minorities who constitute eighty per cent of the defendants" in the criminal courts. "What really has been banished from that bench," Wright says, "is the sensitivity of a black man, which is something that only those subjected to the lash of Jim Crow can possess—which isn't to say that all black judges [there are now eleven out of ninety-two in the Criminal Court] have it. Unfortunately, not all do." White judges and "some middle-class black judges," Wright feels, "attribute to minority individuals a whole catalogue of experiences and attributes that may not even exist, and they use this assumption to justify bail that amounts to preventive detention for suspects who later turn out to be innocent, or are found guilty only of offenses for which they shouldn't have been sent to jail at all."

Wright says that he began expressing his feelings about race ("Certainly I'm racial, but I deny being a racist") relatively late in life—not fully, in fact, until he went on the bench, six years ago. "My problem when I was young was that I thought everything had to be white," he says. "I consciously suppressed race feelings, and that may explain why I have an ulcer today." It may also explain, at least in part, two other facts about Wright: that he allowed even close members of his family to believe until recently that he had graduated from Yale Law School rather than New York Law School; and that the Martindale-Hubbell Law Directory, which obtains most of its listing information from the lawyers themselves, represents him as a graduate of Fordham University rather than Lincoln University in Pennsylvania, a predominantly black institution, which he attended in the early nineteen-forties. Wright's version of the Yale misunderstanding is that it stemmed from the fact that he acted as a justice on the Yale Law School Moot Court of Appeals for several years in a row. "My mother-in-law-to-be just assumed I was a Yale Law graduate, and inserted the fact in the announcement of my wedding, in 1972, and other newspapers picked it up from that," Wright says. He says that he has no idea where Martindale-Hubbell got its information.

In addition to his legal qualifications—and even the *News*, which often attacks him editorially as "Judge Wrong," described him in 1974 as "an articulate lawyer with a grasp of Constitutional law that few can match"—Wright has attained substantial literary and social recognition. He is, for example, probably the only member of the New York judiciary to have published a volume of poetry—"From the Shaken Tower," which came out in 1944. In 1954, he helped Langston Hughes, the celebrated black author, edit an anthology of Lincoln University poets. More recently, the Judge has restricted himself to writing articles for legal publications, but in one of these, published in the *North Carolina Central Law Journal*, his extralegal citations began with Spinoza and progressed through Edmund Burke, T. S. Eliot, Oscar Wilde, Lewis Carroll, George Bernard Shaw, George Orwell, Sébastien Roch Nicolas Chamfort, George Jackson, Edward Gibbon, Henry Steele Commager, Pablo Neruda, James Madison, Peter De Vries, Catherine D. Bowen, Cyril Connolly, and Shakespeare.

In May of 1975, Wright received the Ethical Humanist Award from the New York Society for Ethical Culture, for "moral courage in the vigorous application of Constitutional principles in pursuit of equal justice under the law," and he was honored a month later at a dinner sponsored by the Second Region of the National Bar Association, the



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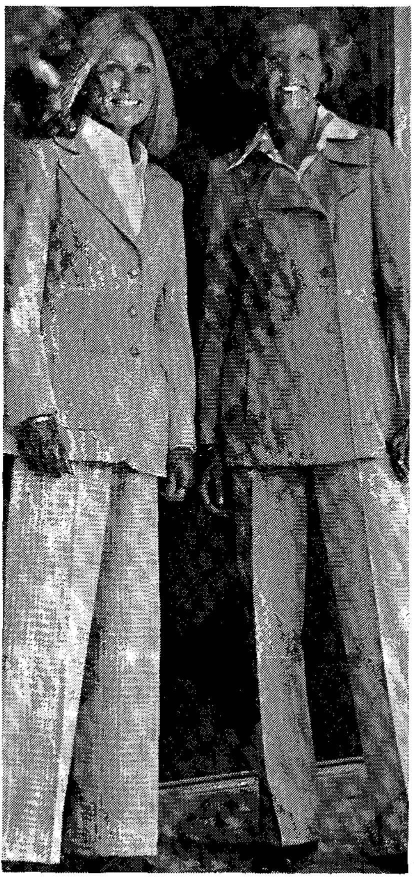

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predominantly black counterpart of the American Bar Association. In his speech acknowledging the latter salute, Wright termed it, not without irony, "extraordinary for such a respectable, Tory, conservative, cautious, gradualist, rational, proper, and moderate organization," and he went on to criticize his hosts and other "middle-class blacks" who "have never been leaders in the civil-rights struggle." Such blacks, Wright said, "are too respectable; too concerned with the stigmata of their imagined success; too infatuated with their status as professionals; too preoccupied with their difference, when compared with the poor urban peasants who live with the roaches and rats."

Several days afterward, Wright said to a friend, "I guess I was a little arrogant in that speech. I have had kind of an élitist arrogance pounded into me simply by the things I've studied and the experiences I have been through. Call it, if you like, the blackening of Bruce Wright."

THE son of a Princeton, New Jersey, baker (and the maternal grandson of an Irishwoman "with a trace of Indian somewhere back in the family"), Wright details his life history almost entirely in terms of its racial aspects, beginning with an experience he had in his teens as a summer-camp worker. "The woman who ran the place hired me as a lifeguard sight unseen," Wright recalls. "When I got there, she was shocked. 'I wasn't told you were colored,' she said. 'We don't allow Negroes to swim in the lake.' " Accordingly, Wright was sent out on the water in a rowboat with instructions to fish out swimmers in distress with a long pole. He lost the job a few days later, when he declined to address the woman's young son, Donald, with what she considered to be sufficient respect. "I'll call him Mr. Donnie when he calls me Mr. Brucie," said Wright, heading off to pack.

When it came time to go to college, in 1936, Wright accepted a track scholarship from Virginia State, a black school, from which he was shortly expelled. "It was for a wise-guy prank. I changed the spelling of a headline in the school paper from 'RELIGION WEEK' to 'RELIGION WEAK.' They didn't think that was very funny down there, and I wound up on the next train north." Starting over, Wright wrote to two then all-white universities, Notre Dame and Princeton, and was candidly discouraged by both on racial grounds. "Princeton University," wrote its dean of admissions, "does not discriminate against any race, creed, or color [but] I cannot conscientiously advise a colored student to apply for admission to Princeton simply because I do not think that he would be happy in this environment. There are no colored students in the University, and a member of your race might feel very much alone." Wright took the hint and went to Lincoln.

In 1942, after he graduated from Lincoln, he was drafted and was assigned for training to Camp Rucker, Alabama, where, he says, "my racial education really began, a few seconds after I asked a major just what he meant by ordering us to 'make those mess kits shine like a nigger's heel.' " Wright completed his basic training without as much as an overnight pass, and was shipped off to a medical outfit in England. While there, awaiting D Day, he struck up an acquaintance in Cardiff with a publisher, who brought out Wright's book of poems. As a medic, Wright went in on the third wave at Normandy, on June 6, 1944. In December of that year, he accepted an offer made to black soldiers to transfer to integrated combat units, although he resented the patronizing tone of the Army notice that announced the offer. "You may now volunteer to fight alongside your white comrades who have borne the brunt of the battle" is the way he recalled it recently, and bitterly. As an infantryman, Wright was wounded twice, in France and in Germany, and participated in the liberation of Nordhausen Concentration Camp ("I thought I knew all about prejudice till I saw that," he says). And then, after V-E Day, he and the other blacks in his outfit were ordered to join a segregated engineering unit. "I said the hell with it and went over the hill to Paris, where I ran across Léopold Senghor, who is now the President of Senegal. At that time, he was professor of African languages and civilization at the École Nationale de la France d'Outre-mer, in Paris, and he took an interest in my writing. He took me out for my first real French-restaurant meal, and we've been friends ever since." Several weeks later, the military police caught up with Wright, and he was marched onto a troopship, returned to New York, and discharged—honorably—in time to enter New York Law School in 1946.

While attending classes at night, Wright supported himself with a number of jobs, ending up, in his senior year, doing clerical work at the prominent law firm of Proskauer Rose Goetz &

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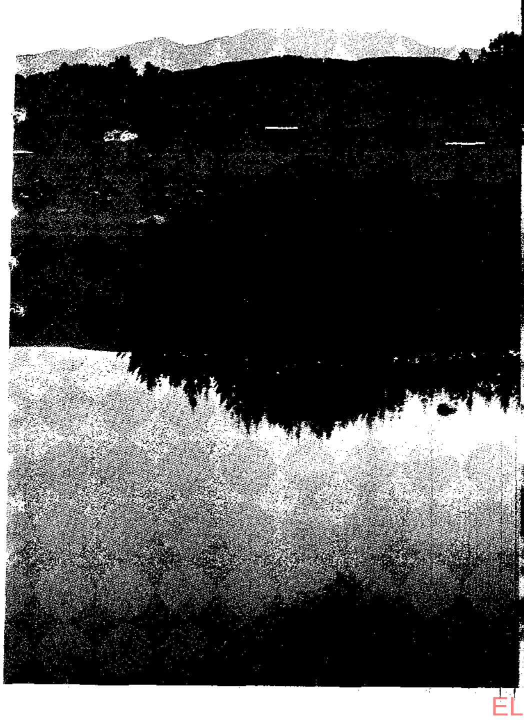

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Mendelsohn. After passing the bar examination in 1950, he approached the firm's managing partner about his prospects of staying on and eventually becoming a partner. "He sighed and took me out to the Lawyers Club and gave me an expensive lunch, and there he told me that under no circumstances could I get into the partnership," Wright said recently. "The other members, he said, just weren't ready for it." Disappointed but not very much surprised, Wright moved out of Proskauer and into the first of a succession of black firms. As a lawyer, he specialized in appeals and estates, but, he says, "a few civil-rights cases came along." In 1952, he won a six-hundred-dollar judgment from the Pierre Hotel, which had refused banquet accommodations to the Urban League Guild and had subsequently leased them to a white organization, and the following year he argued successfully for the restoration of a Police Department candidate to the civil-service eligibility list, from which he had been stricken for signing a nominating petition for a Communist Party member.

These and other successes won Wright a place on the board of directors of the New York Urban League, and he participated in that organization's negotiations to achieve equal-employment opportunities for blacks in major American firms until 1958, when he resigned with a published letter of protest. "What happened there," Wright says, "was that the Urban League had on its board many prominent white lawyers, and several leaders of the Harlem Lawyers Association asked me to see what I could do about inducing some of these people to hire and take into their firms more black lawyers. I didn't see any problem about it when I wrote my fellow board members, but the responses—the few I got—were so pusillanimous that I decided I didn't want to be associated with that crowd anymore."

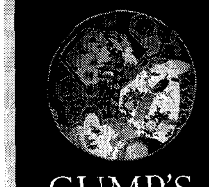
Wright's marital record, as he ruefully admits, has also been turbulent. Divorced in 1959 by his first wife, Constance, the mother of his two older sons (she is now the assistant principal of Fiorello H. LaGuardia Elementary School in Manhattan), he was remarried that year to a lawyer, Yvette Taylor, who was his partner until her death, in 1966. Remarried twice subsequently, Wright is now separated from his fourth wife, Alyce, who is a professor of black studies at Fordham University and is the mother of his two younger sons.

In the early nineteen-sixties, Wright expanded his law practice into international fields. For a time, he represented his old friend Senghor's interests in the United States, and then he got into trade negotiations that took him to Paris for several months a year. He enjoyed the work—and the travel—but in 1967 he gave up his law practice for a post as assistant administrator for legal affairs of the city Human Resources Administration. "I let John Lindsay's headhunters dragoon me into public service," Wright says. "Besides, Percy Sutton [the borough president of Manhattan] told me this was the best route to becoming a judge." Three years later, under the sponsorship of Sutton and others, he was appointed to the Criminal Court.

IN New York, the Criminal Court is limited to trying misdemeanor and violation cases, and to imposing sentences of no longer than a year. After a hearing, more important cases, involving felonies, are forwarded to grand juries and the Supreme Court. In all cases, however, it is the Criminal Court judge who fixes the amount of bail—or grants the defendant "parole," which is the term used by judges for "release on defendant's own recognizance"—until the charges are adjudicated. The criteria for this decision are set down in the New York State Criminal Procedure Law as:

I. The principal's character, reputation, habits and mental condition.
II. His employment and financial resources.
III. His family ties and the length of his residence, if any, in the community.
IV. His criminal record, if any.
V. His previous record, if any, in responding to court appearances when required, or with respect to flight to avoid criminal prosecution.
VI. . . . The weight of the evidence against him in the pending criminal action and any other factor indicating probability or improbability of conviction . . .
VII. . . . The sentence which may be . . . imposed upon conviction.

Resolving the bail/parole question on the often inauspicious premises of the arraignment parts of the Criminal Court can be, Wright maintains, "a guessing game"—particularly in major felony cases, in which district attorneys are often reluctant to disclose to defendants and their lawyers so early in the prosecution the evidence called for in Paragraph VI, which would provide the judge with an indication of "the probability or improbability of conviction." Without this evidence, Wright says, he was reluctant to set aside the legal presumption of innocence, and when defendants had family or community ties and had responded to prior



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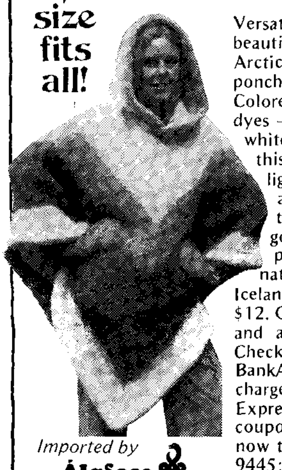

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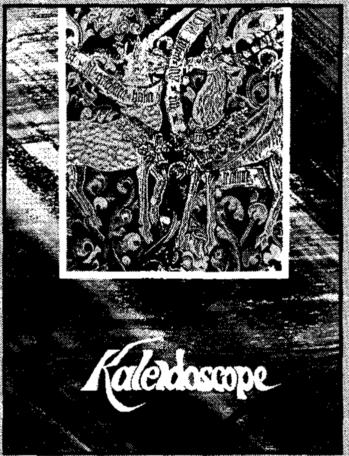

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court warrants, he admittedly leaned toward parole or, at the maximum, bail that the defendant could furnish. "You'd be surprised how many judges sit up there and ask defendants how much bail they can make, and when they find out they deliberately set it higher," he says. "If I ask a guy how much he can afford, I set bail at that amount."

It took Wright only a little more than eighteen months on the bench to receive his first notice in a *News* editorial. Entitled "Shocked," the editorial followed Wright's decision, in October, 1971, to parole a Bronx man who was charged with attempted murder for allegedly shooting at a man he had found in the apartment of his estranged wife. Testimony at the hearing brought out the fact that the defendant had been paroled only the day before by Wright to await trial on charges of petty larceny, robbery, and attempted assault. In addition, his police record showed three earlier arrests (but no convictions) involving crimes of violence. The *News* was not alone in its outrage. The assistant district attorney who was prosecuting the man on the attempted-murder charge announced for the record that he would forward the minutes of the proceeding to the Bronx District Attorney, and was thereupon accused by Wright of racism. "I am tired of the John Birch Society trying to put Puerto Ricans and Negroes in jail," the Judge concluded. "I think you are picking on this defendant."

"The People take objection," the assistant district attorney said.

"You may take an objection," Wright replied. "All white people object to me. I don't care."

Officially, Bronx District Attorney Burton Roberts (he is now a Supreme Court Justice), who had recommended to Mayor Lindsay Wright's nomination to the bench, took no action. However, the press was alerted to the fact that at a previous session Wright had set what appeared to be a Criminal Court record for leniency by requiring bail from only two of thirty-seven defendants brought before him, releasing thirty prisoners on parole, and dismissing charges against five. The *Times* found City Administrative Judge David Ross outwardly unperturbed about this. Bruce Wright is "a darn good judge—he's well versed in the law," the senior jurist was quoted as saying. "I sent him up there, and he's done beautifully."

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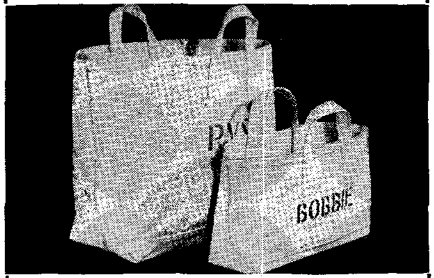

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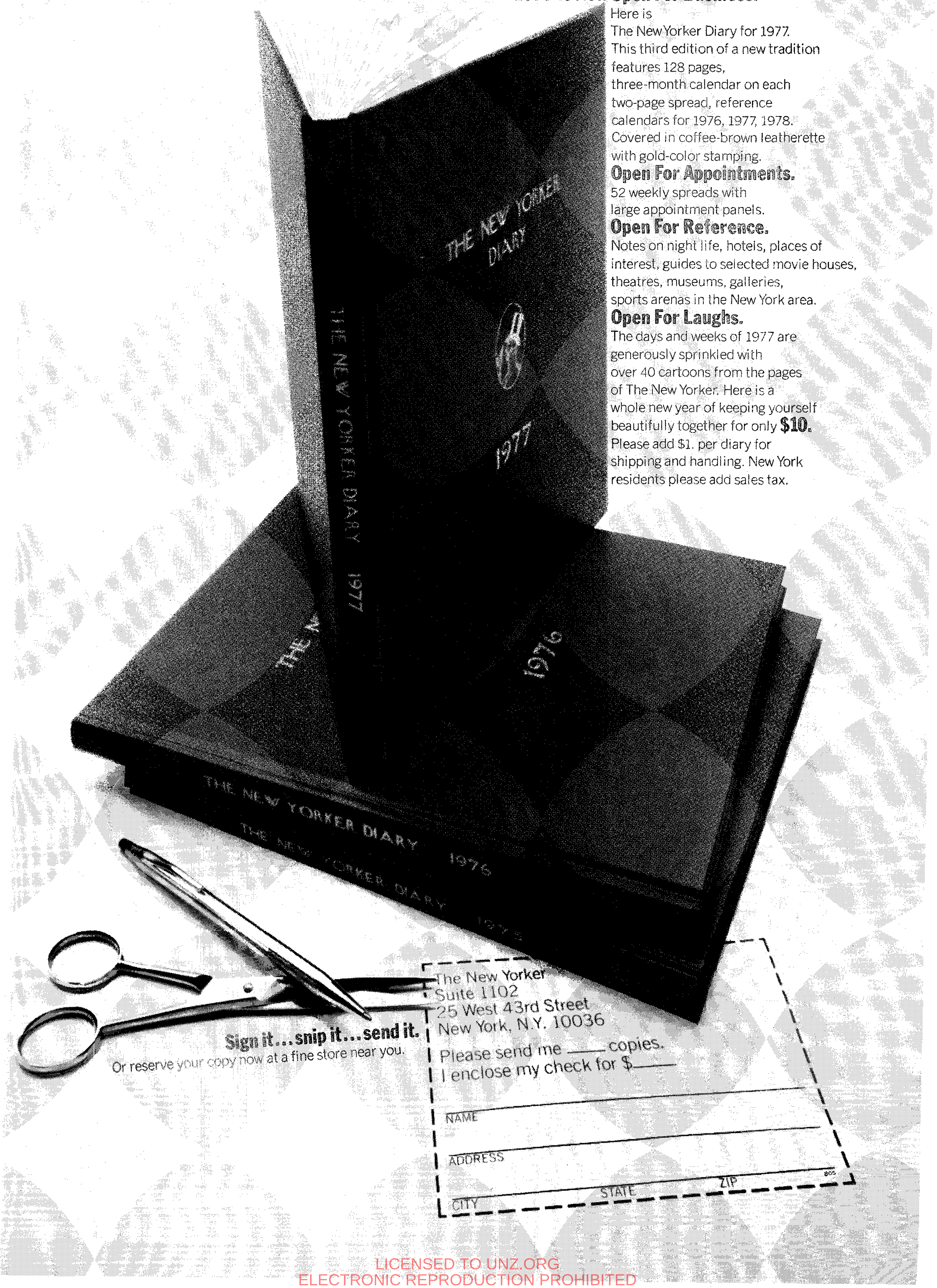
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to black and Hispanic defendants, his most strongly protested ruling freed a white man, who was accused of attempted murder, robbery, assault, and possession of a dangerous weapon, after a restaurant holdup in which a police officer was wounded. At the first hearing of this case, on December 24, 1972, Wright ascertained that the defendant (who maintained that the case was one of mistaken identity) was the proprietor of an auto-driving school and owned a home in Queens, and he set bond at five thousand dollars, with a cash alternative of five hundred dollars, which was paid. In addition to expressing their outrage, the Manhattan prosecutors went to the unusual extent of returning to the Criminal Court on Christmas morning and presenting the case to another judge. He revoked the bail and ordered the defendant rearrested and brought back to court, but, by the luck of holiday assignments, the man wound up once more before Wright, who again released him. “Bail,” Wright said, “is not a game of money to be won only by the rich, and we are not in this jurisdiction committed or devoted to preventive detention, not in any court where I sit. . . . No bail is necessary where a defendant's roots in the community are such that it appears he will be available for the trial of his matter. This is especially true where no suggestion is made at the time of arraignment that this defendant seems likely to flee the jurisdiction or to do anyone harm. We do well to be wary of convicting without trial.”

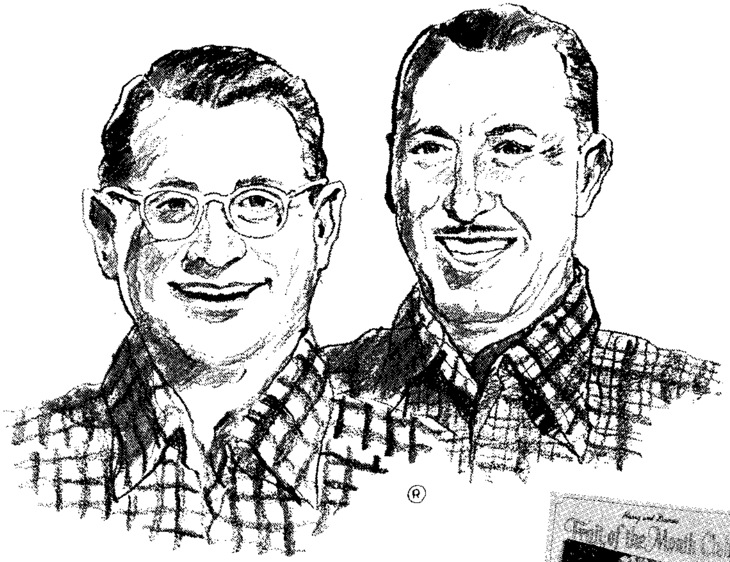
“This is not the first time Judge Wright has used his position to promote his own peculiar notions of how bail should be administered,” the *News* editorialized, this time with considerable backing. Police Commissioner Patrick V. Murphy called the bail “a disgrace,” and even Mayor Lindsay, who bore the ultimate responsibility for appointing Wright, described himself as “dismayed” by what he called “judicial insensitivity,” adding that “the perpetrator was a cold-blooded gunman if there ever was one.” It took a higher-court judge, Harold A. Stevens, of the Appellate Division's First Department, which includes Manhattan, to point out that this particular defendant had not yet been shown to be guilty of anything, and that the purpose of bail “is not to punish but assure the appearance of a man in court at the required time.” Ultimately, the defendant was indicted, rearraigned in twenty-five thousand dollars’ bond (which he was also able to post), tried, and found guilty of assault and robbery—but not of the attempted-murder charge, which had been the basis of the higher bail demanded by the prosecutors.

In 1973, other cases kept Wright in the headlines. In June, he dismissed charges against a Black Muslim newspaper seller accused of attempting a karate assault on six policemen who were trying to arrest him for shouting “Pig!” at them. “Sticks and stones could break your bones, but names can never hurt you,” Wright advised the officers. Two months later, on an evening when there was a delay in the fingerprint procedure, Wright went ahead and paroled, without objection from the prosecution, a young man accused of shoplifting fifty dollars’ worth of record albums. When the fingerprint sheets did arrive, they revealed the fact that the defendant was an escapee from a South Carolina prison, where he had been serving a five-to-fifteen-year sentence for selling heroin. Robert McKiernan, president of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association at that time, thereupon formally requested of the Appellate Division that Wright be “drummed off the bench.” The request was ignored. In December, Wright paroled a defendant with an extensive criminal record who was accused of beating a man to death in a fistfight. “If I were walking down the street,” someone in the Manhattan District Attorney's office told the *Times*, “I'd be just petrified knowing this man was on the loose.” By the time the case cleared a grand jury, however, the charge had been reduced to simple assault, and eventually the defendant was exonerated at trial.

In October, 1974, Charles D. Breitel, the Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals, the state's highest tribunal, spoke to city and state court officials about removing Wright from the Criminal Court. They counselled against it at that time, but two months later City Administrative Judge Ross announced that he was transferring Wright to Civil Court as part of what was to be the first step (to date there have been no further ones) in a program of rotating Civil Court, Criminal Court, and Family Court judges. “Justice has triumphed,” a Patrolmen's Benevolent Association spokesman said. The eight other judges affected by this “rotation” took their new assignments without protest—though one complained privately, “Just because they're mad at Wright, they didn't have to take it out on me"—but not Wright. "My career is ruined, it's finished, it's a shambles. I'm nothing," he told a reporter before walking down Centre Street to the Federal District Courthouse, on Foley Square, to file a five-hundred-thousand-dollar damage suit against thirteen defendants, including the P.B.A., and to ask for reinstatement. Federal District Judge Charles Metzner found a "lack of merit" in six of Wright's seven formal claims, most notably his charge of "harassment" by the P.B.A. Just as Wright "has the right to criticize the police, so they have the right to criticize his decisions and rulings," Judge Metzner found. "A judge's actions are no less open to public scrutiny and comment than those of any other public official." The federal court did, however, accept for trial Wright's claim that his transfer was a result of prejudice, but so far no trial date has been set.

In June, 1975, Wright was himself a respondent, in proceedings of the Appellate Division's Judiciary Relations Committee, which looked into allegations of judicial misconduct in four of his past cases and voted to take no action in three of them. In the fourth, the committee formally voted an admonition. It was a case in which Wright harshly lectured a patrolman for "a gross misuse of police power" because the officer was reported to have searched a defendant at gunpoint outside Wright's courtroom after the man was released with a fine for a motor-vehicles offense. Wright had brought the issue of race into the proceedings by saying, "There have been too many black people killed in this city by policemen," and he was admonished for that and for rebuking the officer without letting him tell his side of the story.

The most extensive probe of Wright's record was conducted by a committee of the New York City Bar Association, and in April, 1975, the committee declared that Wright's transfer was "a serious threat of encroachment on the independence of the judiciary." The bar panel evaluated Wright's performance on the bench as "decidedly better than average, although there is evidence that on occasion he has made gratuitous and inappropriate comments on racial matters from the bench." Wright's bail policy, it held, "is supported by the New York statute, its legislative history, and substantial legal precedent." The report concluded that "in view of the unwarranted, unique, and extensive public criticism of Judge Wright,



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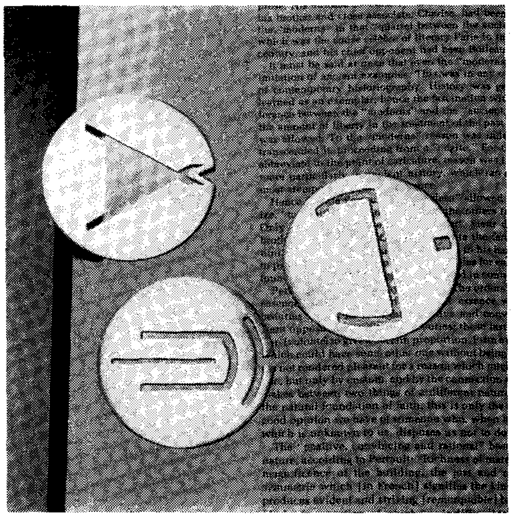

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particularly as to his bail decisions, an unexplained transfer effected during the period of such criticism gave the appearance of an encroachment on the independence of the judiciary, and, therefore, constituted an error in judgment by those who made the transfer, which can only be corrected by the immediate return of Judge Wright to the Criminal Court."

PENDING that return (and Wright says he doesn't see "a ghost of a chance of its coming to pass" before his term ends, in December of 1979), former Criminal Court Judge Bruce Wright is becoming, by his own description, "a well-rounded lawyer" in Civil Court. One measure of his effectiveness in his new assignment is that a recent decision of his, in a repossession case, was reprinted in the *New York Law Journal.* Another measure of effectiveness is a judge's case backlog—in Civil Court, the number of motions already heard and awaiting a ruling. Wright's backlog, as high as six hundred and fifty last September, has by now been reduced to approximately twenty. To catch up on these, and to keep current on the dozen or so new motions he receives every court day, Wright spends most of his evenings at home, a studio apartment on West Eighty-second Street, typing out rulings on an electric typewriter. It is not uninteresting work, the Judge maintains, but, at best, it seems to him less rewarding and important than ruling on the Eighth Amendment bail/parole questions that propelled him to such prominence two years ago. Although he sometimes feels "far removed" from that issue these days, he was reminded of it one evening recently when he stepped out into Centre Street without checking for traffic, and then jumped back when he heard a squeal of brakes. A truck slammed to a stop in front of him, and Wright braced himself for an argument. Then he saw the driver jump from his cab with his hand out. "You don't remember me, Judge," he said, "but a few years ago you gave me a break. I'm holding a job now and supporting a family, and I thought you'd want to know."

—FRED C. SHAPIRO

•

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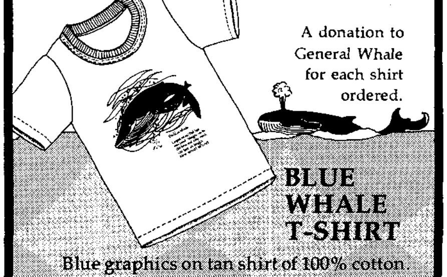

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THE RACE TRACK

Bye-Bye Saratoga

Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney may or may not have the best two-year-old colt of 1976 in Banquet Table—the season still has months to run—but the son of Round Table completed a notable double for him on the final day of racing at Saratoga Springs last Saturday. Running even more impressively than he had in the Saratoga Special earlier in the meeting, Banquet Table won the Hopeful Stakes, again beating Turn of Coin, this time by a length. It was the second time one of Mr. Whitney's horses had brought off this double. Back in 1935, his Red Rain ran a dead heat in the Special with the Coldstream Stud's Coldstream and then went on to win the Hopeful from a big field. About a dozen top two-year-olds, some of them famous, have won both of these events, which are two of the most important races at the meeting. It appeared on the tube that Banquet Table was always in a good position in the early running, and, after taking the lead two furlongs out, he withstood the challenge of Turn of Coin easily. Something named P. R. Man was third, six lengths behind. The time for the six and a half furlongs was 1:16⅕. Banquet Table's share of the purse was $51,345. Winner of his first start at Belmont early in May, he also won the Great American Stakes, finished second in the Youthful, and was unplaced in the Tremont. I would guess that his next start will be in the Futurity at Belmont on September 11th. Although a heavy overnight rain had dampened everything pretty badly, a crowd of 23,595 came out for the Hopeful. (The attendance for the meeting as a whole was a healthy 440,453, and the total handle—$42,049,793—set a new record. The old one of $40,444,871 was set just last year.)

The day before, the going was fast, and Mrs. Warren, the filly who won the Schuylerville Stakes on opening day, rolled up the series for two-year-old fillies by winning the Spinaway by three lengths. Exerene, who had won by ten lengths in her last start at Monmouth, was second, a half a length in front of Sensational, who was coupled in the betting with the winner. Earlier in the week, the Rokeby Stable's Glowing Tribute, winner of the first division of the Sheepshead Bay Handicap at Aqueduct last month, easily took the Diana Handicap at nine furlongs over the grass course at the Spa. The big, handsome daughter of Graustark led all the way to beat Fleet Victress, who had won the second division of the Sheepshead Bay. Nijana was third.

The Rokeby Stable had bad luck with Ivory Wand in the Delaware Oaks at Delaware Park, the day before the Diana. It seems that one of the track's fire engines tore off to answer what turned out to be a false alarm while Ivory Wand was in the starting gate, and the noise frightened her so badly that she became unmanageable and had to be scratched. That wasn't all that happened in the Oaks. After TV Vixen and Pacific Princess finished a nose apart at the end of a dingdong drive down the stretch, Maple, who rode the latter, lodged an objection, after which the stewards ordered Pacific Princess placed first and TV Vixen second.

Colonel Martingale was delighted to see the Fall Highweight Handicap back in its old place on the opening-day program at Belmont Park.

—Audax Minor

•

14. U.S.—Japan Seminar on Fuzzy Sets and Their Applications, University of California, Berkeley 1974. *Fuzzy sets and their applications to cognitive and decision processes.* Edited by Lotfi A. Zadeh et al. NY: Academic Press, 1975. 496 p. $16. 75–15772. ISBN 0–12–775260–9.

Contents: Calculus of fuzzy reactions. Fuzzy programs and their execution. Fuzzy graphs. Fuzziness in informative logics. Fuzzy relations, Fuzzy graphs, and their applications. Conditional fuzzy measures and their applications. Fuzzy topology. Interpretation and execution of fuzzy programs. On risk and decision making in a fuzzy environment. An axiomatic approach to rational decision making in a fuzzy environment. Decision-making and its goal in a fuzzy environment. Recognition of fuzzy languages. On the description of fuzzy meaning of context-free language. Fractionally fuzzy grammars with application to pattern recognition. Toward integrated cognitive systems, which *must* make fuzzy decisions about fuzzy problems. Applications of fuzzy sets in psychology. Experimental approach to fuzzy simulation of memorizing, forgetting and inference process. On fuzzy robot planning. An approach to pattern recognition and associative memories using fuzzy logic.—*New Technical Books, Vol. 61, No. 1.*

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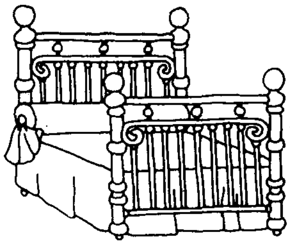

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BOOKS

Stories and Voices

IN the early nineteen-seventies, the United States Army Corps of Engineers set about constructing yet another of its dams, to restrain Caesars Creek, a tributary of the Little Miami River. This project required the sacrifice of the two-century-old Ohio farming village of New Burlington, which was south of Dayton and just north of Cincinnati; the town occupied the site of the reservoir that would be created by the dam's construction. During the sad and final year in the life of this Midwestern rural community, John Baskin, a young writer and woodcutter, lived in it, in an abandoned farmhouse, and came to know its inhabitants. Mr. Baskin, who had recently graduated from Mars Hill College, in North Carolina's western mountain country, is himself the son of farming people. He has turned the experience he had in New Burlington into an excellent book—"New Burlington: The Life and Death of an American Village" (Norton)—which is hard to classify. It is certainly not a study by a social scientist; the author has no interest in conducting interviews, accumulating data, and coming forth with "findings." In fact, in his brief but lively introduction Mr. Baskin refers to the "bleak treatises" of sociologists and says that he wants no part of them.

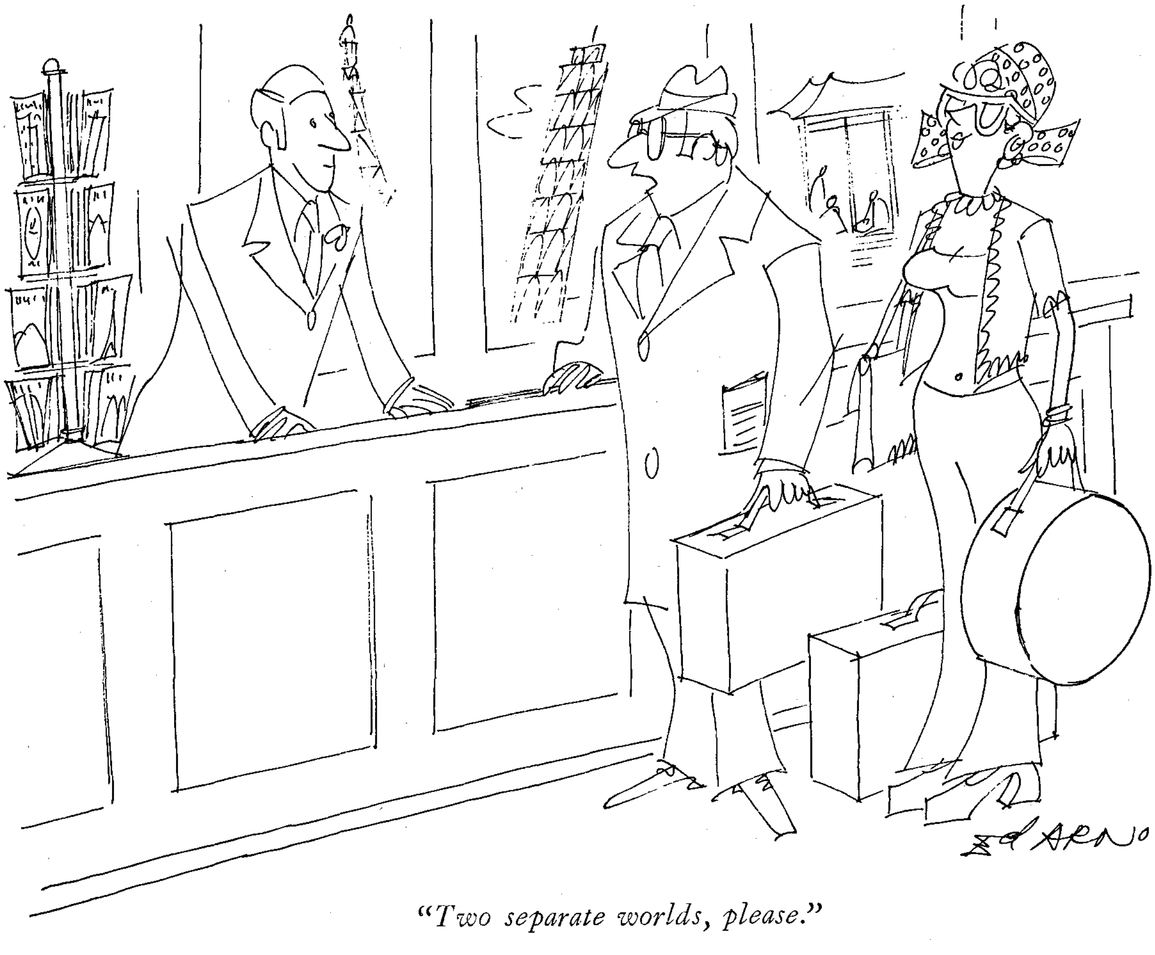
Instead, he simply wants to describe a scene that he has witnessed. He wants to set down the words he has heard—to tell us what the people of New Burlington have to say about themselves and their lives. He realizes that these people have managed to gain access to us only through him—the wanderer, the listener, the visitor—so he begins the book with an account of the "accidents" of his life that led to his encounter with the dying town. Soon after he arrived, he learned from the villagers that before long they would be gone. Their children and grandchildren would be water-skiing over their cornfields, some of which were nearly as old as the nation itself. "Full of complaint," the author says, describing his reaction to the news he heard, "I thought . . . I would *restore* New Burlington." He would do so, he hoped, by writing something that breathed life into the statistics and the abstract reports on the village that the Corps of Engineers had relied upon in making its decision about the dam. He would try to write what he calls at one point the town's "obituary." Before "the world (engineers) crashes in to obliterate the past (the village)," Mr. Baskin tells us, he wanted to take notice, to give us "a book of stories and voices in which the characters ponder some of their time on earth." In this respect, he says, he "perceived New Burlington as a *gift*." The book, too, is a gift: it is an excellent social history, strong on personal statement and deliberately weak on what the author calls "noise" and "messages."

A prologue tells us, on a rather broad temporal scale, about the town's origins:

> New Burlington, Ohio, in the Paleozoic Era was very largely limestone, at the bottom of the sea. Later the ice came, so heavy it depressed the spine of the continent and after the ice, cranberry bogs prepared the ground for the great hardwood forests.

Some fifteen thousand years ago, the Indians found their way to this land. After the arrival of white men, it became known first as the Northwest Territory and then, in 1803, as the State of Ohio. The whites made their way west in increasing numbers. The Indians retired farther west. Settlements like New Burlington grew. A decade or so after the Civil War, Mr. Baskin tells us, the town consisted of "one sawmill, two churches, one school, one hotel, three groceries, one wagon shop, two dry goods stores, two doctors, one carpenter, one cobbler, one undertaker, three blacksmiths, and one chicken thief. Population: 275. Real estate: $16,281."

Nearly a century later, in 1973, just before the moment of extinction, the town had not grown very much. Its single street offered farmers a brief, intimate, tidy stretch of stores and churches. These farmers, along with the people who healed them, ministered to them, and taught their children, were those in whom Mr.



"Two separate worlds, please."

Baskin was most interested. Their lives unfold in all their strangeness, banality, drama, and dreariness. One family, the Haydocks, originally came to New Burlington from Yorkshire, England. Their very name connects them to farm life. Sarah Haydock Shidaker, now in her eighties, obviously reminisced with Mr. Baskin a good deal, and from what she told him he has reconstructed old conversations and events:

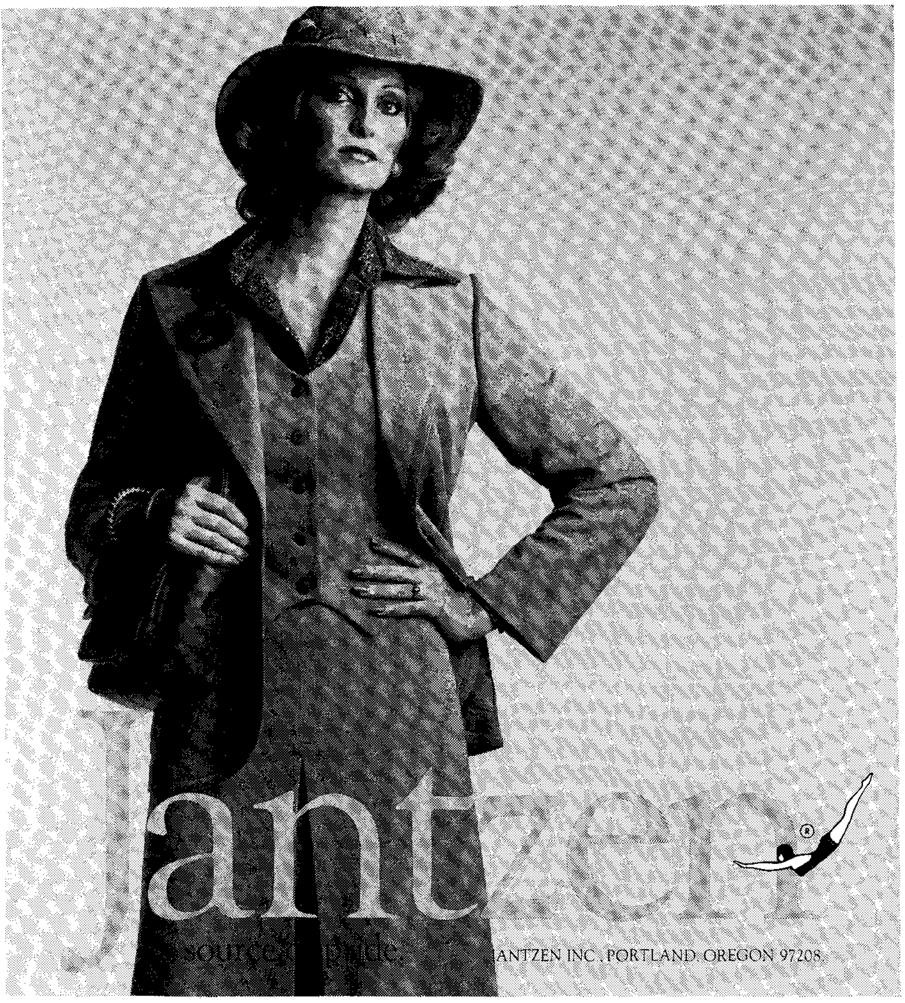
> At the school commencement in 1913, Sarah meets Edwin Shidaker. They have known each other forever but this time they regard each other differently. Edwin drives Sarah home in his buggy. She invites him in but he says no. "My horse is rather fractious and I should get him home," he says.

Throughout the book, in an extraordinary and compelling manner of presentation and evocation, Mr. Baskin has thus woven the past and present together, mixing in old photographs and new photographs, quoting letters written a long time ago, using excerpts from diaries and church records and notebooks, and reproducing fragments of remembered songs, poems, and sayings. The author often uses the present tense, to bring the reader closer to the particular person, situation, or kind of existence that is being described. It is obvious that Mr. Baskin collected more than enough material to sustain this novelistic-factual mode of presentation: at various places in the text, Sarah and others are allowed to speak at considerable length without interruption. When the author takes the liberty of acting as commentator or chronicler of events, he does so with a directness, immediacy, and verve that are impressive and touching. He begins a section called "Light" this way:

> In the late Twenties electricity comes to New Burlington. A traveling man comes to do the wiring and boards on a nearby farm where he milks a cow to pay his keep. His work goes slowly because the cow kicks him and breaks his leg. Finally curious neighbors gather outside a lower New Burlington home and watch a porch light switched on. The bare bulb hangs from the porch ceiling on a long cord. When the light goes on the people think they see the darkness shaken as if it were dust settling.

The paragraph immediately following that one indicates how skilled Mr. Baskin is at connecting the general to the specific, the historical to the personal:

> Lights in the village make Sarah happy. Light dispels mystery and she too would have it. An old villager explains to her how it works: "You pull a cord," he says. "On and off, you see." For the



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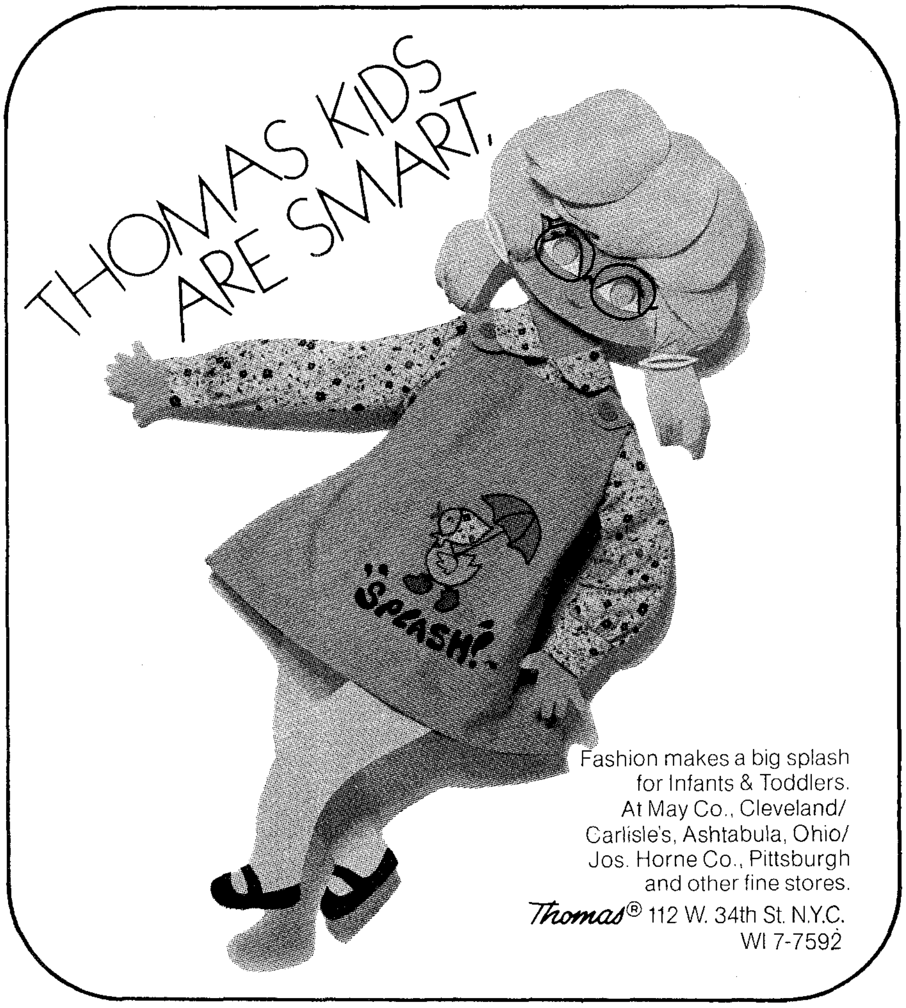

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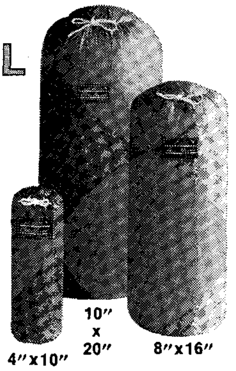

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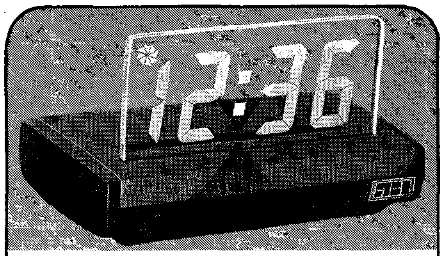

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Christmas of 1939 electricity lights the Shidaker Yule tree. Sarah buys lights for the tree, the table, the ceiling, a floor lamp, and a radio. When Edwin turns on the radio a voice is singing.

There are marvellous moments on page after page of the book. Sometimes Sarah and her fellow-townspeople seem informative and dignified—tough, hardworking men and women who have endured. At other times, they show eloquence and wit. "The fall of the year is my favorite time by far," Sarah says at the beginning of a section titled "October." Then she adds a simple "O Yes." A bit farther on, she tells us, "I have always liked the stars. I was born under Libra. Justice, you know, is blind. And erasers are on lead pencils to take care of the wrong we do. The signs have an effect upon our dispositions. If the moon can change tides why not dispositions?" She provides no answer and moves quickly away from metaphysical speculation: "My but I am old. This was once a dimple. Now it's a crack. I have trouble with my feet and my conscience. First one pains me then the other." Then, continuing her almost contrapuntal expression of the straightforward and the slightly rhetorical, she gives this general account of her habits and her thoughts:

> "I do not smoke, drink, or drive an automobile. There's nothing left for me to do but play the piano. Lay not up your treasures on earth where moth and rust corrupt. But if I married an old man I would want him to have $90,000 and a very bad cough. . . . I am the last leaf on the tree and I believe I am outliving everyone else. My love for my people has been very strong. I am root and branch New Burlington."

Near the conclusion of the section about Sarah, Mr. Baskin adds an ironic word or two of his own:

> The old villagers are mostly gone now and Sarah's grandchildren study science in distant universities. A young man lives in the upstairs which she rents out. He is training to be a psychologist. Sarah listens carefully to his definitions. An interstate highway slices in front of the old Shidaker homeplace and she is the last of the family to own any of Preserved Fish's land. New Burlington itself is mostly gone. The rest waits for the waters of the new reservoir.

There are others besides Sarah—from sombre Quakers to lively Methodists. They have memories of their own and they remember their parents and grandparents remembering, and we are thus carried back almost to the earliest days of the Republic. One man, John Harlan Pickin, recalls hearing about the Spanish-American War and about Grover Cleveland's election, when his

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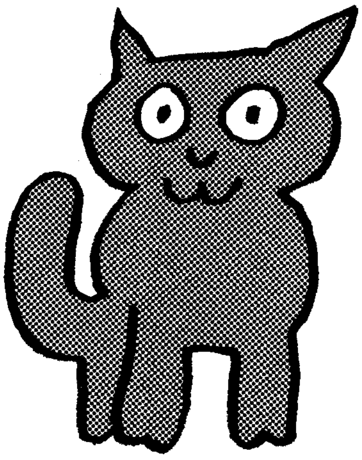
great-aunt exclaimed, "The country is finished!" (A Democrat had not been elected President in twenty-eight years.) John's mother was a grown woman before she laid eyes on a Catholic, and she knew only one Jew in her lifetime. John offers us particularly vivid descriptions of farm life, which, he tells us, was "hard on everyone":

> "There were horrible stories of people going through manure spreaders, of tractors rearing up and crushing the driver, ragged cuts that led to lockjaw. My aunt felt sorry for the women because they had no one to talk to. They spent their lives looking at the backside of a cow."

We learn that Charles Dickens passed through New Burlington, and that it was a stop on the Underground Railroad. We learn that men and women left the town, year after year, to go farther west. They sometimes wrote back home, sometimes lost touch. And they sometimes came back. We learn that drink was a "secret passion" in the village, that it was considered "more shameful than illegitimacy." At Quaker meetings, drinkers were prayed for, long and hard. The man who speaks of these matters—the secret lusts and shames of his neighbors—is one Joshua Scroggy, who, at ninety-two, can still recall the essence of H. L. Mencken's definition of Puritanism: "The suspicion that somewhere someone might be having a good time." There were also what Joshua refers to as "mental problems" in New Burlington—illnesses that used to be regarded as a "curse." And there were suicides. "We had all these things," Joshua says in summary, "all manner of pride and gluttony, and sins real and imagined, but the village life caused a tolerance among us. It had to. Everyone came face to face each day."

Nevertheless, no one in the town comes across as a sage, from whom Mr. Baskin seeks "answers." On the contrary, the people of New Burlington for the most part tether their comments about life to the shared, familiar experiences or occasions of everyday life. "Never saw a family tree that didn't need spraying," one old-timer remembers hearing. "A good hot egg is a small miracle," another person declares. Speaking of the Great Depression, Mary Robinson, a woman of seventy-five, recalls, "After the commotion on Wall Street, a farmer down the road came home and said, 'The stock market has crashed!' His little boy heard him and asked, 'Was any cows hurt?' That's all the stock market meant to any of us."

Still, New Burlington did suffer



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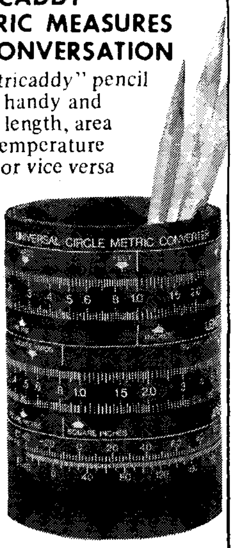

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during the Depression—for a long time and badly. Many proud families were reduced to a barter economy. But they never went hungry, as did many who lived in crowded, and thus more vulnerable, cities. "We grew what we ate during the Depression," Mary says, "and husked corn in the flat land for six cents a shock." For all that, the people of New Burlington did not take very kindly to the New Deal or to President Roosevelt; Mr. Baskin gives us a limerick that was current in New Burlington during the Depression:

> There once was a lady of fashion
> Who had a very fine passion.
> To her boy friend she said
> As they jumped into bed,
> "Here's one thing Roosevelt can't
> ration."

The people of New Burlington watched the seasons come and go with special care and were prepared to take advantage of any generosity that nature offered. The author is keen and lyrical in a section called "Syrup." He learned from his friends all about the technique of syrup-making, and he also tells us about the patience they brought to this enterprise. The style that Mr. Baskin uses in this section makes one hope for a second book from him in this genre, and a third:

> When the trees are scratches against the surly February sky Charles McIntire goes into the woods where his breath hangs in balloons as if momentarily the balloons might fill with language. He drills small holes in the maples which he recognizes by the dignified bark which looks like marbled slate. And waits for the precarious succession of freezing nights and warm days which makes the sap rise in the irresolute veins of the maple. There is no clue that inwardly the maple seethes in the breaking up of winter. The world seems still and vague. It is as though color and motion have never existed except in the imagination. For Charles to come here is an act of faith in a dead season. The woods could be etchings.

These men and women may have experienced many hard times, but they were, by and large, stoic, and they maintained a robust sense of humor. The Quakers among them, Mr. Baskin tells us, knew that "human equilibrium is poor and the fall from grace constantly imminent." Severely tested people—even austere people—can manage a smile, or at least develop a certain wry, amused perspective on themselves. Mr. Baskin cites a man named Carl Smith, who at the age of eighty-six acknowledges his luck in having lived a long life and waits patiently, expectantly, for the end: "A long life is partly care, more mystery. Providence watches over fools and children. And I'm no kid." In a grimmer vein of humor, the author tells us about the man who went mad during one of the floods that have periodically devastated or threatened the countryside. He was found splashing in the kitchen sink by the rescuers who entered his house. "You'll all drown," he warned them. "Only I am safe. When the water rises up to me, I'll pull the plug." A time was when there were five-party and ten-party telephone lines. Ten different rings in each house! "Farm houses sounded like fire stations," Della Wilson recalls, and she is only forty-six.

The older people cling tenaciously to their past but stumble during the slow wait of the present; a good number of them are in their eighties—survivors, who did without antibiotics and all sorts of medical technology, and who never dieted or took vitamin pills or had their cholesterol measured or their emotions analyzed. Elizabeth Beam, at eighty-five, acknowledges that she knows "more people underfoot than above." She goes on as best she can, even though her faculties are failing: "With fading eyesight she puts Jell-O in the skillet thinking it is liver." The widow Jemima Boots goes to sleep easily and stays asleep, but she has her secret worries and keeps a cowbell under her pillow, just in case. Her neighbor Ellen Jenkins, also a widow of advanced age, "puts on her best dress when expecting the telephone to ring."

The town of New Burlington is gone now, but, in a way, it will never be gone. Its landscape, its people, and their traditions and customs, their experiences, victories, and defeats, and their abiding memories have been given new life in this rare moral document, written by a young and imaginative observer. John Baskin now lives on a farm in Wilmington, Ohio, not far from where many of his New Burlington friends, whose ideals and manner of endurance he obviously admires and wants to uphold, settled after their town died. Mr. Baskin's book—which resembles James Agee's "Let Us Now Praise Famous Men" in spirit and in grace of writing as well as in subject matter—demonstrates that he is also not far from what Agee called "human actuality." —ROBERT COLES

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

THE LONGEST CAVE, by Roger W. Brucker and Richard A. Watson (Knopf). The authors, by avocation, are both cavers (they do not call themselves spelunkers) and worked with the team that found the link between the Flint Ridge cave system and Mammoth Cave, in Kentucky, in 1972; with that discovery, the Flint-Mammoth cave system became the world's longest—one hundred and forty-four and a fraction miles. This book is the story of that discovery and much else: it tells the history of Mammoth Cave, as it can be divined from archeological signs—from such things as four-thousand-year-old human footprints on the passage floors—and it chronicles the history of the cave's exploration from the end of the eighteenth century down through Floyd Collins and his celebrated death, in 1925, to Pat Crowther, the young woman who was first through the Tight Spot in 1972. The book is extensively illustrated, and while the narrative is diverting enough, the dialogue, which is presented here totally recaptured, often sounds a lot like the Rover Boys.

A REVOLUTION IS NOT A DINNER PARTY: A FEAST OF IMAGES OF THE MAOIST TRANSFORMATION OF CHINA, by Richard H. Solomon, with the collaboration of Talbott W. Huey (Anchor). In this useful book, two American political scientists, both specialists in Chinese culture, examine elements of the Chinese past and show how these have been adapted, altered, or rebelled against by Chinese Communism. The authors' language is simple, and the subjects with which they deal are fundamental; for example, one chapter talks about food, and how centuries of dearth and famine among the peasants affected Chinese thought and vocabulary. Dr. Solomon and Dr. Huey trace Americans' changing attitudes to China and the Chinese, which have usually been based on Americans' own emotional needs, and not on Chinese reality. The authors describe (beautifully), rather than judge, the traditional culture and its revolutionary successor.

A HISTORY OF CHRISTIANITY, by Paul Johnson (Atheneum). A large, thoughtful, poised work, by a master of discrimination—a good writer and a clear thinker. The book tackles a complicated subject in which feelings (or prejudices) have a tendency to get in the way of scholarship. In Mr. Johnson's case, this does not happen, partly because his feelings are Christian, not sectarian. He believes that Jesus and Paul

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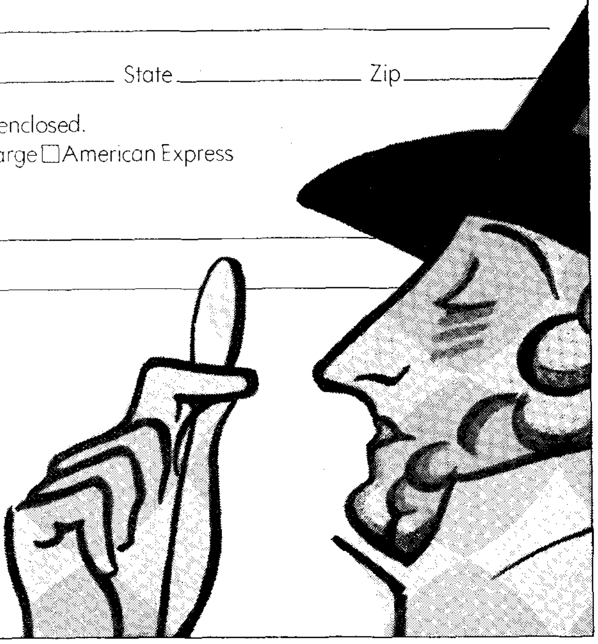

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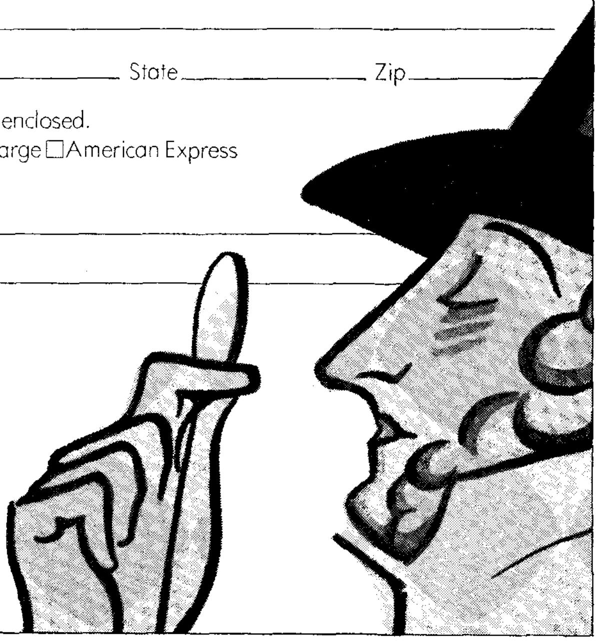

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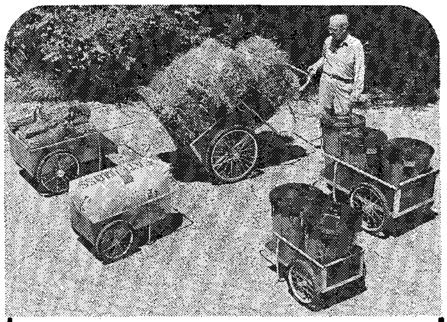

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preached a widely embracing faith, and that Origen, the first Christian philosopher, followed them in presenting Christianity as accessible, and as intellectually respectable and inherently hopeful. The rapid growth of this open Christianity in ancient times contrasts with the difficulties that institutionalized and exclusive churches of a later time—Protestant and Catholic—put in the way of their evangelists to Asia and Africa. Mr. Johnson plainly agrees with what he calls Christianity's "third force": Erasmus and his followers, who preferred to accept differences of interpretation rather than persecute their fellow-Christians. Nonetheless, the author can do justice to less tolerant Christians, such as Luther. Mr. Johnson's political and social astuteness is valuable, his capacity for sympathy still more so.

THE VIEW FROM GREAT GULL, by Michael Harwood (Dutton). Great Gull is a seventeen-acre bayberry island off the northeastern tip of Long Island which was once a hardscrabble farm, then was for many years an artillery fort, and now (in the rubble remains of its military past) is a sanctuary owned and operated by the American Museum of Natural History for the study of terns. Mr. Harwood, an environmental journalist (and a good one), spent most of the 1974 breeding season as a volunteer at the field station there. His book is a delight. He relates the not insignificant history of the island, he recounts the hard but fulfilling life of the tern-watcher, and he reflects on what he does and sees and hears. He replies without embarrassment to the eternal question about the value of such ornithological projects. He makes it clear that he is aware of the irony of studying the territoriality of birds on an island on which millions of dollars have been spent to defend the territoriality of a human community. And he has the good fortune to have as his collaborator the artist Richard Edes Harrison, whose elegant line drawings adorn and amplify the text.

THE UNSEEN REVOLUTION: How PENSION FUND SOCIALISM CAME TO AMERICA, by Peter F. Drucker (Harper & Row). An important book about the American economy and its future. On the first page, Mr. Drucker tells us that pension funds now own thirty-five per cent of American business. He goes on

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to explain why he expects these holdings to increase, and to discuss the implications of this transfer of ownership from a few private investors to a multitude of employees. He shows advantages of scattered-investment pension funds over plans in which employees' money is invested only in the companies for which they work—few enterprises are really long-lived, so a worker whose funds were placed in a dying firm might wind up pensionless. Mr. Drucker sees a public drawback to present pension-fund management; namely, that it is bound by the laws of trusteeship, which stress prudence, and such prudence may leave the United States with a shortage of risk, or venture, capital for necessary new enterprises. Looking over past, present, and future demographic trends, he says flatly that sixty-five is too early an age for mandatory retirement; as the population as a whole grows older, a high proportion of retired workers will put an undue burden on active workers. Mr. Drucker holds forth all sorts of prospects—bright promises, dire scenarios, new political parties—for a great change in the nature of property.

THE YOUNG ROMANTICS: VICTOR HUGO, SAINTE-BEUVE, VIGNY, DUMAS, MUSSET, AND GEORGE SAND AND THEIR FRIENDSHIPS, FEUDS, AND LOVES IN THE FRENCH ROMANTIC REVOLUTION, by Linda Kelly (Random House). Light reading about earnest people. Mrs. Kelly deals with the decade 1827-37, during which the Romantics conquered the stage, remade fiction and poetry, formed friendships and liaisons with the exuberance of youth, and broke them with youth's self-centeredness. The author respects the Romantics' genius but pays more attention to their waywardness. She is very good at sketching the cultural background against which they rebelled: France after Napoleon, a bored nation yearning for the glamour and excitement that these artists supplied.

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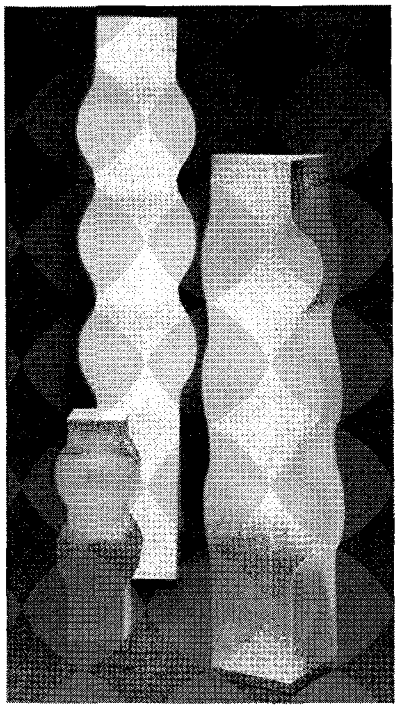

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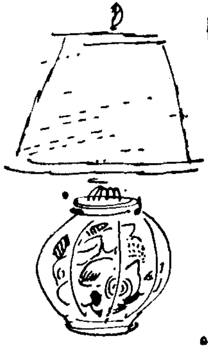

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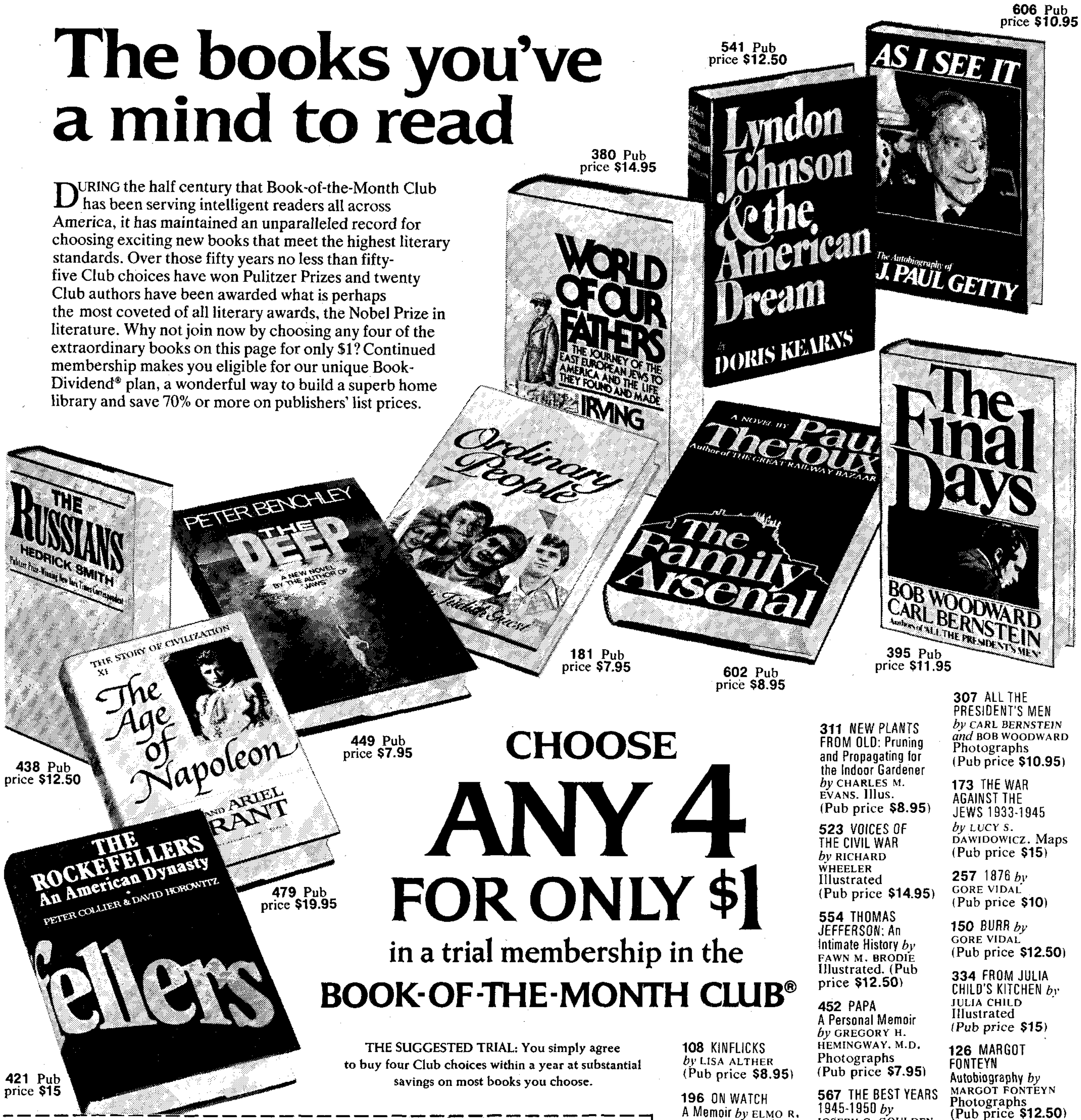

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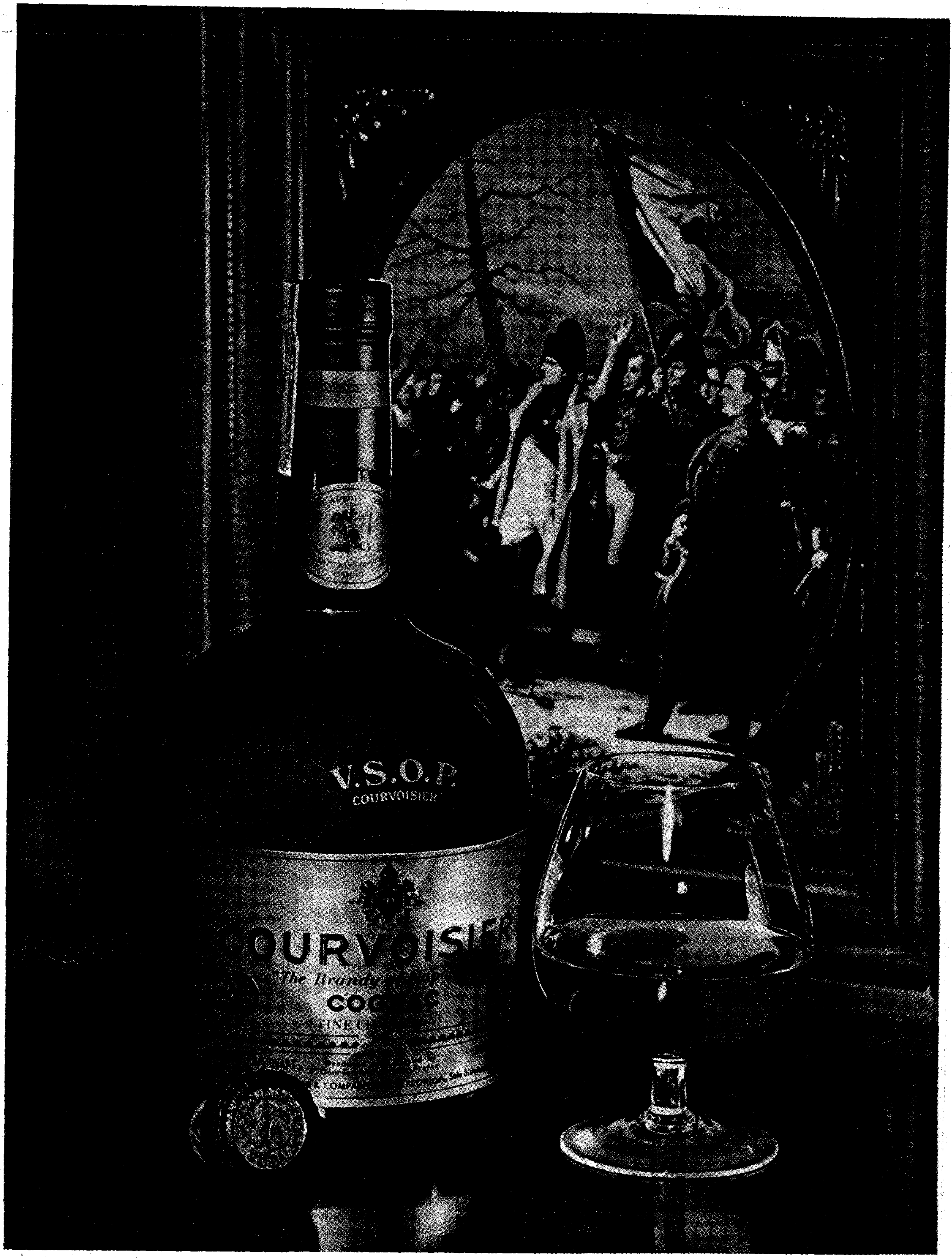
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